April 5, 1976

# THE NEW YORKER

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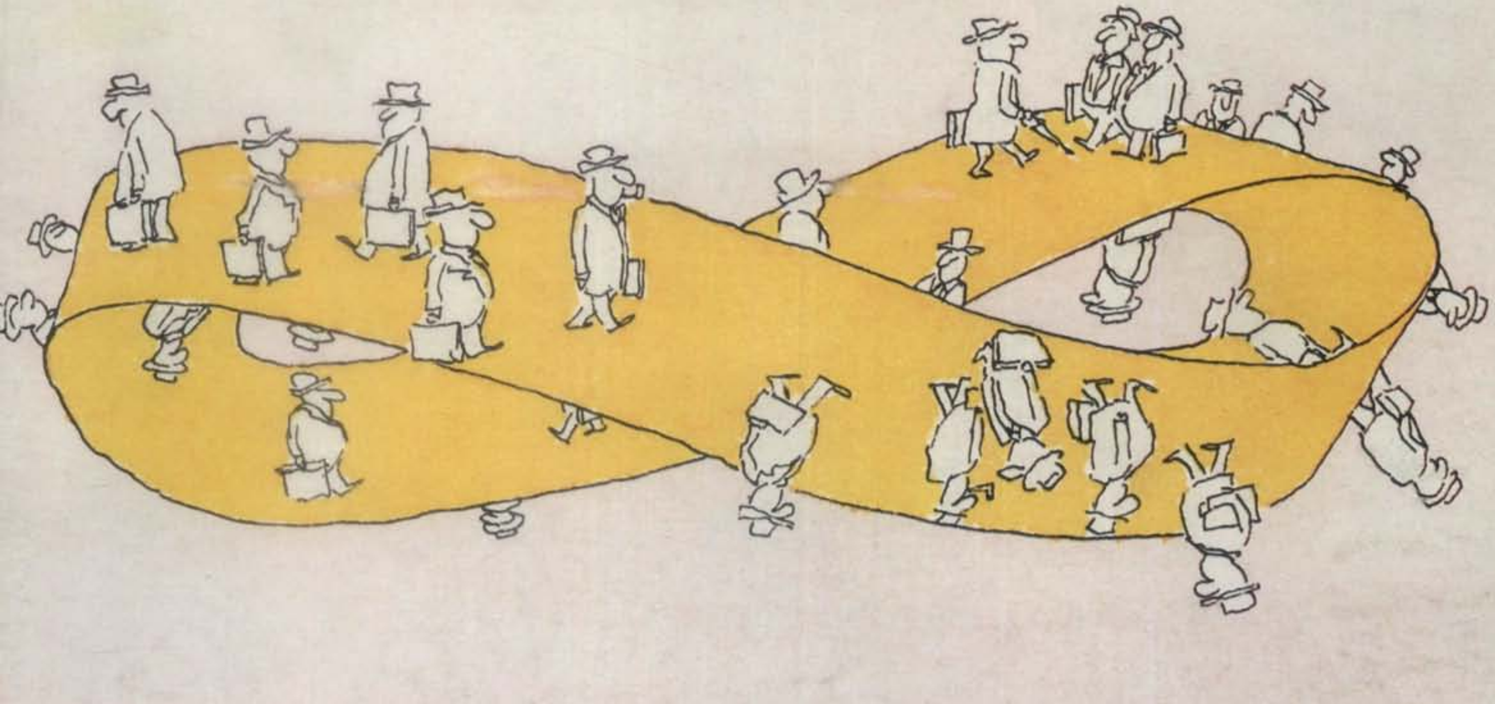

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Boy Meets Boy**—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657 Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Bubbling Brown Sugar**—Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Eden**—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias, who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast headed by Graham Brown is very good, indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—Lanford Wilson's play **the rimers of eldritch** will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, March 31. Opens officially on Thursday, April 1, and will run through Sunday, April 11. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Knock Knock**—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Judd Hirsch is everybody else. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Lady from the Sea**—Vanessa Redgrave is well worth mooning over in this late play by Ibsen. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**A Matter of Gravity**—Enid Bagnold's rueful comedy about old age, in which Katharine Hepburn demonstrates that in her sixties she is really in her twenties; she will be bringing down the house in something like this fashion at a hundred and two. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 10.)

**Me and Bessie**—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

**Medal of Honor Rag**—A play by Tom Cole. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Mrs. Warren's Profession**—Lynn Redgrave is brilliant in this amiable revival of one of Shaw's earliest plays. Also on hand are Philip Bosco, Ruth Gordon, Ron Randell, Edward Herrmann, and Milo O'Shea. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

**My Fair Lady**—Ian Richardson, Christine Andreas, and George Rose in a triumphant revival of the Lerner-Loewe musical. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Norman Conquests**—Three plays, each complete in itself and presented at succeeding performances, make up one great big play. The hero is a lascivious young man who pursues every woman he encounters, including, from time to time, his wife. The author is Alan Ayckbourn, and a very funny fellow he is. The schedule is complicated—**living together:** Wednesday, March 31, at 2; Friday, April 2, as well as Monday, April 5, and Wednesday, April 7, at 8; and Saturday, April 10, at 2. . . . **round and round the garden:** Wednesday, March 31, at 8; Saturday, April 3, at 2; and Tuesday, April 6, as well as Thursday, April 8, and Saturday, April 10, at 8. . . . **table manners:** Thursday, April 1 and Saturday, April 3, at 8; Wednesday, April 7, at 2; and Friday, April 9, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

**Pacific Overtures**—A Harold Prince-Stephen Sondheim musical, with lovely sets by Boris Aronson. An attempt to tell an unpleasant story—the exploitation of Japan by Western powers in the nineteenth century—from the Japanese point of view. With an all-Asian cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Primary English Class**—Israel Horovitz's

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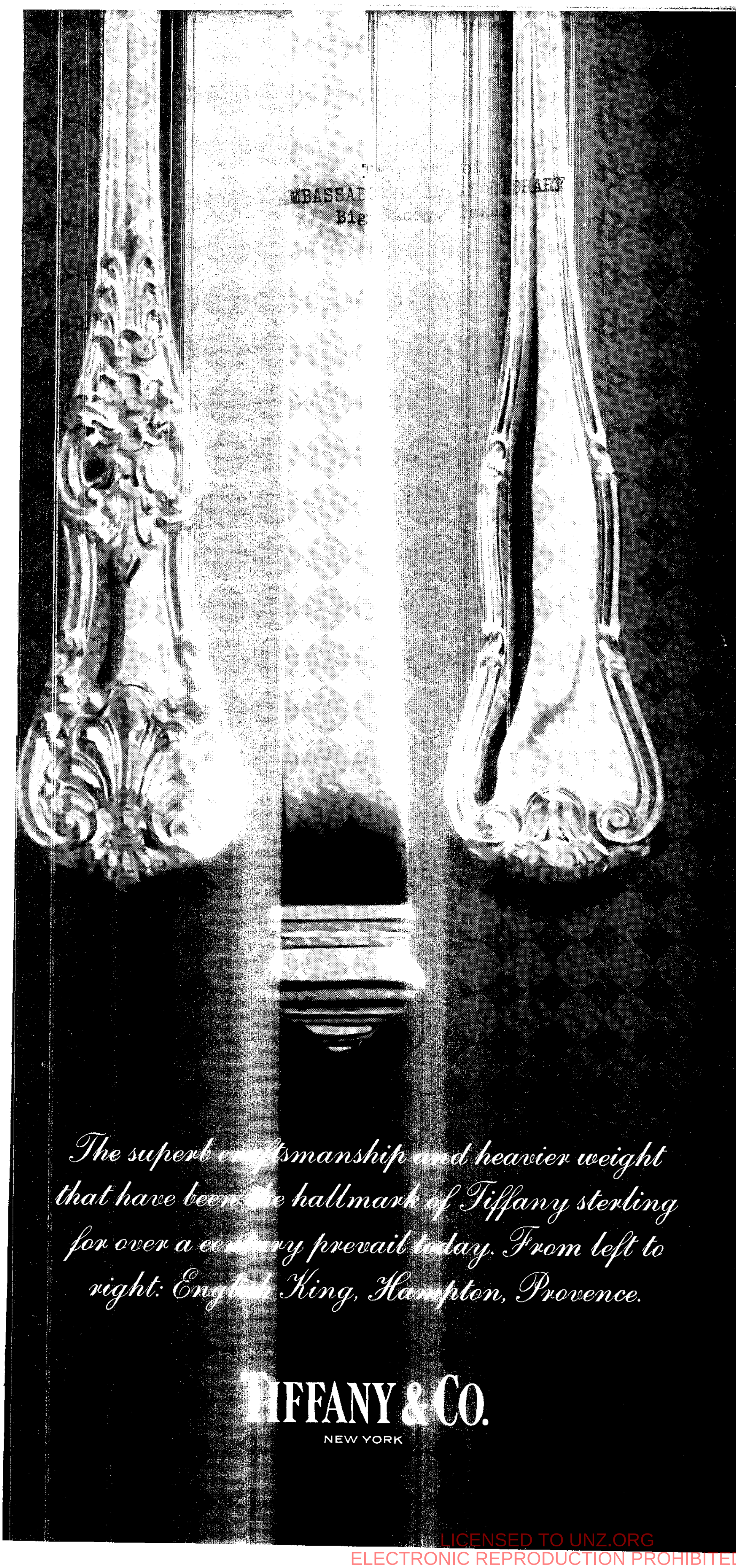
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

one-act comedy of misunderstanding that goes on a bit too long but is full of merriment all the same. With Diane Keaton. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Rich and Famous**—John Guare's imaginative and very funny fantasy about—of all things—a failed playwright. William Atherton is excellent as the hero, and he is well attended by Anita Gillette and Ron Leibman as all the other characters. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Royal Family**—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!**—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Ted Pritchard, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Starting Sunday, April 4, Chip Zien will succeed Mr. Temple. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

**Vanities**—A play by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Very Good Eddie**—A revival of a musical first seen on Broadway in 1915. The music, by Jerome Kern, is worth hearing, and a couple of the songs have lyrics by the godlike Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**—Colleen Dewhurst, Ben Gazzara, Maureen Anderman, and Richard Kelton in a revival of the Edward Albee play. Mr. Albee also directed. Preview Wednesday, March 31. Opens officially on Thursday, April 1. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Woyzeck**—Joseph Chaikin gives a strong, eloquent performance in a poor production of Georg Büchner's early-nineteenth-century play. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Yentl**—A play about Jews in the Old Country long ago, based on a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Tovah Feldshuh plays the part of a bright and pretty girl masquerading successfully as a husband—but no way! (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Zalmen; or, The Madness of God**—A time of testing in a village synagogue somewhere in Eastern Europe. Well acted by Joseph Wiseman and Richard Bauer. The director is Alan Schneider. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**chicago:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **equus:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Richard Burton and Keith McDermott, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the fantasticks:** 6,633 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **pippin:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **same time, next year:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **shenandoah:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the wiz:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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## MISCELLANY

**Blue Hill Troupe**—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, March 31, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 1-2, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 3, at 2 and 7:30. For tickets, call 744-7730, Wednesday through Friday between 1 and 5.)

**The Circus**—Opening performances of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's salute to two hundred years of circus in America. Through Monday, May 31. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, April 1, at 1 and 7:30; Friday, April 2, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Tuesday through Thursday, April 6-8, at 10 and 2:30; and Friday, April 9, at 10 and 7:30.)

## DANCE

**City Center Joffrey Ballet**—Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "Moves," "Reflections," "As Time Goes By," "Monotones II," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Deuce Coupe II," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 8: "Deuce Coupe II," "Weewis," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2: "Interplay," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "Offenbach in the Underworld.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8: "Moves," "Reflections," "Parade," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Sunday, April 4, at 2: "Petrouchka." "Monotones," and "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos.". . . ¶ Sunday, April 4, at 7:30: "Reflections," "Weewis," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 6, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Secret Places," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Wednesday, April 7, at 8: "Face Dancers," "Weewis," and "Offenbach in the Underworld.". . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8: "Moves," "Face Dancers," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Secret Places," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810. Through Sunday, April 11.)

**Twyla Tharp and Dancers**—Final performances—Wednesday, March 31, and Thursday and Friday, April 1-2, at 8: "Sue's Leg," "The Bach Duet," "The Rags Suite," and "Give and Take.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8, and Sunday, April 4, at 2 and 8: "Eight Jelly Rolls," "The Fugue," and "Give and Take." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**José Limón Dance Company**—Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "Concerto Grosso," "Dances for Isadora," "Solaris" (New York première), "Air for the G String," "Two Ecstatic Themes," and "The Shakers.". . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8: "La Malinche," "The Exiles," "Night Spell," and "Storm Warning.". . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 1: "Concerto Grosso," "Dances for Isadora," "Night Spell," and "Solaris.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8: "La Malinche," "Two Ecstatic Themes," "Air for the G String," "Solaris," and "The Unsung.". . . ¶ Sunday, April 4, at 8: "La Malinche," "Two Ecstatic Themes," "Air for the G String," "The Exiles," and "Storm Warning.". . . ¶ Monday, April 5, at 8: "The Unsung," "Night Spell," "Air for the G String," "Two Ecstatic Themes," and "The Shakers." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

**Daniel Nagrin**—In a benefit dance recital. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday, April 1, at 8. For tickets, call 598-3459, between 2 and 5.)

**Pennsylvania Ballet**—Thursday, April 8, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 11, at 2: "Continuum" (New York première), "Opus Lemaitre," "Grand Pas de Deux," and "Les Sylphides.". . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 8: "Madrigalesco," "Four Tempera-

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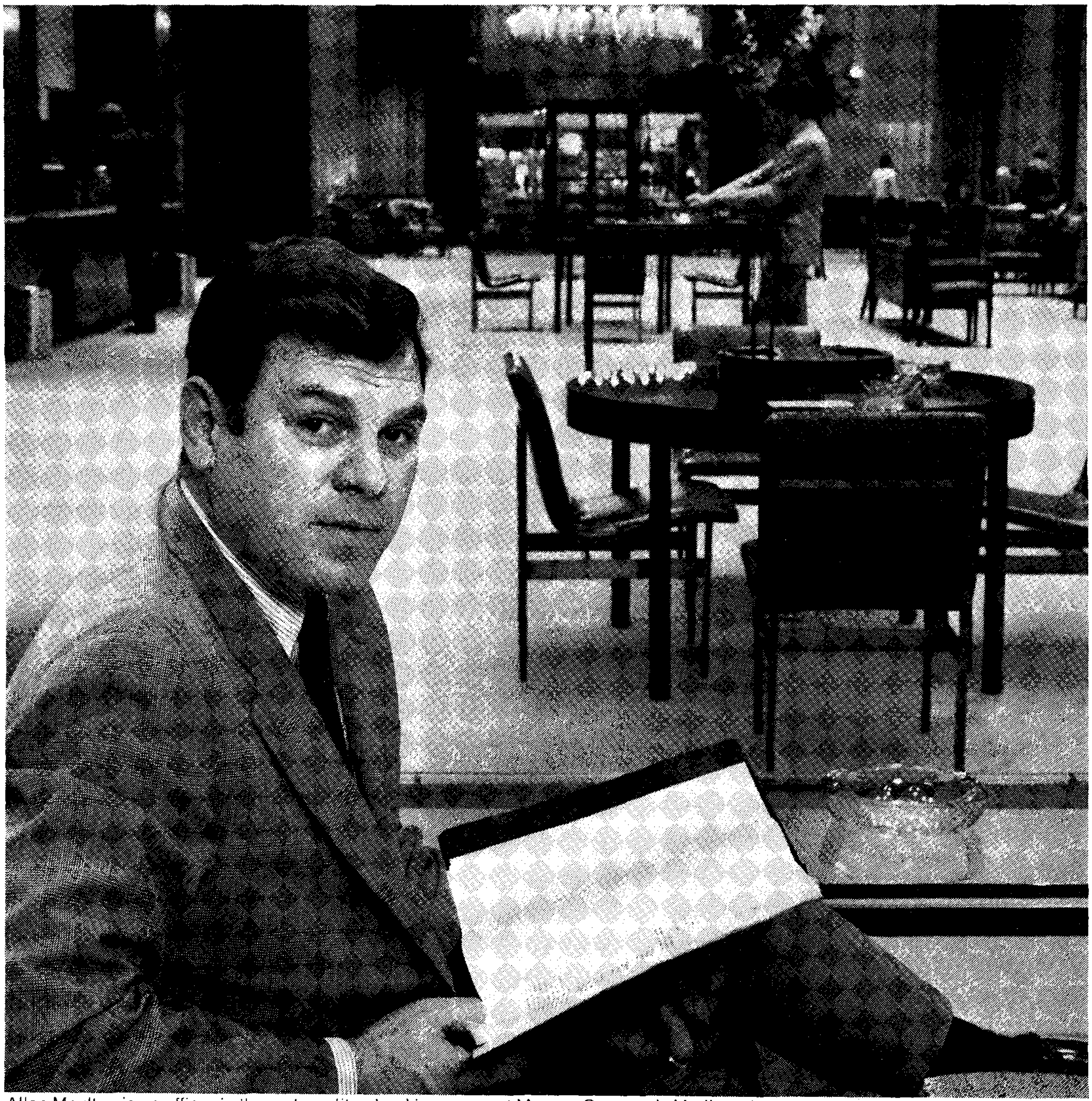

Allan Moulton is an officer in the metropolitan banking group at Morgan Guaranty's Madison Avenue office.

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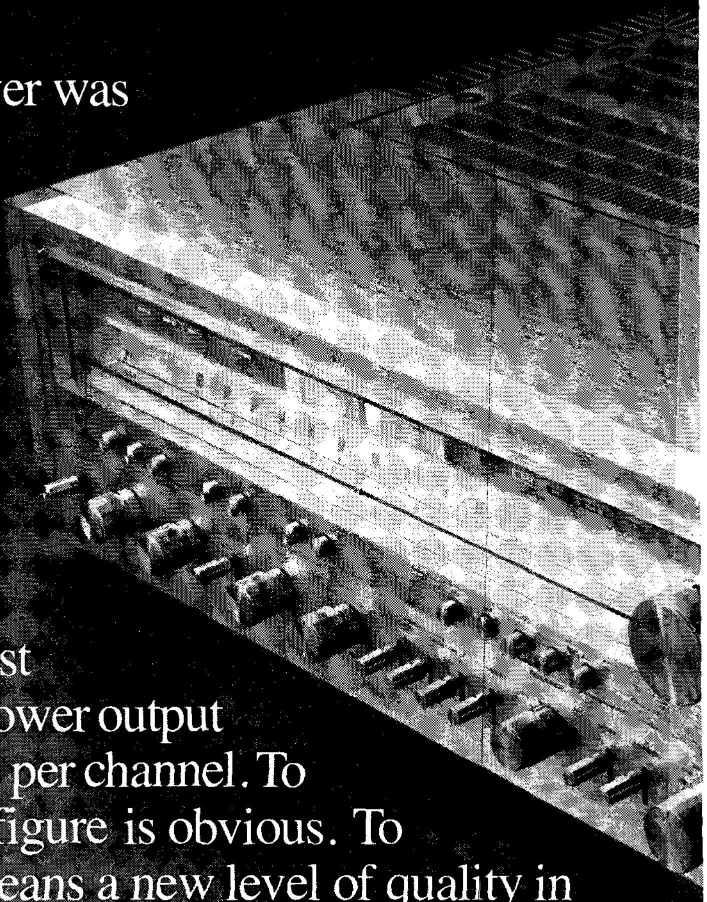

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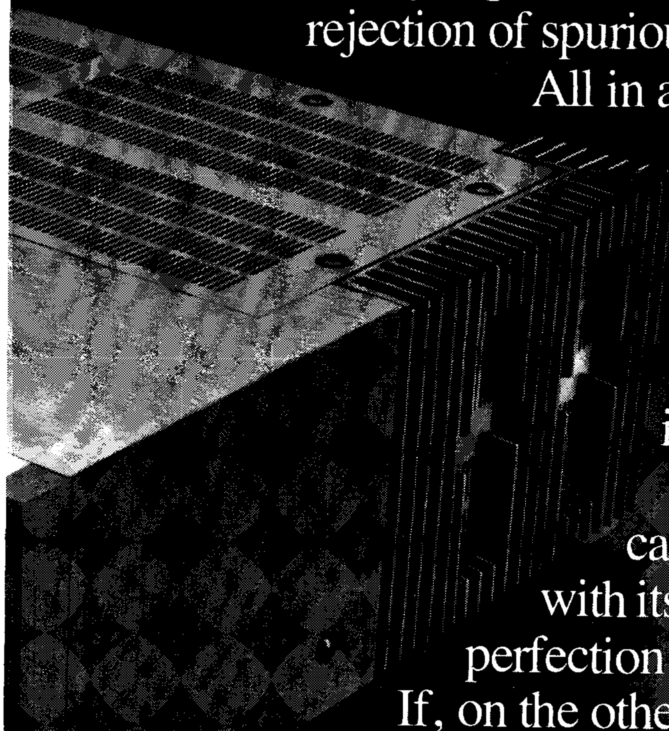

All in all, the SX-1250 is unlikely to be surpassed in quality of performance or variety of features for some time to come. So it's not only a receiver you can be proud to own today. But one that will continue to demonstrate its greatness for many years.

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ments," and "Septet Extra" (New York première). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**Rod Rodgers Dance Company**—"Freedome! Freedom" (première), "Intervals," (première), "Tangents," and "Rhythm Ritual." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday, April 9, at 8, and Saturday, April 10, at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call 924-7560.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

**Bar None,** 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

**Boomer's,** 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Monday and Tuesday, April 5-6, drummer Al Foster will head up a quintet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Wednesday, March 31, rock guitarist Nils Lofgren trades sets with the Cate Brothers, a Southern-soul band. Friday through Sunday, April 2-4, Eric Carmen will sing middle-of-the-road rock tunes opposite a very funny, inventive young comedian named Ron Douglas. Douglas's personifications of household varmints—ants, moths, and roaches—and of the winter Chicago wind whipping across Lake Michigan and pouncing on unsuspecting pedestrians are especially clever routines. On Monday and Tuesday, April 5-6, **TAJ MAHAL,** a fine folk-blues-and-rock performer who is an alumnus of the Folklore Society at Amherst, will sing with his backup band. Beginning Wednesday, April 7, Donovan, the derivative Scottish folk, rock, blues, Indian, or whatever's-in-the-air singer will claim the stage for five nights. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. **MIKE LONGO,** Dizzy Gillespie's pianist for several years, works with bassist Bob Cranshaw through Saturday, April 3. On Monday, April 5, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will return to the spinet here; bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** who spends his Mondays with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band at the Vanguard, will join Flanagan on Tuesday, April 6. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, perform in the Café Carlyle. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one.... ¶ Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-thirty on weeknights.

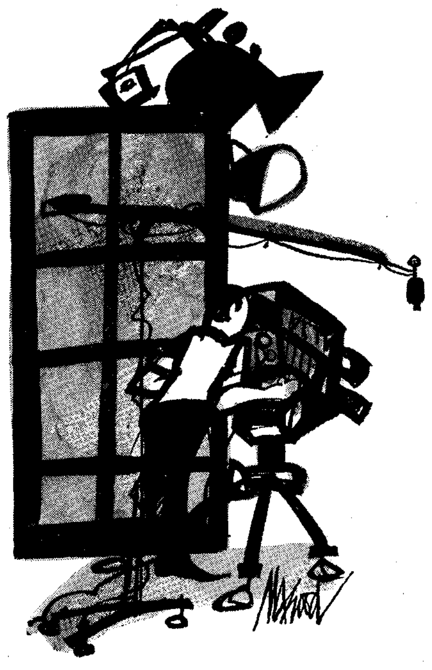
**Churchill's,** 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN,** not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is fleet and immaculate, and the same can now be said of the house instrument, which has finally been changed. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**DOLLY DAWN,** who at the age of thirteen used to sing with George Hall and his orchestra at the Hotel Taft Grill, is back, and in splendid form. She has become a first-rate singer—a jazz singer, really. Marty Napoleon is on piano, and Bucky Calabrese on bass. On Monday, April 5, **GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD,** who are, along with Dory Previn, Malvina Reynolds, and others, minstrels for the women's movement, will come in to share the facilities with Napoleon and Calabrese. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN,** an eclectic who goes all the way back, presides over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, April 6, saxophonist, composer, and mystic of sorts Jimmy Giuffre will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at five-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 4, tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby and his quintet perform from eight. Dinner.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER,** eighty and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** sixty-seven, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. There's more good news on Mondays and Tuesdays: **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, darts all over the keyboard those nights. He's helped out by **ATTILA ZOLLER,** who gets one of the most beautiful tones in jazz-guitardom, and the fine bassist **WILBUR LITTLE.** Mondays through Saturdays trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate from six to nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 4, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson will work with Little and pianist Michael Nock from five to nine.

**Hopper's,** 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neat staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now it's presenting **JOE PASS,** known to his relatives as Joseph Anthony Jacobi Passalaqua but known best as *chitarrista virtuoso*—in fact, his solo-guitar recording is called "Virtuoso" (Pablo Records). Pass, who works on and off with Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson, is in his mid-forties, and, over the past ten years or so, has been increasingly revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike. He'll be here through Saturday, April 3, presumably playing his jazz-box Gibson and a handmade Jimmy DiQuisto acoustic. (His admirers will be glad to know that Pass will show up locally again in the middle of April for Sweet Basil's guitar festival.) Three sets, from ten to one-forty-five. Closed Sundays.



**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Jim Smith's Village Corner,** 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist, and beginning Monday, April 5, he will perform nightly while Hayward takes a ten-day holiday. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JAY MCSHANN,** who is here with the violinist **CLAUDE WILLIAMS** and bassist **MILT HINTON** and drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS,** is a substantial man who plays a lot of Kansas City piano—light, rolling, blue, swinging. He sings on a lot of his blues, and he has a pleasant light-boned voice. Through Saturday, April 3. On Tuesday, April 6, pianist and composer **MATT DENNIS,** who is responsible for "Angel Eyes," "Let's Get Away from It All," "Will You Still Be Mine?," and other standards, will arrive with vocalist **GINNY DENNIS,** bassist **MILT HINTON,** and drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN.** Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—On Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, drummer **ROY HAYNES** will take his quintet through some familiar and still moving material. Monday through Thursday, April 5-8, Phyllis Hyman, a promising, smoky-voiced jazz and rhythm-and-blues singer, works with a backing quartet led by pianist Onaje Alan Gumbs. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A country comic, Jud Strunk, and a city comic, Chris Rush, alternate here through Sunday, April 4. On Wednesday, April 7, Kinderhook Creek, a country group from the wilds of New Jersey, will come in opposite folksinger Bev Grant. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty.

**Le Petit Café,** Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**HANK JONES,** a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Peter (less Paul and Mary) Yarrow shares the stage with a pleasant Village folksinger, Raun MacKinnon, through Sunday, April 4. On Tuesday, April 6, rock producer Genya Ravan, who sang with Ten Wheel Drive five years ago, will return for another session of vintage rock and roll. Shows at nine and midnight. **BLOSSOM DEARIE,** who looks out steadily and brightly from inside the songs she sings, is again doing her five-thirty-to-seven pocket concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

**Storyville,** 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival—New York, is testing out a new

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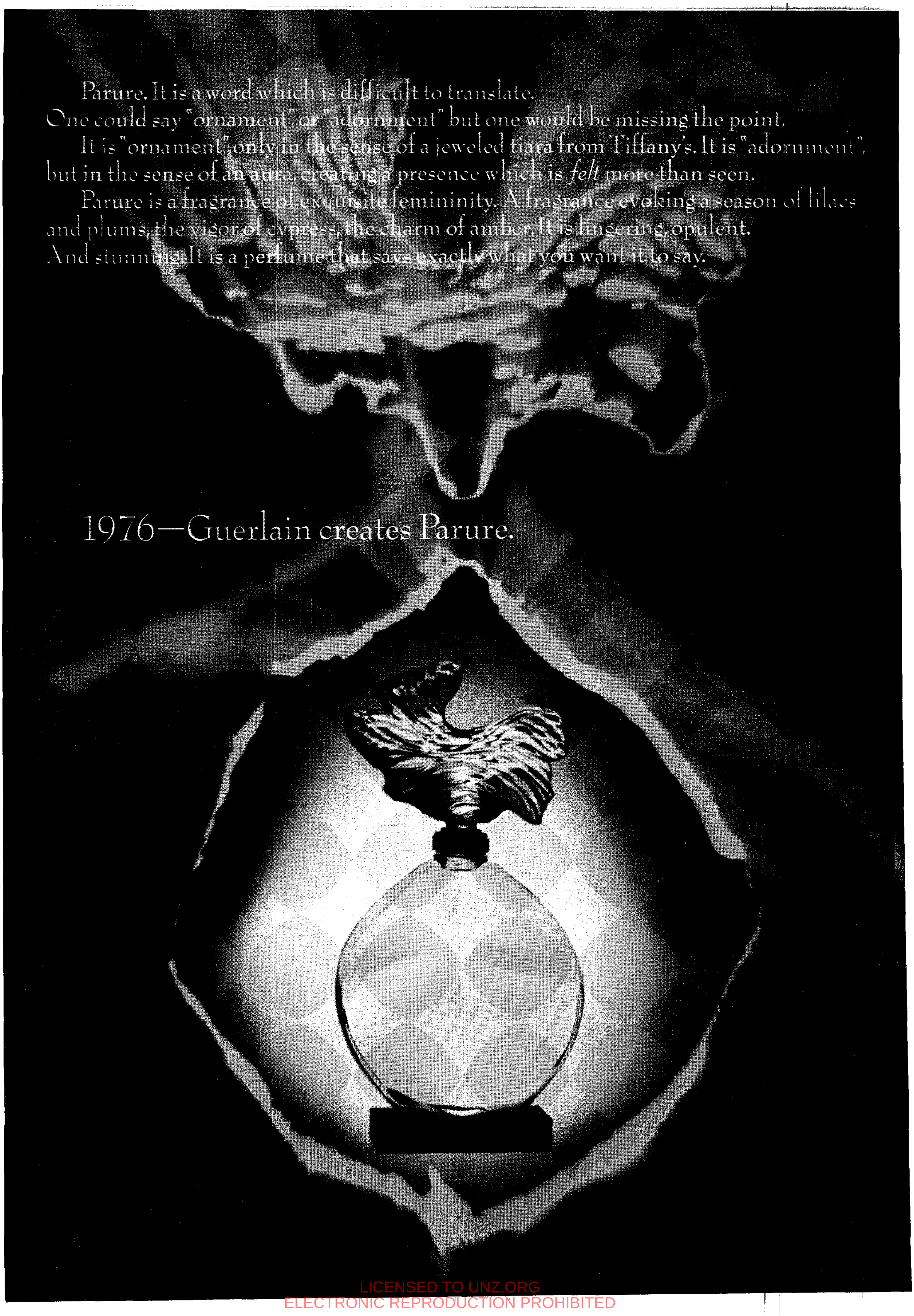

Parure. It is a word which is difficult to translate. One could say "ornament" or "adornment" but one would be missing the point.

It is "ornament" only in the sense of a jeweled tiara from Tiffany's. It is "adornment", but in the sense of an aura, creating a presence which is *felt* more than seen.

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## 1976—Guerlain creates Parure.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

policy. To wit: the music in the club will change from night to night, and passing musicians will be welcome to sit in. The club will not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The management here is partial to the jazz guitar and has instituted a two-and-a-half-month-long guitar festival. The lineup for the next week and a half includes: the Brad Catron trio, through Thursday, April 1; the guitar duo of **ATTILA ZOLLER** and **TED DUNBAR,** Friday through Sunday, April 2-4; **BARNEY KESSEL** and **HERB ELLIS,** a long-standing duo in a rare New York engagement, Tuesday through Friday, April 6-9; and, starting Saturday, April 10, yet another guitar duo, **SAM BROWN** and **EDDIE DIEHL.** And there's more to come. The festival, which began earlier this month, has done very well so far, attracting a largely young and attentive audience. Every night, there are always a half-dozen or so cased guitars brought in by starry-eyed patrons, and about twenty guitar picks have been found on the floor during the last few weeks. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

**Tin Palace,** 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—An attractive, hassle-free restaurant with an ever-changing music roster. The best thing going on here currently is the **TED CURSON** septet, a tight, gusty, moving outfit, which will be on the bandstand Friday through Sunday, April 2-4, and Friday and Saturday, April 9-10. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

**Top of the Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—The upstairs room in the Village Gate complex is alive and kicking with tourists, jazz enthusiasts, and jazzmen on Friday and Saturday nights. On April 2-3, thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** and his quintet alternate with organist and electronic keyboardist Charles Earland and his jazz-funk sextet. The following weekend, April 9-10, **DIZZY GILLESPIE** will bring in his quintet opposite singer-pianist Nina Sheldon and her trio. Music from ten.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist Barry Miles and his band, Silverlight, finishes up on Sunday, April 4. On Tuesday, April 6, silken tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** will descend the murky staircase with his fine quartet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band gets organized, eventually, and, when it does, it lets loose some big-band seriousness. Music from ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

**West End Café,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who come to hear jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays, the Warren Court, a quintet led by ex-Basie saxophonist Earle Warren, is in session. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving **SAMMY PRICE, BUDDY TATE,** Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

**Willy's,** 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Pianist Ray Bryant and his bassist are the featured duo here through Saturday, April 3. On Sundays, the piano is left in the capable, versatile, and entertaining hands of **JAKI BYARD.** Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Interludes**—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 31, at 5:45: **DOROTHY STICKNEY,** in her program adapted from the poems and letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

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. . . ¶ *Wednesday, April 7, at 5:45:* **JACQUES KAYAL,** vocalist, and **DE MAIO AND SILVER,** duo piano.

**Laura Nyro**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, March 31, at 8 and 11:30.

**Patti Smith Group**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, March 31, at 8:30.

**Eddie Palmieri**—With Charlie Palmieri and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, April 2, at 8 and at midnight.)

**Peter Lemongello**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8:30.

**Kingfish** and **Pure Prairie League**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, April 3, at 7:30 and 11:30.

**Johnny Winter** and **Thee Image**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, April 3, at 8.

**Charlie Byrd, Herb Ellis,** and **Barney Kessel**—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 8.

**Bad Company** and **Kansas**—Madison Square Garden. Monday, April 5, at 8.

**Genesis**—Beacon Theatre. Thursday, April 8, at 8, and Friday, April 9, at 8 and 11:30.

**Rufus (with Chaka Khan), D. J. Rogers,** and **Brass Construction**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 10, at 7 and 11.

**Lynyrd Skynyrd** and **Outlaws**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday and Sunday, April 10-11, at 8.

**Philly Joe Jones**—With Clifford Jordan and Eddie Jefferson, plus the Collective Black Artists Ensemble. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 10, at 8.)

**National Jazz Ensemble**—Chuck Israels conducting, with Budd Johnson. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, April 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Pierre Alechinsky**—The passing of time is the subject of a series of thirty watercolors by an early member of the Cobra group. Also four brush drawings on rice paper. Through Saturday, April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**Lennart Anderson**—Paintings and drawings (including still-lifes, nudes, and street scenes) by a realist. Through April 17. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**Willard Boepple**—Abstract steel floor pieces, some of them resembling fat curled ribbons. Through Wednesday, April 7. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

**Rosemary Cove**—Sculptures of reclining female figures in terra-cotta, plaster, and papier-mâché. Through April 17. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

**Ronaldo de Juan**—Abstract works on paper in acrylic and charcoal. Through Saturday, April 10. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**John Duff**—Sculptures of wood, glass, and metal, and combinations thereof, in shapes that are variations of the spiral. Through Wednesday, April 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**Emil Ganso** (1895-1941)—Drawings, watercolors, and graphics. Through Saturday, April 3. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

**Esther Gentle**—Painted steel sculptures from found objects. One, called "Comet and Flower," combines a large can and a pole with an automobile wheel as a base. Through April 17. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

**Alan Gussow**—Abstract paintings that occasionally incorporate a detail from nature—a leaf, a flower, bark. Through Saturday, April 3. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**Philip Guston**—Recent paintings, basically autobiographical (as his works generally are), by this sharp commentator on our times. Most of his familiar symbols are present and accounted for—the shoe soles, the bald heads, and so on. Through Saturday, April 10. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

**Margaret Israel**—Seven clay heads on columns, each with a different facial expression, are part of a show of paintings and sculptures in a variety of mediums. Through May 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**Carla Lavatelli**—Semi-abstract sculptures, all but one of them carved marble. Through April 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Fernand Léger** (1881-1955)—Seventeen oil paintings that span his career. Through Saturday, April 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**David Levine**—Figure studies in watercolor, plus caricatures of literary and political personalities. Through April 16. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Harry McCormick**—Interiors, generally of Victorian design, and Central Park scenes, by a realist. Through Saturday, April 3. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

**Jean François Millet** (1814-75)—Four fully realized portraits, including an adoring one of his first wife, are the surprises in this show, which also, of course, offers examples of his more familiar, doggedly rustic works, still redolent with the smell of freshly turned earth. Through Saturday, April 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

**Armando Morales**—Semi-abstract oils of the female nude and still-lifes, as well as drawings in casein and conté crayon. Through April 17. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

**Edgar Negret**—Painted aluminum constructions, some combined with wood, evocative of contemporary machinery. Through April 11. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**David Pease**—Semi-abstract paintings with a totally realistic miniature painting located in the center of each. Through Saturday, April 10. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

**Ann Cole Phillips**—Four series of semi-abstract paintings that take their themes from nature and from urban life. Through Saturday, April 3. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Lil Picard**—Three exhibits of the work of a seventy-six-year-old self-taught artist: First, a retrospective that contains nearly sixty paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Friday, April 2. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.) . . . ¶ Second, photographs and Xeroxed photographs of the principals in the Watergate hearings, taken from the television screen. Through Saturday, April 3. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.) . . . ¶ Finally, collage and pen-and-ink portraits, these of artists and writers, done on paper napkins. Through Saturday, April 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

**Paul Resika**—Landscapes, chiefly of Truro, Massachusetts. Through April 24. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**George Rickey / Ulfert Wilke**—Abstract kinetic sculptures made of a combination of brass, copper, and stainless steel. / Large paintings based on calligraphy, plus drawings. Through April 24. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

**Sally Winston Robinson / Nachum Miller**—Color and black-and-white abstract works made by a photochemical technique. / Abstract drawings—pencil and mixed mediums—on cut and folded paper. Through Saturday, April 3. (Rina, 23 E. 74th St.)

**Ronald Searle**—Humorous drawings and watercolors centering on resorts and animals. Through Saturday, April 10. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

**David Smith** (1906-65)—Small sculptures. Through Wednesday, April 7. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

**Tony Smith**—Small sculptures in steel and

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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models for outdoor pieces in cast bronze, by a Minimalist. Through April 17. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

**Bob Thompson** (1937-66) / **William Scott**—Paintings and works on paper. / Gouaches in which simple kitchen objects, food, and geometric shapes are grouped on a solid field. Through Saturday, April 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

**William T. Williams**—Large abstract paintings in mixed mediums on a heavyweight paper. Through Saturday, April 3. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

**Group Shows**—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Paintings and drawings by Feininger, Kandinsky, Schiele, and others. Through Saturday, April 10. . . . **FEIST**, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings from five centuries. Two are a black-and-red chalk drawing by Rubens and a blue-gray brush drawing by Franz Kline. Through May 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: A benefit loan show of paintings by six American Impressionists: Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, Theodore Robinson, John Singer Sargent, John H. Twachtman, and Julian Alden Weir. Through Saturday, April 3. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Sculptures (by Harry Bertoia, Max Bill, and others) predominate in this show, which also has on view paintings by, among others, Enrico Donati and Paul Delvaux. Through May 1.

**Quick List**—Other artists currently showing their work uptown include: **BRUNO CIVITICO** at Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **SAUL OSTROW** at Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. (Through Thursday, April 8. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **LEON SHTAINMETS** at Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **JAMES TWITTY** at Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5).

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Peter Agostini**—Bronze and cast terra-cotta sculptures of old men. Through April 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Enrico Baj**—Assemblages, drawings, and graphics. Through April 17. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Edward Betts**—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through Saturday, April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Colleen Browning**—Several paintings of passengers peering out of graffiti-covered subway cars, a self-portrait in nine panels, and other work by an artist who's been exhibiting in New York for nearly twenty years. Through Saturday, April 3. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

**Ray Ciarrochi**—Realist landscape paintings of rural and coastal regions, and interiors that depict the artist's New York studio. Through April 15. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Elaine Lustig Cohen**—Geometrical abstractions of parallel bars on a two-color field which deal with spatial illusion. Through April 24. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

**Oyvind Fahlstrom**—Large sheets of metal onto which the artist has attached movable plastic cutouts by means of magnets. The cutouts themselves are painted with images inspired by the poetry of Plath, Lorca, and others. Through April 17. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Micheline Gingras**—Works that combine painting and photography; first solo show in New York. Through Thursday, April 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Julio González** (1876-1942)—A memorial exhibition of the angular sculptures of this pioneer in welded iron. Through April 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Stephen Lorber**—Superrealist still-lifes of arrangements of such subjects as ornate fabrics, strips of raw lumber, and Indian baskets. Through April 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**John Marin** (1870-1953)—A show devoted entirely to watercolors of Maine painted by the artist between 1914 and the year before his death. Through April 17. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**Henry Varnum Poor** (1888-1970)—A memorial exhibition honoring this old-time American realist, who, as his friend Raphael Soyer wrote, belongs to the tradition of Copley, Eakins, and Hopper. Through Saturday, April 10. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

**Stephen Porter**—Steel and carved-wood sculptures that combine basic geometric forms—the cube, the cylinder, and the sphere—in totem-pole-type structures. Through Saturday, April 10. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Richard Pousette-Dart** / **Carl Holty** (1900-73)—Recent abstract paintings by an artist who is primarily a colorist. Through April 28. / Small (all of them nine by twelve inches) Abstract Expressionist paintings that have never been shown before. Through Saturday, April 10. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Michael Vessa**—A construction of thigh-high fibre-glass-and-polyester room dividers, some of them seemingly connected by pencil drawings of arches. Through Saturday, April 3. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Claude Viallat**—Canvas and linen wall hangings stained with pigment; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 3. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

**William T. Wiley**—A number of works, including paintings (one of them, conceived during a recent drought in California, is called "Painting for Rain"), drawings, and sculptures made of found objects. Through April 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American printmakers, among them Paul Revere, Mary Cassatt, and Winslow Homer. Through April 17. (Open Mondays.) . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: To mark the gallery's thirtieth anniversary, a show of works that were exhibited in its first decade. Paintings by Saul Steinberg, Hedda Sterne, Mark Rothko, and others. Through April 24.

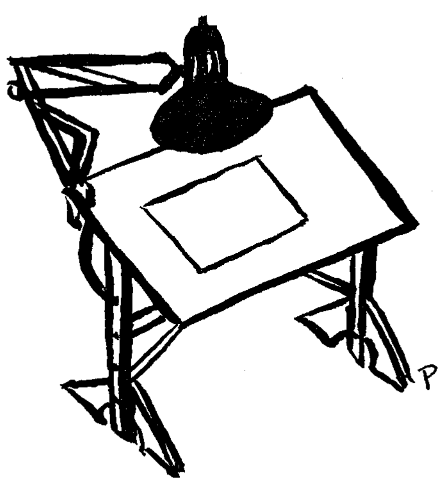
**Glass Flowers**—A benefit exhibition of twenty-five pieces of Leopold and Rudolph Blaschka's glass models of flowers and plants, made in Germany between 1887 and 1936, on loan from Harvard University's Botanical Museum. Through Saturday, April 10. (Steuben Glass, Fifth Ave. at 56th St. Open Mondays.)

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**Blythe Bohnen**—Graphite-on-paper abstractions. Through April 21. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

**Bruce Conner** / **Manuel Neri**—Photograms of the artist, applied to Masonite. / Freestanding carved-plaster sculptures of the human figure, plus wall pieces in the same material. Through Saturday, April 10. (Braunstein-Quay, 139 Spring St.)

**Dan Flavin** / **Donald Judd**—Colored fluorescent-light wall sculptures. / Two open boxes (one wood, the other steel) and a plywood sheet that is forty-eight feet long. Through Saturday, April 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)



**Roger Howrigan**—Paintings of Katerskill Falls, and other work. Through April 15. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Ron Kleemann**—Photo-Realist paintings of New York City taxicabs, sanitation trucks, and gleaming fire engines. Through Wednesday, April 7. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**Robert Mangold**—Large-scale paintings on shaped canvases of geometrical forms either alone or in combinations, by a Minimalist. Through April 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

**Gordon Moore**—Vertical abstract canvases; first one-man show in New York. Through April 21. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

**Peter Passuntino**—Paintings of fantastic subjects. Through April 17. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

**Marion Ranyak** / **Rachel Rolon de Clet**—Three-dimensional wall pieces formed by pouring cement into wet-sand molds. / Symbolic figurative paintings. Through April 21. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Mark Wilson** / **Robin VanArsdol**—Large, intricate geometric abstractions suggestive of architectural floor plans. / BB-gun targets, some of them used. Through April 17. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

**Group Shows**—At **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by H. N. Han and Lance Richbourg, plus nineteenth-century American stoneware. Through April 17. . . . **YU**, 393 West Broadway: Stainless-steel sculptures that make musical sounds when touched by viewers, by Bernard and François Baschet; realist paintings by Barclay Ferguson; and drawings by Alain Leroy. Through April 20.

**Quick List**—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **HELAINE BLUMENFELD** at Bonino, 98 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5); **LIBOR FARA** at Ariadne, 410 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **GILBERT AND GEORGE** at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **PATRICIA STEVENS** at 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6).

### OTHER GALLERIES

**Don Freeman**—Paintings, drawings, and graphics by an illustrator who exhibited in the first Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, in 1932. Through June 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

**Sol LeWitt**—Five modular aluminum sculptures that are finished in white enamel. Through May 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

**Henry Moore**—An exhibit of sixteen sculptures spanning the last forty years. Through April 24. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. Open Mondays.)

**Marjorie Strider**—Works that combine painting and sculpture. One is a large painting of a bright-red bunch of radishes, onto which the artist has mounted three bulbous Styrofoam radishes. Through Wednesday, April 7. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

**Group Show**—Ellsworth Kelly, Helen Frankenthaler, and Frank Stella are among the painters in a show titled "American Color 1961-1964." Through April 21. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**Bill Brandt**—Works dating from the thirties through the fifties, including landscapes, portraits, and a series taken in London air-raid shelters. Through April 17. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**Wynn Bullock** (1902-75)—Landscapes and figure studies. Through May 2. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Baron De Meyer** (1869-1946)—Early photogravures (still-lifes, fashion subjects, and society people), many of them originally published in Stieglitz's *Camera Work*. Through May 1. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

**Robbert Flick / Eileen Cowin**—Black-and-white landscapes of the rural Midwest. / Abstractions based on, for instance, cactus forms, and imprinted on vinyl and hand colored. Through Saturday, April 3. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**André Kertész**—Photographs taken over a fifty-year period, along with such personal possessions of the photographer as lenses, cameras, and so forth. Through April 15. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Bernard Pierre Wolff**—Photographs of urban scenes in the United States and Mexico. Through April 11. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

**George Zarin**—Semi-abstract photographs of New York City scenes. Through April 19. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

**Group Shows**—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., through Sunday, April 4: An anthropological show of photographs by Ken Heyman, with a text by Margaret Mead. . . . ¶ Milton Rogovin's portrait of Buffalo's inner city. . . . ¶ Pictures tracing various of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, civil-rights marches. . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs of mainland China by René Burri, Audrey Topping, and Chinese photographers. Through May 1. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Part II of an exhibit of work taken from Alfred Stieglitz's quarterly *Camera Work*, including photogravures made by Steichen, Strand, and others, as well as drawings by such artists as Rodin and Matisse. Also on view are twelve issues of the magazine *291*. Through May 1. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

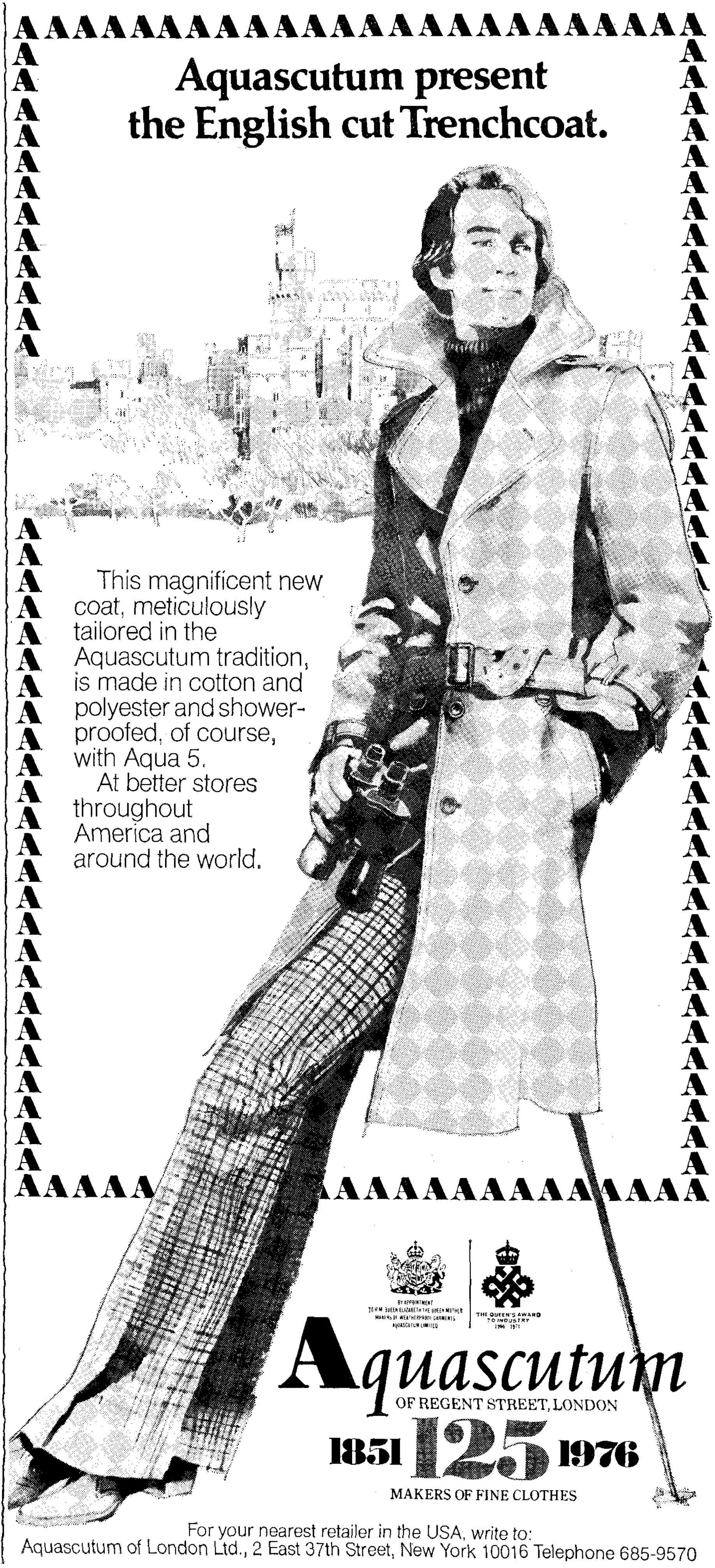
**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The World of Franklin and Jefferson," an exhibit of artifacts, paintings, manuscripts, and photographs dealing with, to no one's surprise, the early history of this country. Through May 2. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A loan show of drawings and etchings by the seventeenth-century court painter Jacques Bellange, plus works by artists who influenced him and whom he influenced. Through May 2. . . . ¶ Photographs by Wynn Bullock. Through May 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred paintings by exponents of Fauvism, among them Matisse, Derain, Braque, and van Dongen. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Picasso, Braque, Mondrian, and Feininger are among the artists represented in a survey of Cubism and allied movements, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through May 9. . . . ¶ Paintings by Morgan Russell drawn from his Synchromist period, along with related drawings, studies, and notebooks. Through May 25. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—No special exhibition at the moment, while a show of paintings from the museum's collection (scheduled to open on Friday, April 9) is being installed. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years. A really big show, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Folk sculptures that date from the eighteenth century to the present by artisans from all over the United States. One piece, done in the twenties, is a trade sign for a Brooklyn bicycle shop. Through May 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of objects acquired by the museum's



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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decorative-arts department during the last five years, including a Bentwood side chair from the early nineteenth century and a Le Corbusier chair from the nineteen-twenties. Through May 23. This exhibit is open only until 1 on Wednesdays and Thursdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through July 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters**, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of works by Thomas Hart Benton, George L. K. Morris, and Michael Rapuano. . . . ¶ A show of the paintings and sculptures of artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Both exhibitions through Sunday, April 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**Japan House**, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-six Japanese swords and their furnishings, including the "Kunimune" blade, dating from the twelfth century through the nineteenth. Through April 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the illustrated book in England, covering the years 1790 to 1914. It includes books, drawings, engravers' proofs, autograph letters, and manuscripts, and among the artists on view are Blake, Turner, Beardsley, and Beerbohm. Through May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of the City of New York**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Public Library at Lincoln Center**—An exhibition of drawings and models for stage settings, given in memory of Donald Oenslager, who died last year, and to commemorate the fiftieth birthday of the Yale School of Drama, where he taught theatrical designing for forty-five years. Mr. Oenslager's own works are shown, along with scene designs and costume designs by nearly sixty Yale drama graduates, among them Santo Loquasto, William and Jean Eckart, David Hays, and Carrie Robbins. Through Saturday, April 10. . . . ¶ "Ruth Page: Ballet Is a World Apart" is the title of a series of photographs, letters, posters, costume designs and some of the costumes themselves, and other memorabilia celebrating her fifty years on the ballet stage. Through May 7. (Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

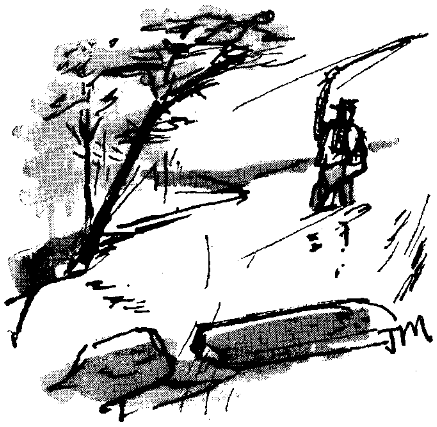
## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, and Luciano Pavarotti; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8: "Fidelio," with Rose Wagemann, Christine Weidinger, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and John Macurdy; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Arlene Saunders, Marcia Baldwin, Jean Cox, Thomas Stewart, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8: "Aida," with Montserrat Caballé, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 5, at 8: "Fidelio," with Rose Wagemann, Christine Weidinger, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and John Macurdy; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 6, at 8: "Aida," with Montserrat Caballé, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 7, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Arlene Saunders, Marcia Baldwin, Jean Cox, Thomas Stewart, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Montserrat Caballé, Ruth Welting, Tatiana Troyanos, Alberto Remedios, and William Dooley; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 1:30: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, Lili Chookasian, Barry Morell, and Matteo Manuguerra; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach.

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Henry Price, and Adib Fazah; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8: The American première of Josef Tal's "Ashmedai" (in English), with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Craig, Paul Ukena, John Lankston, and Richard Taylor; Gary Bertini. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Catherine Malfitano, Samuel Ramey, and Herman Malamood; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Clamma Dale, Tullio Pané, and Dominic Cossa; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Puli Toro, Henry Price, and James Billings; David Effron. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 4, at 1: "Ashmedai" (in English), with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Craig, Paul Ukena, John Lankston, and Richard Taylor; Gary Bertini. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 4, at 7: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Hilda Harris, Henry Price, and Adib Fazah; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 6, at 8: "Ashmedai" (in English), with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Craig, Paul Ukena, John Lankston, and Richard Taylor; Gary Bertini. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 7, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp, Puli Toro, Lando Bartolini, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 8: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Jeanne Piland, Henry Price, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Sandra Walker, Tullio Pané, Pablo Elvira, and Samuel Ramey; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2: "Turandot," with Rachel Mathes, Catherine Malfitano, Herman Malamood, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Gwenlynn Little, Hilda Harris, Samuel Ramey, and John Darrenkamp; David Effron. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)



### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, April 1, at 8:30; Friday, April 2, at 2; and Saturday, April 3, at 8:30 (all with Piotr Janowski, violin). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Tuesday, April 6, at 7:30, and Thursday, April 8, at 8:30 (both with Mr. Janowski); and Friday, April 9, at 8:30 (with Eileen Farrell, soprano). . . . ¶ Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting on Saturday, April 10, and Tuesday, April 13, at 8:30 (both with Miss Farrell).

**Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra**—Thursday, April 1: Rafael Kubelik conducting a Schubert-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3: Claudio Abbado conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program. . . . ¶ Monday, April 5: Claudio Abbado conducting a Webern-Strauss-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8.)

**Boston Symphony**—Colin Davis conducting the final concerts of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 8.)

**Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York**—Richard Kapp conducting the second of two concerts. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 2, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions are accepted.)

**I Musici**—Twelve musicians who perform without a conductor. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, April 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 9, at 8, an all-Vivaldi program, with Pina Carmirelli, violin.)

**Symphony of the New World**—Everett Lee conducting a performance of Verdi's opera "Don Carlos" in concert form, with Henry McBoatwright, bass-baritone. The last in this season's series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 3.)

**Mozart Festival Orchestra**—Baird Hastings conducting, with Robert White, tenor. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Saturday, April 3, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions are accepted.)

**Manhattan Orchestra and Chorus**—Daniel Paget directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 31, at 8. Free tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

**Branko Krsmanovich Chorus of Yugoslavia**—Bogdan Babich directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8.)

**Canby Singers**—Edward Tatnall Canby directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.)

**New England Conservatory Chorus**—Lorna Cooke deVaron directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, April 4, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

**Gregg Smith Singers**—Gregg Smith directing the fourth in a series of five programs of American music, this one devoted to "The Historical Twentieth Century." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, April 7, at 8.)

### RECITALS

**David Levine**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 31, at 8.)

**Guarneri Quartet**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 1, at 8, an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 2, at 8, the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Bergson Trio**—A program of American music, with Robert Sherman, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8.)

**Galimir Quartet**—With Nancy Allen, harp; Paul Dunkel, flute; and Frank Cohen, clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 3, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Same program; New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5600. Sunday, April 4, at 5.)

**Pierre Fournier and Jean Fonda**—Cello (*père*)

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and piano (*fils*), in a sonata recital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, April 4, at 2:15.)

**Kyung-Wha Chung**—[illegible]olin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 4, [illegible]

**René Clemencic**—A lecture-recital on "The Recorder in the Middle Ages and in the Renaissance." (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, April 4, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700.)

**Gyorgy Sandor**—Piano, presenting Part II of Bartók's complete "Mikrokosmos," in its first performance here. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, April 5, at 8.)

**Amadeus String Quartet**—The first two in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Monday, April 5, and Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

**Karan Armstrong and John Alexander**—Soprano and tenor, in a program of American music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, April 6, at 8.)

**Siegfried Lorenz**—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 6, at 8.)

**Robert Routch**—French horn. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, April 6, at 8.)

**Juilliard String Quartet**—The fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 6, at 8.)

**Anthony Newman**—Organ, in the third in a series of five all-Bach programs, this one with Carole Bogard, soprano, and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 7, at 8.)

**Abbott Ruskin**—Piano, in a recital postponed from Nov. 26. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 7, at 8.)

**Long Island Chamber Ensemble of New York**—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 7, at 8.)

**Ali Akbar Khan**—Sarod, with Zakir Hussain, tabla. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

**Rolf Schulte and David Levine**—Violin and piano, in the last in a series of recitals, this one with David Singer, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

**Chamber Artists Ensemble of New York**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

**League-ISCM**—The fourth in this season's series of five programs will be devoted to new music from Israel. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

**Elly Ameling and Paul Sperry**—Soprano and tenor, in Wolf's "Italienisches Liederbuch." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 9, at 8.)

**American Chamber Trio**—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 9, at 8:30.)

**Ivan Nunez**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 10, at 3.)

**Horacio Gutierrez**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 10, at 8.)

**Lorin Hollander**—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 10, at 8.)

**Juilliard String Quartet and Guarneri Quartet**—Performing together for the first time, in a concert honoring the memory of Joseph Mann, who for fifty-nine years (1914-73) managed the Peoples' Symphony Concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 10, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

**Baseball**—Mets vs. Montreal—the first league games here. (Shea Stadium. Friday, April 9, at 2:05, and Saturday, April 10, at 2:15.)

**Professional Basketball**—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Kansas City, Sunday, April 4, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Thursday, April 8, at 7:30.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, April 2, at 8:05.... ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Sunday, April 4, at 2:35.

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**Hockey**—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, March 31, at 7:35.... ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, April 4, at 1:35.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Thursday, April 1, at 8:05.... ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, April 3, at 8:05.... ¶ National Hockey League Patrick Division playoffs, Tuesday, April 6, at 8:05, and, if necessary, Saturday, April 10, at 2:05.

**Racing**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 1. The Gotham, Saturday, April 3; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 7; and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 10.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, June 10.

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, May 17.

## ET ALIA

**Poetry Readings**—Donald Justice and Lawrence Raab reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5600. Friday, April 2, at 7:30.)... ¶ Michael Benedikt and James Tate reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, April 6, at 7:30. Admission is free.)

**Auctions**—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, April 2, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from a number of collectors.... ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2: Oriental rugs, from the collection of Nicolas Fokker.... ¶ Tuesday, April 6, at 2: Early Wedgwood pottery, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Milestone. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 1.... ¶ Wednesday, April 7, at 2: First editions and other books, belonging to Allan Bluestein. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 1.

## COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

**Baseball**—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, April 11 (day). Atlanta, April 26-29 (at 4:05). Houston, April 30 (night) and May 1-2 (d). Cincinnati, May 4-5 (n) and May 6 (at 4:05). San Diego, May 7 (n) and May 8-9 (d).... YANKEES at the rebuilt Yankee Stadium (first league games here): Vs. Minnesota, April 15 and 17-18 (day). Chicago, April 20-21 (d). Kansas City, April 25 (night) and April 24-25 (d).

**Basketball**—Knicks vs. Cleveland. (Madison Square Garden. April 11.)

**Crew**—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. April 24.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. May 1.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. May 1.)... ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. May 1 or 2.)... ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. May 8.)... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. May 9.)

**Racing**—At CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 1.... BELMONT: May 3-June 28.

**Soccer**—At Yankee Stadium: New York Cosmos games on May 2, 5, and 8.

**Track**—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.)... ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 23-24.)

**Trotting**—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: April 15-Nov. 13.

**Music**—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 17.... AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 15.... ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, April 11.... ¶ Luciano Pavarotti, tenor, April 14.... ¶ National Chorale, April 16.... ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus, April 25.... ¶ New York Choral Society, April 30... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Alfred Brendel, April 11 and 25 and May 9.... ¶ Johann Strauss Ensemble of the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, April 11.... ¶ Don Cossacks of Rostov, April 12, 14, and 15.... ¶ Yehudi Menuhin, violin, and Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, April 13.... ¶ I Musici, April 16.... ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, April 17.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 18.... ¶ Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, April 18 and 21.... ¶ Hermann Prey, baritone, April 19.... ¶ Houston Symphony Orchestra, April 20.... ¶ Marilyn Horne, soprano, April 23.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 26.... ¶ English Chamber Orchestra, April 27 and 29 and May 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, and 13.... ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, April 28.... ¶ Brooklyn Philharmonia, May 2.... ¶ Boston Symphony Chamber Players, May 2.... ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, May 10 and 12.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 11; 13, 23, and 25.... ¶ Evelyn Lear, soprano, April 11.... ¶ New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra, April 12.... ¶ Ruth Laredo, piano, April 16.... ¶ Francisco Aybar, piano, April 20.... ¶ Clarion Concert, April 21..... ¶ Our Bach Concert, April 24.... ¶ Anthony Newman, organ, April 28.... ¶ Catharine Crozier, organ, May 2.... ¶ Dessoff Choirs, May 6.... ¶ Orpheus Chamber Ensemble, May 9.... ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 10.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano, and the Manhattan String Quartet, April 19.... ¶ Donald Gramm, bass-baritone, April 21.... ¶ Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 23.... KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, Y.M.H.A. (427-6000): Sine Nomine Singers, April 24.... ¶ Tashi, April 28.... ¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, May 1.... HUNTER COLLEGE PLAYHOUSE (535-5350): Gregg Smith Singers, May 5.... ¶ Bronx Opera Company, May 7-8.

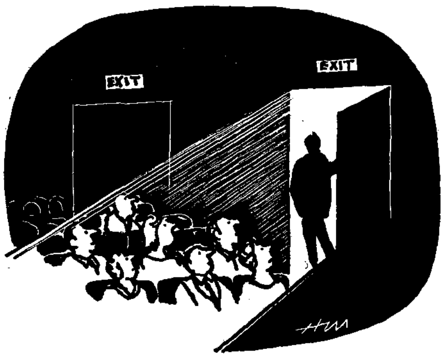
**Dance**—The Royal Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 19-May 15.... ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 27-June 27.... ¶ Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, at the City Center, May 4-23.

**Theatre**—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: The final two plays of the Phoenix Theatre's season—"Secret Service," by William Gillette, and "Boy Meets Girl," by Bella and Samuel Spewack.... ¶ A three-week engagement of "Monty Python Live!," the British comedy show.... ¶ The Kurt Weill-Bertolt Brecht musical "The Threepenny Opera," in a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett, with Ellen Greene and Raul Julia in the leading roles. The final presentation of the season by the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center.... ¶ A revival of "The Heiress," a dramatization by Ruth and Augustus Goetz of Henry James's novel "Washington Square," with Jane Alexander, Richard Kiley, Jan Miner, and David Selby as the principals.... ¶ A musical, "Rex," with a score by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, a book by Sherman Yellen, and a cast headed by Nicol Williamson, Penny Fuller, and Tom Aldredge.... ¶ Robert Morse in a musical, "So Long, 174th Street." Joseph Stein wrote the book (based on his comedy and Carl Reiner's book "Enter Laughing"), and Stan Daniels is responsible for the music and lyrics.... ¶ Julie Harris as the "Belle of Amherst," a one-woman show written by William Luce about Emily Dickinson.... ¶ A musical, "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue," by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Leonard Bernstein (music), in which Ken Howard, Patricia Routledge, and Gilbert Price will appear.... ¶ A new Samuel Taylor comedy, "Legend," starring Elizabeth Ashley, Gary Lockwood, and George Dzundza.

**Other Dates**—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1975 and estimates for 1976 are due Thursday, April 15.... ¶ Easter Sunday is April 18.... ¶ The April Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., April 21.... ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 25.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Barry Lyndon."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through April 6: "Dog Day Afternoon" and "Freebie and the Bean."
From April 7: "Lies My Father Told Me" and "The Way We Were."

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 6: "The Sunshine Boys."
From April 7: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 6: "Dog Day Afternoon."
From April 7: "Lies My Father Told Me."

**Kips Bay,** 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through April 6: "Barry Lyndon."
From April 7: "Blazing Saddles."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Seven Beauties."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"W. C. Fields and Me."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Sunshine Boys."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through April 5: "Blazing Saddles."
From April 6: "The Bad News Bears."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through April 6: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From April 7: "The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox."

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Salut l'Artiste."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Story of Adèle H."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"W. C. Fields and Me."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Taxi Driver."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 3: "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."
From April 4: "Mahler."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Seven Beauties."

**Columbia I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through April 6: "Chinatown" and "Murder on the Orient Express."
From April 7: To be announced.

**Columbia II,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through the afternoon of April 5: "Swept Away" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
From April 5 at 8: "Face to Face."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 3: "The Man in the Glass Booth."
From April 4 (tentative): "Virility."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through April 6: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Deliverance."
From April 7: "All the President's Men."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 6: "Dog Day Afternoon."
From April 7: "Lies My Father Told Me."

**Juliet I,** 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Hester Street."

**Juliet 2,** 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Magic Flute."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Barry Lyndon."

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through April 1: "Gable and Lombard."
From April 2: "Lipstick."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 6: "Immoral Tales" (X-rated).
From April 7: "The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through April 6: "Psychic Killer" and "Book of Numbers."
From April 7: "Sparkle."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through April 1: "Sky Riders."
April 2-6: "Sky Riders" and "French Connection II."
From April 7: "Countdown at Kusini."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Magic Flute."

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through April 6: "Dog Day Afternoon."
From April 7: To be announced.

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
Theatre 2: Through April 6: "French Provincial" and "Confrontation." From April 7 (tentative): "The Magic Flute."
Theatre 3: Through April 6: "Immoral Tales" (X-rated). From April 7: "Blazing Saddles."
Theatre 4: "Sensations" (X-rated).

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Barry Lyndon."

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin and Marian."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Moses."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"My Michael."

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 6: "Dog Day Afternoon" and "The Girl from Petrovka."
From April 7: "The Hindenburg" and "The Front Page."

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Taxi Driver."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Grey Gardens."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 5: "Barry Lyndon."
From April 6: "The Bad News Bears."

**Cinema Studio,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 6: "The Sunshine Boys."
From April 7: To be announced.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 6: "Gimme Shelter."
From April 7: "Salesman."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Magic Flute."

**Loews 83rd Triplex,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Psychic Killer."
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Would Be King."
Theatre 3: Through April 6: "Immoral Tales" (X-rated). From April 7: "Death Race 2000" and "Tidal Wave."

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 6: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" and "The Pearl of Death."
From April 7: To be announced.

**Symphony,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 6: "Barry Lyndon."
From April 7: "Blazing Saddles."

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 6: "Dog Day Afternoon" and "Freebie and the Bean."
From April 7: "Lies My Father Told Me" and "The Fortune."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 31: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (1969), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Jane Fonda and Michael Sarrazin; and "Klute" (1971), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.
April 1: "Lancelot of the Lake" (1975), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Luc Simon; and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1945), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Maria Casarès.
April 2: "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "The Hawks and the Sparrows." (†)
April 3: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.
April 4: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (†); and "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
April 5: "Tokyo Story" (†) and "Late Spring." (†)
April 6: "A Sense of Loss" (†) and "Promised Lands." (†)
April 7: "La Ronde" (†); and "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
April 8: "Borsalino" (†) and "Beat the Devil." (†)

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 31: "Rashomon" (1951) and "The Idiot" (1951), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, and with Toshiro Mifune.
April 1: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart.
April 2: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.
April 3: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "The Spider's Stratagem" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Giulio Brogi.
April 4: "Bonaparte." (†)
April 5: "The Red and the White" (†) and "The Round Up." (†)
April 6: "Seventh Heaven" (†) and "Sunny Side Up." (†)
April 7: "Ikiru" (†) and "I Live in Fear." (†)
April 8: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat; and "Saboteur." (†)

**Elgin,** 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 31: "Big Fella" (1937), an English musical, set in Marseilles and directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.
April 1: "Point Blank" (1967), directed by John Boorman, with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, and Keenan Wynn; and "Cool Hand Luke" (1967), di-

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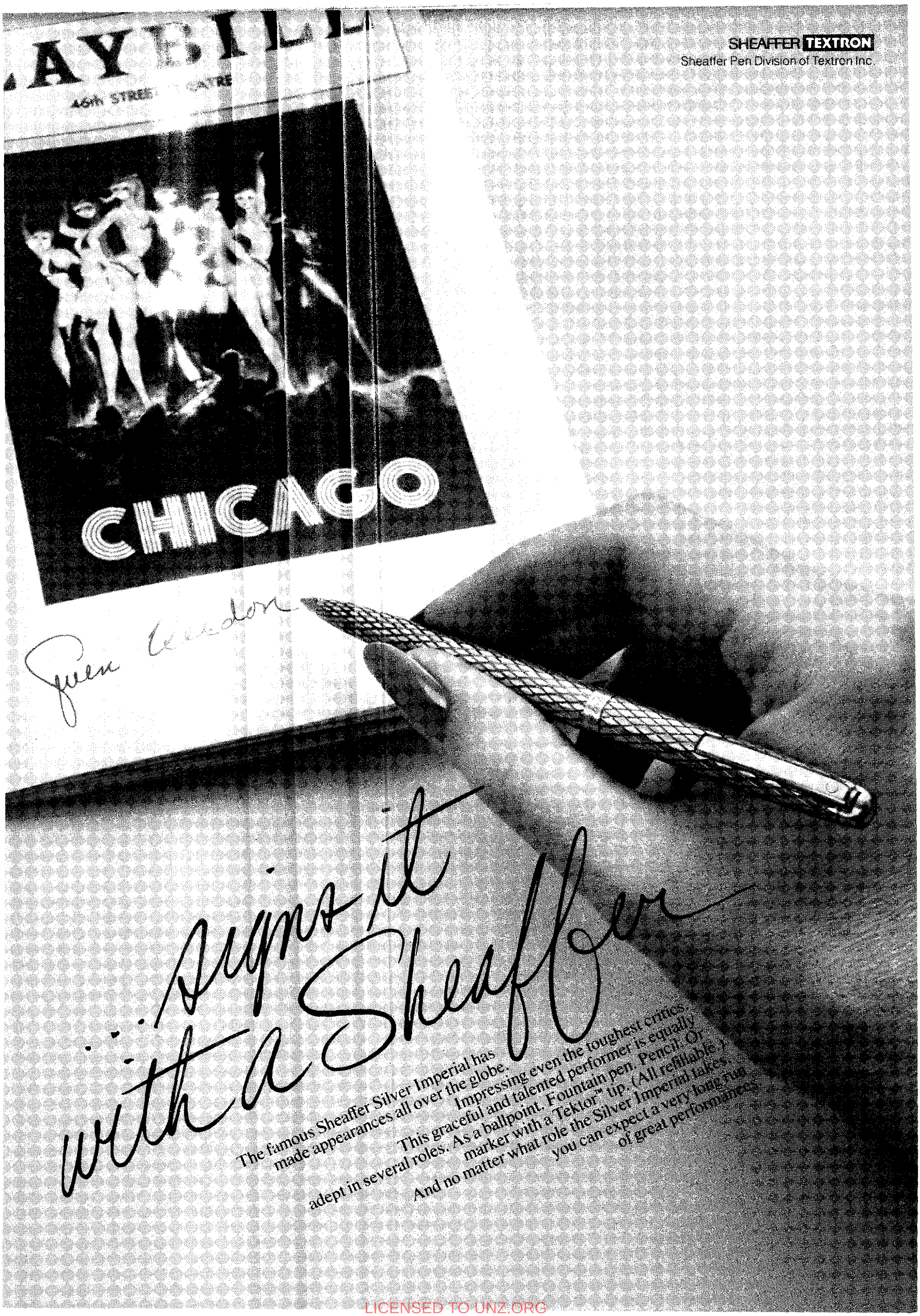
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rected by Stuart Rosenberg, with Paul Newman.

April 2: "The Groove Tube" (1974), directed by Ken Shapiro; "Shadows Over Chinatown" (1946), a Charlie Chan mystery, directed by Terry Morse, with Sidney Toler; and "Bananas" (1971), directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

April 3: "A Woman Under the Influence" (1974), directed by John Cassavetes, with Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands; and "Diary of a Mad Housewife." (†)

April 4: "The Little Prince" (†); and "Fantastic Planet" (1973), in French, directed by René Laloux, an animated, science-fiction film.

April 5: "The Blue Max" (†); and "The Great Waldo Pepper" (1975), directed by George Roy Hill, with Robert Redford.

April 6: "She Done Him Wrong" (†) and "I'm No Angel." (†)

April 7: "Song of Freedom" (1936), an English musical, directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.

April 8: "Minnie and Moskowitz" (1971), directed by John Cassavetes, with Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel; and "Scarecrow" (1973), directed by Jerry Schatzberg, with Gene Hackman and Al Pacino.

**THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through April 3: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

April 4-6: "Algiers" (†) and "White Cargo." (†)

From April 7: "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (†), "Death Kiss" (†), and "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back." (†)

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 1 at 2: "Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Françoise" (1964), in French, directed by André Cayatte, with Marie-José Nat and Jacques Charrier; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 1 at 5:30: "The Silent Enemy" (1930), directed by H. P. Carver, with members of the Ojibwa Indian tribe of Canada. . . . ¶ April 1 at 8: "Hail the Woman" (1921), directed by John Griffith Wray, with Florence Vidor and Theodore Roberts. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2: "Das Blaue Licht" (1930), in German and Italian, directed by, and with, Leni Riefenstahl; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 3 at noon: "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" (1963), in Czech, directed by Pavel Hobl; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 3 at 3: "Hail the Woman." . . . ¶ April 4 at noon: "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" . . . ¶ April 4 at 3: A program of six short films. . . . ¶ April 5 at 2: "The Silent Enemy." . . . ¶ April 6 at 2: "The House on 92nd Street" (1945), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Signe Hasso and William Eythe. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2: "Anatomy of a *Marriage: My Nights with Jean-Marc*" (1964), in French, directed by André Cayatte, with Jacques Charrier and Marie-José Nat; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 8 at 8: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (1962), in French, directed by Agnès Varda, with Corinne Marchand; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Not a Pretty Picture," directed by Martha Coolidge. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dreyer, Bresson, Brakhage, Landow, Jordan, Buñuel, Cocteau, and others. Showings March 31-April 2 at 7 and 9; April 3 at 2:30, 7, and 9; April 4 at 8; April 6 at 7 and 9; April 7 at 7; and April 8 at 7 and 9.

**FILM FORUM,** 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—April 1-4: "Juvenile Liaison," a British film, directed by Joan Churchill and Nicholas Broomfield. . . . ¶ Starting April 8: A program of eleven short films by Eliot Noyes, Jr. Showings *Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.*

**FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER**—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 2 at 6: "Adoption" (Hungary; Márta Mészarós). . . . ¶ April 2 at 8:30: "Duvidha" (India; Mani Kaul). . . . ¶ April 3 at 6: "Moon Over the Alley" (England; Chuck Despins). . . . ¶ April 3 at 8:30: "Wives" (Norway; Anja Breien). . . . ¶ April 4 at 6: "Duvidha." . . . ¶ April 4 at 8:30: "Adoption." . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "Wives." . . . ¶ April 5 at 8:30: "Moon Over the Alley." . . . ¶ April 6 at 6: "Harvest: 3000 Years" (Ethiopia: Haile Gerima). . . . ¶ April 6 at 9:30 and April 7 at 6: "Véronique, or the Summer of My 13th Year" (France; Claudine Guilmain). . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:30: "Harvest: 3000 Years." (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 765-5111, Ext. 311.)

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

**ALGIERS** (1938)—An entertaining piece of kitsch, featuring a torrid romance between Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr, making her American film début. Directed by John Cromwell, it's a remake of the infinitely superior French film, "Pépé le Moko," directed by Julien Duvivier—and so close a remake that many of the original sequences are followed shot by shot. Yet this version is pure Hollywood, sacrificing everything to glamour, and the heavy makeup and studio lighting make it all seem so artificial one can get giggly. In the role that Jean Gabin made famous, Boyer (who may be an even greater actor than Gabin) is reduced to giving so many passionate, hot glances at the inhumanly beautiful Lamarr that he almost becomes a self-caricature. He plays Pépé, the French crook who is safe in the Casbah, where he lives like a lord, but who longs for Paris. And Lamarr, with her slurry German-English, plays a Parisienne visiting Algiers. Sigrid Gurie is the native girl in love with Pépé, Joseph Calleia slinks about corners as the suave detective, and Gene Lockhart is the rotten squealer. James M. Cain had a hand in the dialogue. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 4-6.)

**ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE** (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, *from an original script by Robert Getchell,* about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75) (Loews Tower East; through April 6.)

**ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN**—Based on the Carl Bernstein-Bob Woodward book, with Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford playing the authors. Directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Loews Tower East; starting April 7.)

**THE BAD NEWS BEARS**—With Walter Matthau and Tatum O'Neal, directed by Michael Ritchie. (Sutton, and Paramount; starting April 6.)

**BARRY LYNDON**—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Art, U.A. East, and Guild. . . . ¶ Paramount; through April 5. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, and Symphony; through April 6.)

**BEAT THE DEVIL** (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed *by the latter. (Bleecker St. Cinema;* April 8.)

**BLAZING SADDLES** (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Sutton; through April 5. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, Quad Cinema, and Symphony; starting April 7.)

**THE BLUE MAX** (1966)—The time is 1918, the Blue Max is the nickname for the highest medal a German Air Corps flier can get, and the leading role is that of a lowborn oddball (George Peppard), whose only ambition is to get it. Addicts of flying movies swear by this one, but for others, the monoplanes and biplanes can't smash or burn fast enough. John Guillernin directed; with Ursula Andress and James Mason. (Elgin; April 5.)

**BONAPARTE** (1927)—The work of Abel Gance, one of the great pioneers of film and a master of fast editing, has not had the recognition it deserves because he was technically so far ahead of his time that theatres weren't designed or equipped to handle his films. His 1927 "Napoleon" was made in Polyvision, and those lucky enough to have seen it projected that way (or as it sometimes was, on three ordinary screens) will recall that his conception was far more complex than what directors later did with Cinerama, since Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects. The imagery poured from the three sources; history literally seemed to be an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. His epic was, however, so rarely shown that in 1934 he edited another version of it, and then in 1971 prepared this version. Even though much of the visual complexity is gone, what's left is still worth seeing—sweepingly romantic, both naïve and sophisticated. Antonin Artaud appears as Marat, Gance himself as Saint-Just. (Four and a half hours.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 4.)

**BOOK OF NUMBERS** (1973)—How a black-operated numbers bank gets started in a small Southern town during the Depression. Directed by, and with, Raymond St. Jacques. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through April 6.)

**BORSALINO** (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 8.)

**BULLDOG DRUMMOND COMES BACK** (1937)—John Barrymore, having a good time. His beautiful nose was so famous that when he puts on a false one, he's disguised enough to thwart the villains. With Louise Campbell. Directed by Louis King. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; *starting* April 7.)

**CHINATOWN** (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in *the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne,* is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Columbia I; through April 6.)

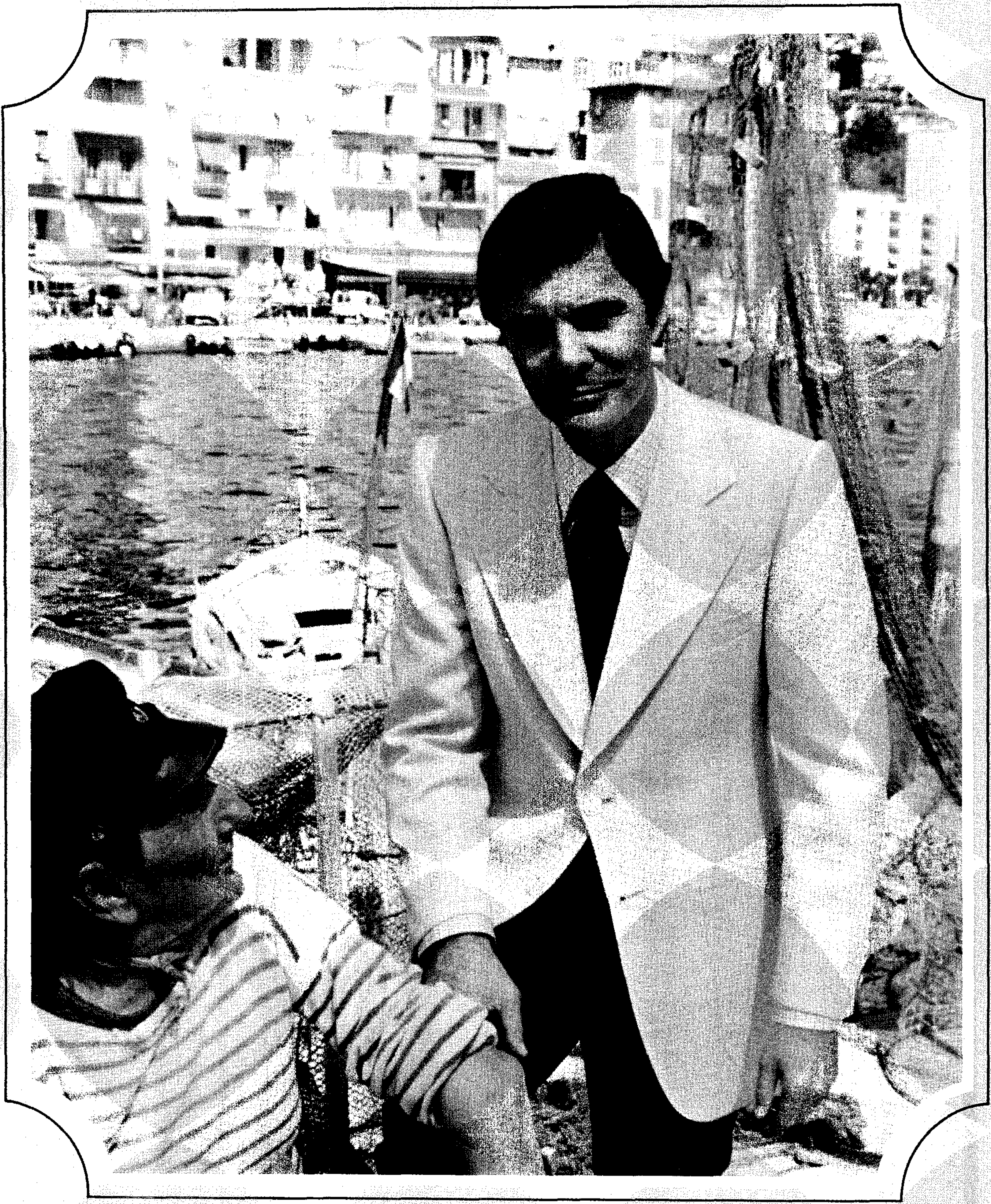
**CONFRONTATION**—With Peter Bollag, directed by Rolf Lyssy. In German. (Quad Cinema; through April 6.)

**COUNTDOWN AT KUSINI**—With Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis, and Greg Morris; directed by Mr. Davis. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting April 7.)

**DEATH KISS** (1932)—The ultimate in forgettable murder mysteries. The cast (Bela Lugosi, Mona Maris, David Manners, Adrienne Ames, Vince Barnett) makes it sound promising, and so does the setting for the murder (a movie studio). But the script is a bummer, the direction by Edwin L. Marin is dismal, and Lugosi is given nothing to do. He glowers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 7.)

**DEATH RACE 2000**—With David Carradine, directed by Paul Bartel. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting April 7.)

**DELIVERANCE** (1972)—A *man's man* of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beat-



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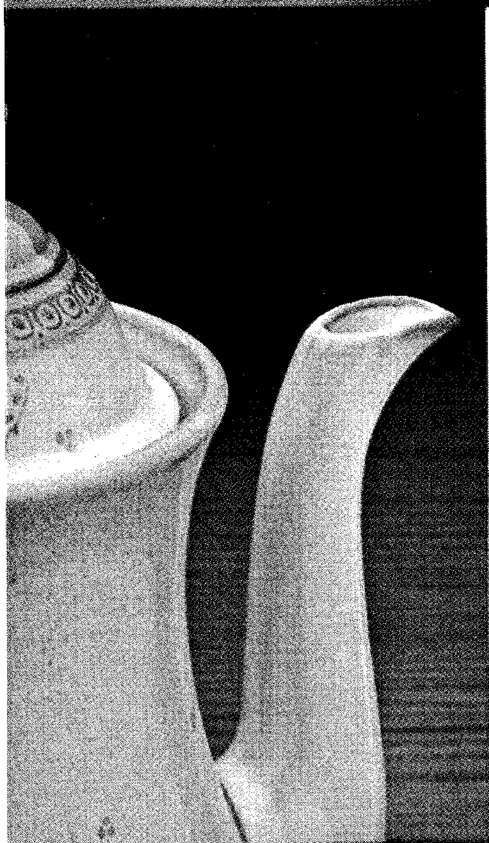

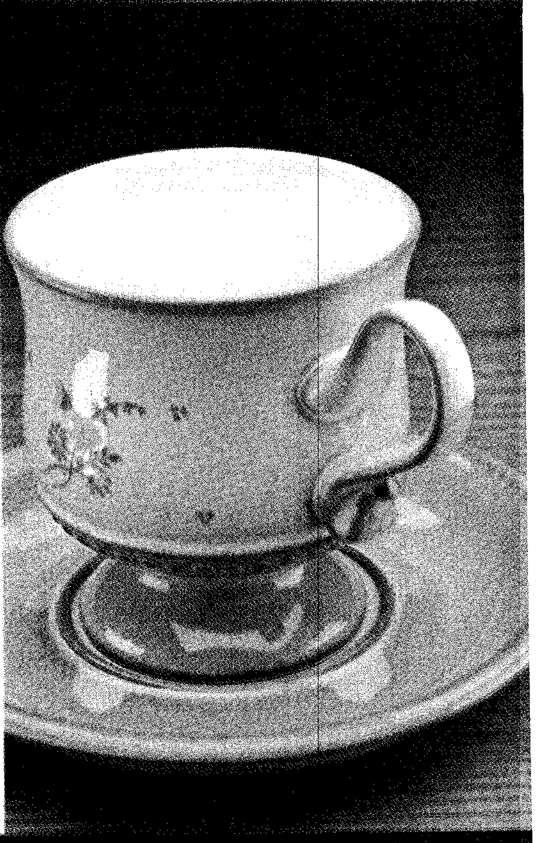

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Loews Tower East; through April 6.)

**Diary of a Mad Housewife** (1970)—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Elgin; April 3.)

**Dog Day Afternoon**—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, 8th St. Playhouse, Playboy, and Olympia; through April 6.)

**The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox**—With George Segal and Goldie Hawn, directed by Melvin Frank. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East; starting April 7.)

**Face to Face**—With Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman; starting April 5 at 8.)

**The Fortune**—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Olympia; starting April 7.)

**Freebie and the Bean** (1974)—James Caan and Alan Arkin. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman. The heroes—cop buddies—seem to have a license to maim and slaughter people. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley as a transvestite. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through April 6.)

**French Connection II**—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles, determined to break the French heroin connection for good; the connection is once more played by the suave Fernando Rey. Doyle is taken by the film to be a sophisticated plain speaker, but his sophistication is really a case of megalopolitan rudeness. Photographed by Claude Renoir, nephew of Jean Renoir (for whom he photographed "Grand Illusion"); the compositions are individually very fine, but there are too many slam-bang close-ups that make you pine for a long shot to let you find your bearings. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; April 2-6.)

**French Provincial**—A gifted young romantic wit, André Téchiné, has turned parody into something so emotionally charged that the meanings radiate every which way. The story spans several decades, contrasting the lives of two brides—Jeanne Moreau, as Berthe the no-nonsense seamstress, and Marie-France Pisier, as Régina the rapacious bourgeois dreamer—who are both too much for their husbands. Scenes take you back through so many layers of film history that you can't sort out all the influences, but this rich impasto is essentially new. It's a marvellous film, even though in ordinary terms (such as telling a coherent story) it isn't very good. In French. (3/1/76) (Quad Cinema; through April 6.)

**The Front Page** (1974)—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy and marvellous dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, has here been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Billy Wilder, the director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk. (1/27/75) (Playboy; starting April 7.)

**Gable and Lombard**—Limply raunchy, meaningless movie, with nothing to say about the movies, about love, or about stardom. Barry Sandler wrote the trivializing, falsifying script, and Sidney J. Furie is guilty of the direction. With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh. (2/23/76) (Loews Ciné; through April 1.)

**Gimme Shelter** (1970)—The Rolling Stones on their American tour, with special attention to the disaster at Altamont. (Regency; through April 6.)

**The Girl from Petrovka** (1974)—Cold soup. Clammy sentimentality about an Iron Curtain love affair set in bitter winter. Hal Holbrook, gentle, mustached, and tall—looking very like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—plays a United States news correspondent in Moscow. He sells his dead wife's clothing to his friend (Anthony Hopkins), who is officially a swimming instructor but actually a dealer in anything from black-market clothes to girls. Watching a ballet class, Holbrook meets Zoran Andric, as a jazz musician, and Goldie Hawn, as a suspiciously childlike ballet waif who turns out to be an agile opportunist. Unintentionally funny moments of dialogue, and a perilous amount of naïveté about the Soviet Union's approach to "decadent" jazz and obvious dissidents. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller from a poor book by George Feifer. (Playboy; through April 6.)

**The Gracie Allen Murder Case** (1939)—S. S. Van Dine, the author of the Philo Vance detective novels, wrote Gracie into one of them, and Paramount very sensibly decided to film it. (George Burns figured in the story, but he was dropped in the film version and Gracie thus made her first solo movie appearance.) It's a casual, entertaining absurdity; Gracie's peculiarly uncorseted mind is a wonderful corrective to Warren William's usual stuffiness as Philo Vance; he hardly gets a word in edgewise. Alfred E. Green directed a good cast, including Donald MacBride, Kent Taylor, Ellen Drew, H. B. Warner, Horace MacMahon, and William Demarest. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 7.)

**Grey Gardens**—The Maysles brothers film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (Paris.)

**The Hawks and the Sparrows** (1967)—Ninetto Davoli and the great Totò as a self-abasing father and his son on a St. Franciscan walk, accompanied by a talking crow. A humorless film by Pier Paolo Pasolini about large topics of poverty, simplicity, fathers and sons, and mankind. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 2.)

**Hester Street**—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Juliet 1.)

**The Hindenburg**—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Playboy; starting April 7.)

**Ikiru** (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 7.)

**I Live in Fear**—In 1955, Kurosawa made this noble picture about fear of the H-bomb. Mifune plays a factory owner trying to sell out and leave with his family for Brazil. A

My search for spring-into-summer
dressing has a very happy ending.
I've found the most versatile
threesome that travels light as a
veritable feather. I'm tickled pink,
as the saying goes. Black and white
striped cardigan with sleeveless
cowl-neck blouson shell and soft,
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tribunal that includes his dentist finds that he is upsetting the psychic order of society, and thereupon sends him mad. The picture praises worry with a script of high literary quality (by Kurosawa himself, as usual, with two collaborators). In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 7.)

**I'm No Angel** (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably her best film, certainly one of her funniest. (Elgin; April 6.)

**Late Spring** (1949)—A masterpiece by Ozu, concerned with silence and repose. Ozu restrains himself from the usual punctuation marks of film directors and arrives at a Benedictine simplicity. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 5.)

**Lies My Father Told Me**—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting April 7.)

**Lipstick**—With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews Ciné; starting April 2.)

**The Little Prince** (1974)—The Saint-Exupéry book, the first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, is a distillation of melancholy, and it comes close to being self-glorifying, masochistic mush. Possibly something might have been made of the material if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (12/2/74) (Elgin; April 4.)

**Love and Anarchy** (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

**The Magic Flute**—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Juliet 2, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 7, tentative.)

**Mahler**—With Robert Powell in the title role, directed by Ken Russell. (D. W. Griffith; starting April 4.)

**The Man in the Glass Booth**—From the Robert Shaw play, adapted by Edward Anhalt and directed by Arthur Hiller. With Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler. One of the American Film Theatre series. (68th St. Playhouse; through April 3.)

**The Man Who Would Be King**—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**Moses**—With Burt Lancaster in the title role. Also with Anthony Quayle, Ingrid Thulin, and Irene Papas. Directed by Gianfranco de Bosio. (Ziegfeld.)

**Murder on the Orient Express** (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Columbia I; through April 6.)

**My Michael**—With Oded Kotler, directed by Dan Wolman. In Hebrew. (Festival.)

**Next Stop, Greenwich Village**—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema I.)

**One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest**—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through April 6.)

**The Pearl of Death** (1944)—The ninth film in the Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes series. With Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson, and Dennis Hoey, Evelyn Ankers, and Miles Mander. Directed by Roy William Neill. (New Yorker; through April 6.)

**The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes** (1970)—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Geneviève Page as the lady who outwits him. (New Yorker; through April 6.)

**Promised Lands** (1974)—Susan Sontag's cool, detached documentary, put together with her usual modesty and intelligence, about the Yom Kippur war of 1973. The sandy scenes—dry, bright, seared by the sun—are the counterparts of the minds that clarify the film. Like Ulster, but even more so, Israel is a land promised to too many people. We're being shown, in a film rendered tranquil by sanity, a country in a state of advanced neurological disease, uncontrolled in its movements, yelling and jerking in its dreams. (7/15/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 6.)

**Psychic Killer**—With Jim Hutton and Paul Burke, directed by Raymond Danton. (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through April 6.)

**The Red and the White** (1968)—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material they make something austere and concerned with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 5.)

**Robin and Marian**—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the revisionist approach to legends of the scriptwriter, James Goldman, is a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. As the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robert Shaw makes speeches about Robin Hood's death fixation, and Marian poisons herself and Robin because he's a fool who lives to fight. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed; with Nicol Williamson and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Music Hall.)

**La Ronde** (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 7.)

**The Round Up** (1965)—The Hungarian film director Miklós Jancsó made this beautiful study of men under pressure. It is about Kossuth's followers—twenty years after Kossuth's 1848 rising against the Austrian rulers—penned into a corral in the middle of the great Hungarian plain together with apolitical peasants who are in equal danger from a canny highborn lackey of the Hapsburgs. In black and white and in Hungarian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 5.)

**Saboteur** (1942)—A mixed-up and overloaded American spy thriller by Alfred Hitchcock, with the unengaging Robert Cummings in the lead and an unappealing cast, featuring Priscilla Lane and Otto Kruger. Nothing holds together, but there are still enough

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scary sequences to make the picture entertaining. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 8.)

**Salesman** (1969)—A documentary film, directed by David and Albert Maysles. (Regency; starting April 7.)

**Salut l'Artiste**—The creeping mediocrity of the poetic approach to "ordinary" people makes the film a fairly numbing experience. Marcello Mastroianni plays a wilted, second-rate actor who's also a second-rate person, and there isn't much he can do but look depressed. Françoise Fabian, as his mistress, and Carla Gravina, as his wife, are very low-key. The only spark in the film comes from Jean Rochefort, as an actor who gets fed up, takes a business job, and then, being thought a nonprofessional, is offered a job in a movie. Yves Robert directed. In French. (Fine Arts.)

**The Seduction of Mimi** (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Beekman; through the afternoon of April 5.)

**A Sense of Loss** (1972)—Marcel Ophuls gets into what the struggle in Northern Ireland is about in a far deeper sense than a mere account of the factions or the recent political moves would: he observes the living roots of the hatred in family folklore, in the schools, and on the streets, and shows how it is passed from generation to generation, and how it feeds upon violence and repression. The structure of this documentary film is defective, but for the gifts of feeling that Ophuls offers, a little discomfort is a small price. This is perhaps the first film to demonstrate how the original crimes against a people go on festering. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 6.)

**Seven Beauties**—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Murray Hill, and Cinema II.)

**Seventh Heaven** (1927)—The first year Academy Awards were given, Frank Borzage took the prize for directing this tender, sweet (and silent) film starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 6.)

**She Done Him Wrong** (1933)—Mae West, the great shady lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Elgin; April 6.)

**Sky Riders**—With James Coburn, Susannah York, Robert Culp, and Charles Aznavour; directed by Douglas Hickox. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through April 6.)

**Sparkle**—A musical, with Philip M. Thomas, Irene Cara, and Lonette McKee; directed by Sam O'Steen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting April 7.)

**The Story of Adèle H.**—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Plaza.)

**Sunny Side Up** (1929)—This very early musical was an enormous success, and you can still see why. Full of twinkles and dimples and adorableness though it is, it has extraordinary charm. The romantic leads are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell; the comics are Joe E. Brown and El Brendel. David Butler directed; a lovely score by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson includes "If I Had a Talking Picture of You," "(I'm a Dreamer) Aren't We All?," and, of course, "Keep Your Sunny Side Up." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 6.)

**The Sunshine Boys**—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, and Cinema Studio; through April 6.)

**Swept Away**—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Beekman; through the afternoon of April 5.)

**The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe** (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 4.)

**Taxi Driver**—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

**Tidal Wave**—A Japanese-American film, with the Japanese dialogue dubbed into English. Lorne Greene appears for a while. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting April 7.)

**Tokyo Story** (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 5.)

**Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others**—A fabulous all-star cast that includes Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, Stéphane Audran, Marie Dubois, and Antonella Lualdi, in a story about a group of people who take refuge in friendship. All hell breaks loose in their lives, but the friendship pads their falls. The director, Claude Sautet, is a wizard at juggling and balancing the complex "Dinner at Eight" situation, and he's got the control and refinement of a master—the film moves rhythmically, as if it were a melancholy, romantic tune. Yet it's a blandly, mathematically tragic, almost congratulatory view of middle-class resilience; Sautet seems to have put his craft on the screen and left himself out. In French. (3/15/76) (D. W. Griffith; through April 3.)

**Virility**—A comedy, with Turi Ferro, directed by Paolo Cavara. In Italian. (68th St. Playhouse; starting April 4, tentative.)

**The Way We Were** (1973)—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents's novel. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 7.)

**W. C. Fields and Me**—With Rod Steiger as Fields and Valerie Perrine as Carlotta Monti. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

**White Cargo** (1942)—After starting Hedy Lamarr off big in this country (in "Algiers"), Hollywood could never quite figure out what to do with her. So here she is in her eleventh American picture, in dark suntan makeup and bangles, as Tondelayo, the sexy native girl who drives white men wild. The dialogue in this meant-to-be-steamy melodrama is a succession of howlers, and Lamarr's tropical wriggling inspired a generation of female impersonators. Walter Pidgeon and Frank Morgan sweat profusely; Richard Thorpe directed Leon Gordon's adaptation of his tired stage play, previously filmed in 1930. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 4-6.)

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THE NEW YORKER

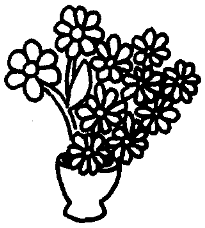
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *Notes and Comment*

LAST year, more than twenty-five thousand Americans died by gunfire. The first Gallup poll on the subject of guns, over forty years ago, showed that eighty-four per cent of the people wanted strict gun-control laws in the United States, and in the years since then polls have consistently reflected the desire of a very large majority of the public for such laws. State and municipal laws controlling guns are not of much use, because anyone living in a jurisdiction with strict gun laws—New York City, for instance—can simply go to the nearest jurisdiction with loose gun laws or no gun laws and buy a gun. For many years, the obvious solution has been a federal gun-control law that would firmly regulate the manufacture, importation, sale, ownership, and use of guns throughout the country. As anyone who reads a newspaper must know by now, the reason we do not have such an effective gun law is that the gun lobby, which represents a tiny fraction of the American people, opposes any meaningful gun control. The gun lobby is led by the National Rifle Association and is supported by dues from its million members, along with contributions from gun manufacturers, gun importers, and gun sellers. They make up a comparatively small group, but they are dedicated to their cause—fanatically so—and have the most effective lobby in Washington. For instance, they have boasted, accurately, that they can generate overnight a hundred thousand telegrams, letters, postcards, and telephone calls to members of Congress whenever a federal gun-control bill is up for a vote. They also spend a lot of money—close to half of the N.R.A.'s annual budget of thirteen million dollars—on "attempting to influence legislation" on gun control, according to the Director of the Postal Service Office of Administrative Law Judges. A few weeks ago, this pressure again proved to be itself a surefire weapon when one of the weakest gun-control bills ever considered by Congress was defeated in the House Judiciary Committee by a seventeen-to-sixteen vote. Gun-control forces are trying to bring that bill, or another one, up for a new vote in the committee. Even if they succeed and it is approved there, it will face a long and tortuous path littered with N.R.A. obstacles. It will have to go through the whole House, through the Senate (where a different gun bill is bottled up in committee), through a conference-committee rewriting, and back to each house for a final vote. If the inscription on the National Archives Building, down the street from the Capitol, is a guide—"What Is Past Is Prologue"—any law that may at last emerge will be designed to delude the people into thinking they have the protection they lack, and to head off any future attempts to actually protect them.

The gun lobby's basic ammunition is deceit. It is based on the contention that those who favor gun controls want to disarm the American people and leave them prey to armed marauders. This is not only a fiction but a preposterous fiction, for it would be politically and physically impossible to disarm the nation's citizenry, as desirable as that might be. If we are not disarmed now—after the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of people over the past generation or so, after a decade that saw the most horrifying series of political assassinations and attempted assassinations in American history, after the murderous riots that engulfed the country a few years ago—we are never going to be disarmed. Not content with the fiction of civilian disarmament, the National Rifle Association has begun charging that advocates of gun control want to disarm the police, too. In a letter that the association sent out last year to its members urging them to oppose legislative attempts to control guns, General Maxwell E. Rich, executive vice-president of the outfit, wrote, "My friend, they are not talking of 'CONTROL;' they want complete and total 'CONFISCATION.' This will mean the elimination and removal of *all police revolvers*, *all sporting rifles* and *target pistols* owned by *law abiding* citizens. . . . Tell me, what would the crime rate be if the criminals knew our police were unarmed?" Actually, the most that a bill then in the House would have done was to ban the importation, manufacture, and sale of small, easily concealed handguns. And the most that any realistic supporter of gun controls has ever asked for is registration of all firearms—essentially a preventive measure, which would allow the police to keep track of who had what gun, and allow the courts to punish anyone who possessed a gun illegally, before it was used. The gun lobby's alternative is harsh penalties for those who use guns illegally—that is, after the damage is done.

Members of Congress must know that the gun lobby's propaganda is absurd. And members of Congress must know that rigorous gun control is vital to the public interest. Yet a majority of them are always cowed by the gun lobby's threat of retaliation at election time if they vote for gun control. It is difficult to understand how anyone can want to remain in Congress if that means being unable to respond to a basic and overwhelming public need. The argument that many members fall back on—"I must vote this way so I can stay here and do other, more important things"—collapses under even cursory examination, for what can be more important than saving people's lives and restoring domestic tranquillity to a nation so torn by violence and savagery that it is scarcely civilized any longer? The citizens' proper response to these politicians is "You are a coward and not fit to serve the public." And the only means of forcing such politicians to meet the public demand or get out of



office would be for decent ordinary citizens to mount a greater threat to those who succumb to the gun lobby's threat than the gun lobby can generate to intimidate them. Such an effort could be highly, and quickly, effective. Environmental Action, a Washington lobby that campaigns against members of the House who seem more concerned about the profits of industry than about the survival of our planet, biannually selects what it calls the Dirty Dozen—those members who have been most active in opposing pollution control. In the past three congressional elections, nineteen of the thirty-one representatives named in these lists have been defeated. Since members of Congress are most frightened of opposition during an election year, right now is the time for voters to oppose every member who has sacrificed the clearest public interest for narrow self-interest on the issue of gun control. Each congressional candidate should be forced to state where he or she stands on this issue. And, above all, voters should demand a statement on the same issue from each candidate for the Presidency. So far, the only candidates currently in the running who have firmly and publicly stated that they are for strict control of guns are Jimmy Carter and Fred Harris. On that ground, they are the only men who have displayed enough courage and character and enough concern for their country to lead it.

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## *Symposium*

THERE are two things to remember about The Rockefeller University. The first is that it is never called Rockefeller University. Its friends may refer to it casually as Rockefeller, but in formal usage it is always *The* Rockefeller University—like The Hague. The second thing to remember is that it is a university without undergraduates. It does have a hundred and six graduate students, but they are all but unnoticeable among the more than five hundred faculty members, of whom two hundred are professors on campus, one hundred and eighty are postdoctoral fellows, and some hundred and fifty others are scholars and investigators, with various titles, all engaged in basic scientific research. In fact, Rockefeller has been admitting graduate students only since 1955. In 1958, it changed its name from The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research to The Rockefeller Institute, and in 1965 it adopted its present name. The original institute was founded by the first John D. Rockefeller in 1901, so—by right of succession—this is the university's seventy-fifth anniversary. To help it celebrate, four hundred distinguished guests were invited recently to attend an all-day symposium on the topic "Beyond Tomorrow: Trends and Prospects in Medical Science," and we went along to pay our respects to both The Rockefeller University and science.

The symposium was held in Caspary Auditorium, a unique blue-domed building, which is by far the most striking landmark on the campus overlooking the East River between Sixty-third and Sixty-eighth Streets. From the outside, Caspary looks like a miniature planetarium; inside, it resembles a Greek amphitheatre that has been swallowed by a giant clam. The four hundred guests were drawn mostly from institutions that might be called consumers and patrons of science—government agencies, big corporations, charitable foundations. Everyone seemed to be wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, and a narrow tie; despite shifts in fashion, this remains the uniform of "power" in the Western world. On the lapel of every dark suit was a badge listing name and affiliation, but these bare facts did not begin to reveal who was who. For example, at one point we found ourself drinking coffee next to a man whose badge said "Donald V. Seibert, J.C. Penney Co." We struck up a conversation by asking "What do you do at J.C. Penney?" and Mr. Seibert replied "I'm the chairman of the board."

Considering the audience and the setting, it is noteworthy that most of the speakers took for granted a widespread and growing hostility in our society toward science and scientists—and especially toward researchers whose work has no immediate clinical application. One querulous note that ran through the entire symposium was concern over who, if anybody, is going to pay for tomorrow's basic research. Adolf W. Jann, president and managing director of F. Hoffmann-La-Roche & Company, the Swiss pharmaceutical giant, said that drug companies can support basic research (as Hoffmann-LaRoche does now) only if they are allowed to make sizable profits (as Hoffmann-LaRoche does now). Lewis Thomas, president of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and author of the recent best-seller "The Lives of a Cell: Notes of a Biology Watcher," assured the audience that there is a new consensus among his colleagues that "disease research and pure biology . . . are intimate and interdependent parts of the same larger field," and that as a result of basic research into the form and function of living tissues and cells there should no longer be any theoretical obstacles to the ultimate control, if not cure, of all human disease. But we will not get there, he said, if we support *only* disease-oriented research, on the ground that fundamental biological science is "a luxury too costly or too frivolous."

This theme was echoed by Gerald M. Edelman, a professor at The Rockefeller University and the winner of a Nobel Prize in 1972 for his work in immunology, who stated, "Basic science is now on the defensive. It is being assailed by groups and governments as being costly and dangerous, as being silly or ominous." And, according to Edelman, to attempt to reverse this trend by resorting to moral exhortations or a science-is-good-for-you pitch would be fruitless, because budget cuts and hostility are only symptoms of a deeper problem: the mutual ignorance between the two disciplines of science and the law, which together hold the reins of power in our society. The real trouble, he said, is that government uses science, needs science, and *knows* that it needs science, but that the people who run the government are mostly trained in the law and do not understand the scientific method at all: "In no age of Western history has a philosophical procedure been so tacitly accepted and used without understanding as has science by modern governments."

This is not a question of C.P. Snow's "two cultures," Edelman said. Lawyers and scientists share the belief that rational procedures can settle arguments, and both appreciate the power of abstractions to clarify thought. Yet, he said, the differences between the two disciplines are profound. The law relies on adversary proceedings to get at the truth; science relies on experiment. For guidance in making judgments, the lawyer turns to precedent, the scientist to theories supported by verifiable facts. When no precedent exists, the political-legal mind may settle for ideology (because decisions must be made, even on inadequate data); the scientist without data is forced to remain silent (or forfeit his credentials to speak as a scientist). As an example of how far apart these points of view

*"Looks like an early spring. The woolly mammoths are shedding."*

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are, Edelman described his own experience in testifying before a Senate subcommittee that was looking into proposed Constitutional amendments to prohibit abortion. "One of the key questions brought up in these hearings was concerned with when life begins. Under the circumstances of these adversary proceedings, in which some prestigious scientists were arguing that human life began at the magic moment of conception, it was almost impossible to point out that the question was operationally meaningless from the scientific point of view. This point, which proceeded from the great advances of modern molecular biology, was essentially a negative one: there is no scientifically sound way to tell when life, or 'valuable life,' begins. Is a virus living? Is a skin cell, which contains all the information to specify a human being, less precious than a fertilized egg? These are not well-defined scientific questions. In the atmosphere of the hearings, it was a much more difficult position to defend this *inability* of science to make certain claims than to say glibly that a fertilized human egg is a human being."

As a short-range solution, Edelman supported the idea of a congressional Institution for Scientific Judgment. This, he explained, would pit narrowly trained scientific experts against each other in argument before a more broadly trained scientist acting as judge, who would then render a decision, which would be published, along with the arguments, for the education of lawmakers and other laymen. At the very least, the records might help overcome "the dangerous susceptibility of the uninitiated to the scientific expert with fixed ideas." But the broader disparity between ideology and science will not be reconciled, Edelman said, until we know more about "how the brain works to produce ideas." He predicted that when the answers are available, they will be as chastening to the scientists as to the political-legal ideologists. "Science is not exhaustive," he continued. "There are other truths." And he said that any scientist who professes an "extreme scientism"—the view that science is the only way to truth—is revealing his own ideological bias.

In the long run, Edelman hopes, ways will be found "to mix at least some legislators into our scientific brew (not to give us grants but to share our excitement), and to persuade more scientists or those trained in science to join the polity not as advisers but in political roles themselves." To a suggestion that scientists actually take over government, to prevent error from flourishing and to insure a steady stream of public funds for research, Edelman's only response was "Heaven forbid!"

## *Hairdressers*

FOR the first time ever, the Confédération Internationale de la Coiffure held its biannual World Championships of Hairdressing in the United States, and some eighty thousand hairdressers, from twenty-five countries, recently came to the New York Coliseum for four days to compete or watch. Repeat: *eighty thousand hairdressers*. At that, Russia, China, most of Africa, and the Third World countries in general were not represented. The competition was divided into Gents' and Ladies' Styles, with subdivisions in each—like Gents' Razor Sculptured Haircut (competitors performed a modern sculptured haircut on a male model of their choice in under fifty minutes), Gents' Toupee Test (competitors fitted, cut, and dressed a toupee, also on a model of their choice, in under sixty minutes), Ladies' Evening Hairstyles ("The hairstyle shall be a creation able to influence forthcoming fashions"), and Ladies' Commercial Day Wear ("Must show international trends in everyday dressing"). As for the competing hairdressers themselves, there were seventy-six men and eighty-four women. Each contestant in each division won points for himself or herself and for his or her country, in a method of scoring based on that of the Olympics. The rule book governing the Ladies' division is two and a half pages of fine print, and the one for the Gents' division is four pages.

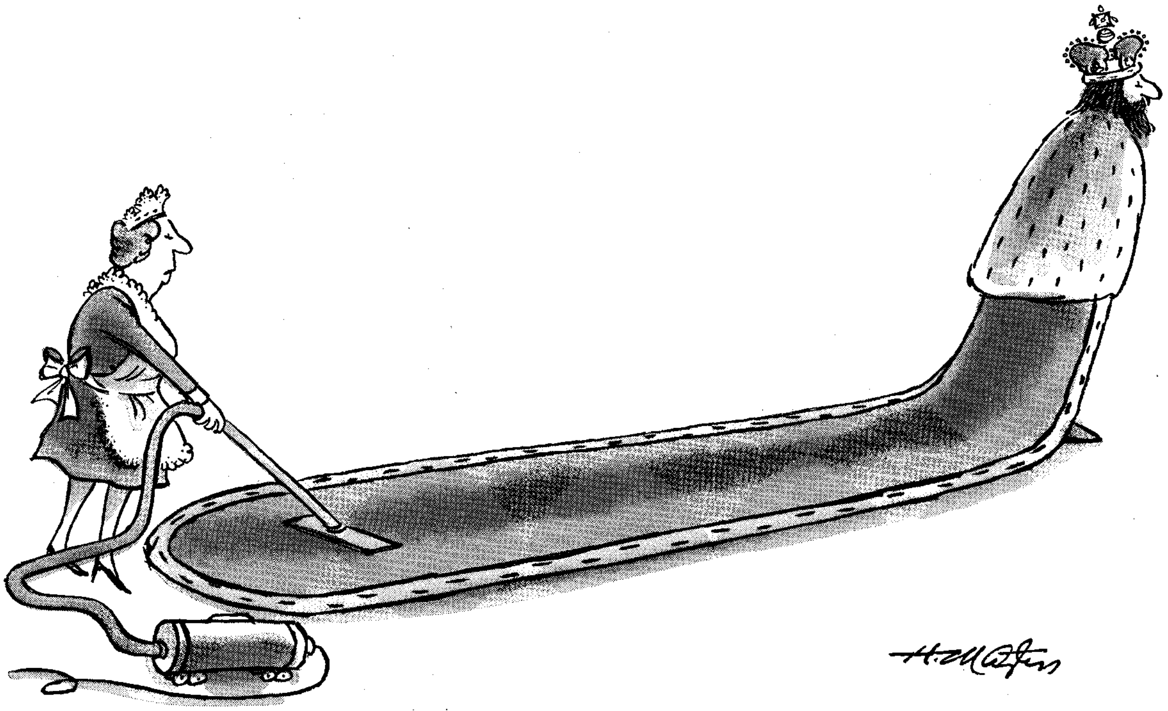
The awards ceremony, held after three days of competition, filled the fourth floor of the Coliseum. When we got there, a lady Texan from the American affiliate of the Confédération Internationale de la Coiffure, in a shrimp-colored evening dress and matching boa, was making a speech. "Tonight, we bring to a close four nights of professional hairdressing," she said. "We have seen masculine coiffures that would be the envy of every real man. We have seen models more beautiful than the eyes can imagine. We have shown that the United States is a great nation and that the hairdressing profession is one of the greatest in the world." Next, the Confédération's president came out and made a speech first in English, then in French, and then in German. He was followed by a company of dancing cowgirls called the Kilgore Rangerettes, who performed a trim revue and then retired to the back of the auditorium, where they drew crowds of Italians. The awards ceremony lasted for two hours. Some people won gold, silver, or bronze medals, some people won silver bowls, and some people won American dollars. The band, which sounded like the band on "Name That Tune," played a song appropriate to the country of the winner. For the Italians we heard "Funiculi Funicula," "La Luna Menzu Mari," "Volare." For the French we heard "I Love Paris." For the Swiss we heard "We're in the Money." And, for some reason, when the Norwegians won we heard "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." In total points, the French won the Gents' division and the Italians won the Ladies'. The winners hugged and kissed each other so much we feared they would hurt themselves. As we were leaving, we heard the announcer say, "See you in Germany in two years."

## *Pier 1*

THIS note recently arrived from a waterfront buff we know who lives in Brooklyn and occasionally jogs down to Pier 1 to see what's happening:

Have you caught the Great View Debate on the late news? It's between the people who think the best view of Manhattan is the one you get from the Empire State Building and the people who like the way things look from the top of the World Trade Center. Well, they're both wrong. The best view of Manhattan, the most lump-in-the-throat Big Apple view in town, is the one that longshoremen get on a clear day from the deck of a freighter tied up at Pier 1, Brooklyn. It's a romantic, lopsided view, across the East River, with the Battery just sort of leaning out over the bay and the rest of town sliding north, out of sight. It's a view, too, that recalls the kind of place New York, with its fine deep waterways, was supposed to be. A sight from the sea, not from the roof of some land-girt skyscraper. A society of seamen and dockmen, with a few whiskery old traders hunched over rolltop desks in second-story offices along the harbor, and a proper port demimonde keeping things scrappy and exotic. Look at the Port of New York today. The North River: that's the river you people call the Hudson, but in the trade it's the North River because it's—well, *north*. The North River used to be one solid strip of finger piers. Over eighty piers. And they're all gone now except for the passenger piers—and not one passenger liner flying a United States flag docks there anymore. The East River, which, as you know, used to look like the Belt Parkway at rush hour—that's just as sorry. Two piers left on the Manhattan side, and the rest of the waterfront abandoned for a highway network. You have to look hard to find cargo on the Manhattan waterfront these days. *Real* cargo, that is—break-bulk cargo. "Grocery-store cargo" is what longshoremen call it, because it means a bale of this, a crate of that—a generous, soup-to-nuts style of shipping. It means the stuff of maritime trade—the whole dazzling mercantile network on this planet—and it was once there on Manhattan's piers, in its crates and bales, and all longshoremen worth the name miss the thrill of it. Longshoremen don't have much use for modern shipping. Modern shipping, at its most advanced and eerie, goes like this: A ship that might have sailed out of some Stanley Kubrick fantasy ties up at a nearly empty pier, where a giant crane lifts forty-foot-long steel containers out of the ship's hold and deposits them on truck chassis. And in no time those containers *are* trucks, disappearing down the nearest street. That's modern shipping. A freaky, futuristic scene where nobody sings, nobody swears, nobody has any fun with anybody else.

Maybe that's why I'm so partial to Pier 1. Brooklyn's waterfront is the city's last real holdout from the days of old-style shipping. True, there have been a few casualties—Breakwater Pier, State Pier, Green Docks. Back in the sixties, these piers were doing fine, with some of the most graceful longshoremen in the business loading and unloading break-bulk cargo, but they were phased out, and Green Docks, over at Twenty-ninth Street, is now part of a container complex. Most of the other old piers are left, though. Some of them—like Pier 2, which is a finger pier—are having a hard time, but Pier 1 is downright prosperous. Pier 1 can handle containers if it has to. Some ten per cent of the ships that dock there are containerized, but the rest of the work is strictly break-bulk stuff, and the place is humming with deckmen, dockmen, holdmen, hi-lo drivers, and hatch bosses. On a good day, there are at least three hundred people on the pier—the seven steady gangs that work there, and up to fourteen spare gangs that are hired on whenever the pier needs them. The



*The Face in the Wall*

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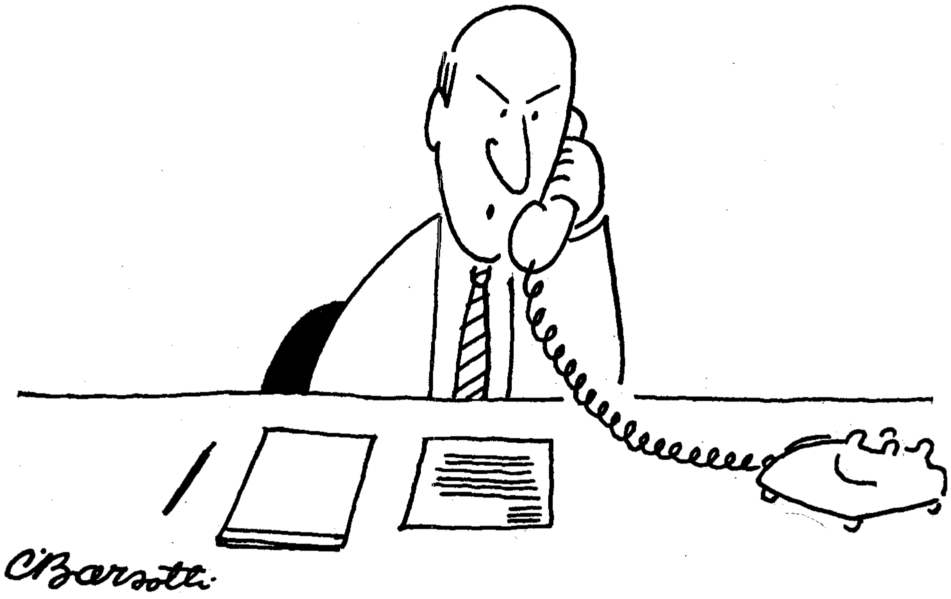
pier proper is a corrugated-metal shed running exactly 1,091 feet along the waterfront. It has forty-five doors big enough for trucks to drive right in through to pick up cargo; and five hundred thousand tons of cargo goes in and out of those doors every year. At Christmastime, the pier also has the biggest, shiniest, most ingenuously reverent crèche in town sitting on its roof.

But the best part, as I said, is the terrific view. All the longshoremen make a point of taking a few minutes out each day just to appreciate that view. Of course, Pier 1 is an Italian pier, and Italians, as the boys there like to remind me, are very particular about beauty. There are six thousand dues-paying longshoremen in Brooklyn (eighteen hundred are out of work now), and I bet that at least five thousand of them are Italian. The North River waterfront, or what's left of it—that's Irish and Polish territory. Staten Island piers are Polish and Italian combined. But Brooklyn's waterfront is as close to southern Italy as you can get this side of the Atlantic, and while the boys at Pier 1 say that they have no special grudge against Poles and Irishmen, they have no special fondness for them, either. They say that for close family feeling the only pier to work is an Italian pier. After an Italian pier, other piers seem chilly—not so simpatico, a little short on the amenities. For example, there used to be some good down-home cooking going on at Pier 1, lunchtimes, before the Port Authority took it over and started badgering the boys about health regulations and restaurant licenses. People at the pier still reminisce about the smell of simmering tomato sauce, laced with basil, loaded with garlic, that used to fill the pier toward noon, announcing lunch hour. Now a bell rings for lunch break, and the boys eat from a lunchwagon—though that turns out to be a Lasserre among lunchwagons. The Pier 1 wagon has the best heroes in town. Lots of fresh Italian bread, imported salami, and paper-thin slices of provolone. Not to mention big ripe pears for dessert. And there is usually somebody singing or playing records over the P.A. system while the boys eat. It was New Orleans circa 1928—lots of sweet trumpets—on my last trip down to the pier.

That was when a pretty, white freighter called the S.S. Santa Rita was in, loading up for a run to Puerto Cabello, Venezuela. The Santa Rita is chartered by the Prudential Lines. It can take on containers, but mostly it carries grocery-store stuff, so it's always interesting to watch being loaded. The boys at the pier like the Santa Rita—they are partial to any ship sailing under the United States flag, partly because they're chauvinists and partly because American-flag ships are usually neater, cleaner, and safer to work than most others. The Santa Rita is a nice, comfortable size, too—twenty-three booms, six hatches, and a fifteen-thousand-ton capacity—and it always sails with a full load. One of the reasons the pier keeps busy in these days of depressed and depressing shipping is that it has contracts with lines like Prudential, the Venezuelan Line, and the Iran Express Line—lines that ship to oil-economy countries with a lot of money, which means a lot of buying power. Anyway, the Santa Rita had arrived in port that week with a load of coffee, among other things. A thousand sacks were on the pier when I stopped by, each sack holding a hundred and thirty-two pounds of coffee beans. The cargo going aboard was something else. You name it, it was on its way to Venezuela. Welders. Resin. Lube oil. Talc. Wastepaper. Old yellow dump trucks. Even a used fire engine. I prowled around the pier for a while, studying the cargo, because cargo leaving New York for places like South America is often a kind of object lesson in rip-off economics: I bet those old yellow dump trucks cost a lot of money and will be breaking down on Venezuela's roads for the next twenty years. Naturally, I am careful not to mention that sort of thing to the boys at Pier 1.

The boys at the pier are superpatriots. They joke a lot about the hard hats they have to wear on the job—theirs are bright-yellow plastic—but, of course, they are proud of the association. They like to talk about how Brooklyn longshoremen once refused to handle bales of something or other—no one remembers what—that were wrapped in old American flags. Also about the time some of them marched across the Brooklyn Bridge and all the way up Fifth Avenue to protest a flag-burning in Central Park by a group of people they refer to as "the hippies." They are big on God, country, and the International Longshoremen's Association. The I.L.A., they say, takes care of its own—and inasmuch as the waterfront register has been closed since the sixties, when jobs started getting scarce, most of the Pier 1 longshoremen are old enough to remember what it was like to be an immigrant worker on the Brooklyn waterfront in the years before the union used some muscle to get them decent wages and income guarantees. There are a few things you don't mention at Pier 1, and among these things are Estes Kefauver, "On the Waterfront," and the fact that Anthony Scotto, the president of Brooklyn's big I.L.A. local, is married



*"Well, if I do get any calls, Miss Higby, hold them."*

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to a niece of Albert Anastasia. I.L.A. men are a little testy about criticism. Otherwise, they are kind of tenderhearted. Nuns, for example, count on them to collect money for their charities—the idea being that people who have no trouble refusing a good sister with a shoebox will think twice about refusing a barrel-chested Sicilian with a couple of sinister-looking hooks dangling from his belt. Visiting sailors count on them, too. Once, so the story goes, longshoremen at the old Thirtieth Street Pier completely outfitted a crew of Pakistani merchant sailors who arrived in port in the middle of winter dressed in nothing but thin pants and raggedy T-shirts.

But to get back to that cargo. I looked in the pier crib and there were crates of cheap glassware—"Hostess Sets," the crates said. There was also a healthy supply of Canadian Club and Clan MacGregor, and what looked like several hundred cartons of Manischewitz matzos. Outside, on the apron, some of the boys were easing a thirty-five-ton crate of roller bearings into a sling made out of plow-steel wire, two inches thick. There was a light rain falling—a kind of icy, dripping mist, really—and most of the boys were bundled up for it in rubber boots and scarves and parkas, with thick, dark woollen caps under their jazzy yellow helmets. Up on the ship, one of the pier's best winch men was lowering a huge container through one of the midship hatches into some close quarters in the deepest hold. And all around me crates and trucks and bales were dancing through the air in an incredible aerial ballet. I hung around, admiring the winch work, till lunch break, and then sat down with a few of the boys for a hero, a pear, and a cup of coffee.

They started right in on their favorite visitors' subjects—the crisis in the trade, the layoffs, the problems over G.A.I., which is a Guaranteed Annual Income for I.L.A. men and has been paid by the shipping companies here since 1966, after the union agreed to cut its pier gangs from twenty-one men to eighteen and a lot of longshoremen were suddenly out of work. Before that agreement was signed, there were twenty-eight thousand men working the Port of New York; now there are under fifteen thousand, and just last year the waterfront lost four million man-hours. It simply takes less time to deal with container cargo, even using fewer men. Take a fully containerized small ship—with a capacity of, say, six thousand tons. Two gangs can unload and load that ship in only twenty-four hours, whereas it would take *ten* gangs working at least five days, or sixty hours, just to unload six thousand tons of break-bulk cargo. The boys at the pier say that by now there is a lot of bitterness among working longshoremen about men who pull in fifteen thousand four hundred dollars a year—sixteen thousand dollars a year come September—just for checking in each morning at their local hiring hall. Nobody knows any better way to deal with the problem, though. The boys say that without the G.A.I. longshoremen would be fighting each other for jobs. There was plenty of fighting on the waterfront back in the early forties, when a lot of the boys at Pier 1 started out. Every morning at five, the most stalwart of them would be out under a clock near the docks, waiting for jobs—longshoremen call it "shaping"—that would last one, maybe two hours if they were lucky enough to get them at all. Then at seven they'd have to shape again—and this time they'd be shaping with three or four hundred men, all of them after the same few jobs. So they'd shape again at eight, and maybe after lunch, and at night they'd be back under the clock hoping for some night loading. Nobody wants to replay those days, though the boys at the pier sure put in a lot of time talking about them. They all have stories from when they were kids on the waterfront, most likely just off a boat themselves, with nothing to recommend them for a day's work except their endurance and an instinct for survival. One of the favorite Pier 1 stories has to do with an old longshoreman who was known on the Brooklyn waterfront as Tony the Bull. Tony the Bull, it seems, was unloading animals from Africa one day when this big gorilla reached out and slugged him. Tony replied with a crowbar, dispatching the gorilla, whereupon the gorilla's owner arrived on the scene sobbing and shouting, "My gorilla! My ten-thousand-dollar gorilla is dead!" Tony shook his head calmly. "What d'ya want?" he asked the owner. "Your guy hit me."

Well, times have changed and the boys have mellowed. "Don't get us wrong," one of the deckmen told me while we were finishing up our pears. "This is a tough environment, but we're not like people think from reading the papers and going to the movies—we're not guys who get up in the morning and come to work for a murder. You know how people are scared of longshoremen? People are sitting on the subway, say, and they see this guy get on. He's been in the hold of a ship all day. Say it's August—real hot—and he's been working with hides. Wet, salted Argentina hides. They're the worst. So he stinks, right? And he's in grubby clothes. He's covered with sweat. He's got all these terrible-looking hooks on his belt. So people see him. They're terrified. They move away—"

"Wait a minute," one of the hatch bosses said. "Today, we're a little more educated than that."

"How's that?" everybody asked him.

"Today, we carry our hooks home in bags," the hatch boss said proudly.

There was still a lot of cargo waiting to go aboard the Santa Rita. I stayed around watching the boys all afternoon.

# A SLICE OF LIFE

IN the next room, Pavel Romanovich was roaring with laughter as he related how his wife had left him.

I could not endure the sound of that horrible hilarity, and without even consulting my mirror, just as I was, in the rumpled dress of a slatternly after-lunch siesta, and no doubt still bearing the pillow's imprint on my cheek, I made for the next room, the dining room of my landlord, and came upon the following scene: my landlord, a person called Plekhanov (totally unrelated to the Socialist philosopher), sat listening with an air of encouragement—all the time filling the tubes of Russian cigarettes by means of a tobacco injector—while Pavel Romanovich kept walking around the table, his face a regular nightmare, its pallor seeming to spread to his otherwise wholesome-looking close-shaven head: a very Russian kind of cleanliness, habitually making one think of neat engineer troops, but at the present moment reminding me of something evil, something as frightening as a convict's skull.

He had come, actually, looking for my brother, who had just gone—but this did not really matter to him; his grief had to speak, and so he found a ready listener in this rather unattractive person whom he hardly knew. He laughed, but his eyes did not participate in his guffaws, as he talked of his wife's collecting things all over their flat, of her taking away, by some oversight, his favorite eyeglasses, of the fact that all her relatives were in the know ahead of him, of his wondering . . .

"Yes, here's a nice point," he went on, now addressing directly Plekhanov, a God-fearing widower (for his speech until then had been more or less a harangue in sheer space), "a nice, interesting point: How will it be in the Hereafter—will she cohabit there with me or with that swine?"

"Let us go to my room," I said in my most crystalline tone of voice—and only then did he notice my presence: I had stood, leaning forlornly against a corner of the dark sideboard, with which my diminutive figure in its black dress seemed to fuse—yes, I wear mourning, for everybody, for everything, for my own self, for Russia, for the fetuses scraped out of me. He and I passed into the tiny room I rented—it could scarcely accommodate a rather absurdly wide couch covered in silk, and next to it a little low table bearing a lamp whose base was a veritable bomb of thick glass filled with water. And in this atmosphere of my private coziness Pavel Romanovich became at once a different man.

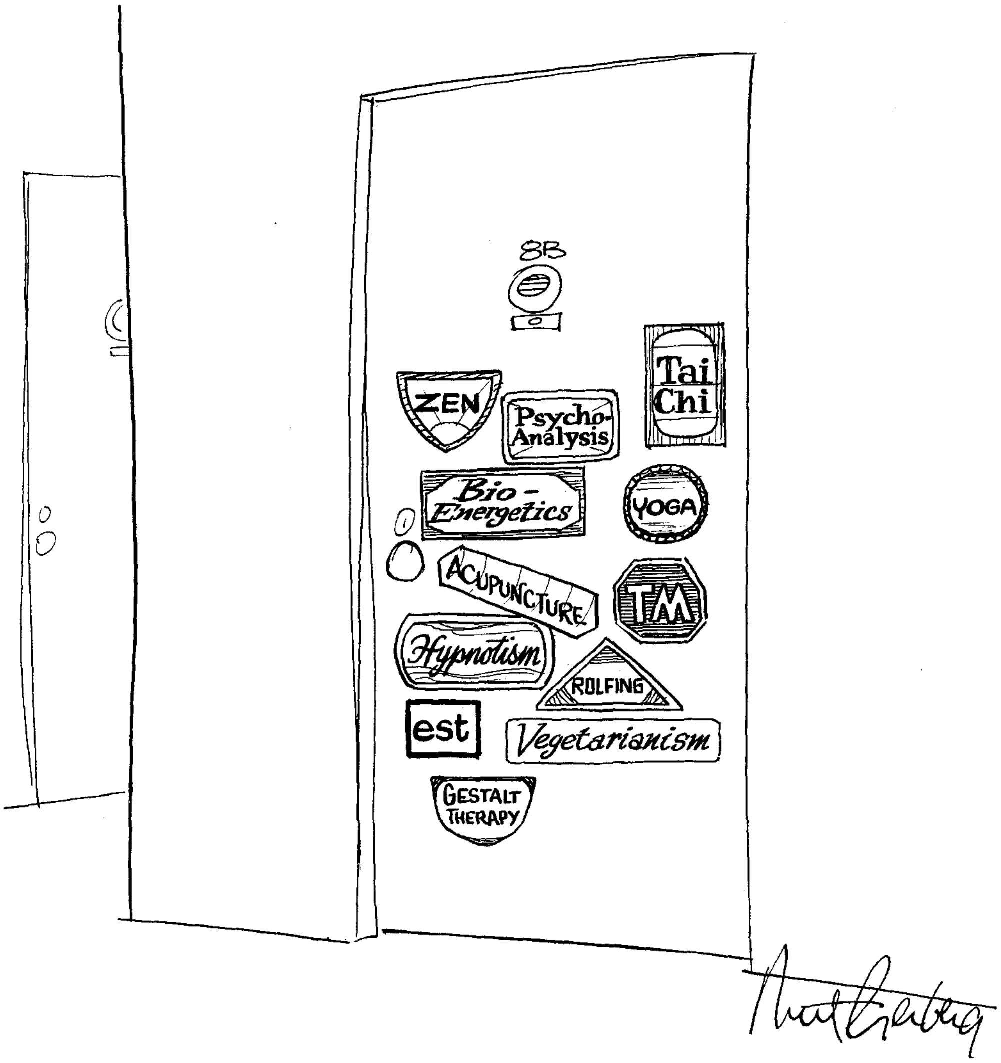
He sat down in silence, rubbing his inflamed eyes. I curled up beside him, patted the cushions around us, and lapsed into thought, cheek-propped feminine thought, as I considered him—his turquoise head, his big, strong shoulders, which a military tunic would have suited so much better than that double-breasted jacket. I gazed at him and marvelled that I could have been swept off my feet by this short, stocky fellow with insignificant features (except for the teeth—oh, my, what fine teeth!); yet I was crazy about him barely two years before, at the beginning of émigré life in Berlin, when he was only just planning to marry his goddess—and how very crazy I was, how I wept because of him, how haunted my dreams were by that slender chainlet of steel around his hairy wrist!

He fished out of his hip pocket his massive "battlefield" (as he termed it) cigarette case. Despondently nodding his head, he tapped the tube end of his Russian cigarette against the lid of the case several more times than usual.

"Yes, Maria Vasilevna," he said at last through his teeth as he lit up, raising high his triangular eyebrows. "Yes, nobody could have foreseen such a thing. I had faith in that woman, absolute faith."

After his recent fit of sustained loquacity, everything seemed uncannily quiet. One heard the rain beating against the windowsill, the clicking of Plekhanov's tobacco injector in the next room, the whimpering of a neurotic old dog locked up in my brother's room across the corridor. I do not know why—either because the weather was so very gray, or perhaps because the kind of misfortune that had befallen Pavel Romanovich demands some reaction from the surrounding world: dissolution, eclipse—but I had the impression that it was late in the evening, though actually it was only 3 P.M., and I was still supposed to travel to the other end of Berlin on an errand my charming brother could have just as well done himself.

Pavel Romanovich spoke again, this time in sibilant tones. "That stinking old bitch," he said, "she and she alone pimped them together. I always found



# NO ONE REMEMBERS

A soft wind
off the stones of the dead.
I pass by, stop the car,
and walk among none
of my own, to say
something useless
for them, something
that will calm me under
the same old beaten sky,
something to let me
go on with this day
that began so badly
alone in a motel ten miles
from where I was born.

I say *Goodbye* finally
because nothing else is here,
because it is Goodbye,
Uncle Joe, big cigar, fist
on the ear, nodding *sure
bitch* and coming at me.
You can't touch me now,
and she's a thousand miles
from here, hell, she may be
dancing long past dawn
across the river
from Philly. It's morning
there, too, even in Philly,
it's morning on Lake St. Clair
where we never went fishing,
along the Ohio River, the Detroit,
morning breaking on
the New York Central Express
crashing through the tunnel
and the last gasp of steam
before the entrance into hell
or Baltimore, but it's not
morning where you are, Joe,
unless you come with me.

I'm going to see her today.
She'll cry like always
when you raised your voice
or your fist, she'll
be robed near the window
of the ward when I come in.
No, she won't be dancing.
It's my hand she'll take
in hers and spread on her lap,
it's me she'll feel
slowly finger by finger
like so many threads back
to where the blood died
and our lives met
and went wrong, back
to all she said she'd be,
woman, promise, sigh,
dark hair in the mirror
of a car window all night
on the way back from Georgia.

You think because I
was a boy, I didn't hear,
you think because you had
a pocketful of loose change,
your feet on the desk,
your own phone, a yellow car
on credit, I didn't see
you open your hands
like a prayer and die
into them the way a child
dies into a razor, black hair,
into a tire iron, a chain.
You think I didn't smell
the sweat that rose
from your bed, didn't
know you on the stairs
in the dark, grunting
into a frightened girl.
Because you could push me
aside like a kitchen chair
and hit where you wanted,
you think I was a wren,
a mourning dove
surrendering the nest.

The earth is asleep, Joe,
it's rock, steel, ice,
the earth doesn't care
or forgive. No one remembers
your eyes before they tired,
the way you fought weeping.
No one remembers how much
it cost to drive all night
to Chicago, how much
to sleep all night in a car,
to have it all except
the money. No one remembers
your hand, opened, warm
and sweating on the back
of my neck when you first
picked me up and said
my name, *Philip*, and held
the winter sun up
for me to see outside
the French windows of
the old house on Pingree,
no one remembers.

—PHILIP LEVINE

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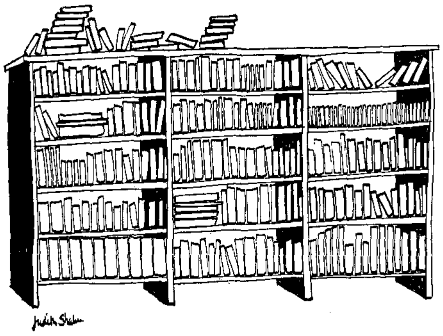
her disgusting and didn't conceal it from Lenochka. What a bitch! You've seen her, I think—around sixty, hair dyed a rich roan, fat, so fat that she looks round-backed. It's a big pity that Nicholas is out. Let him call me as soon as he returns. I am, as you know, a simple, plainspoken man, and I've been telling Lenochka for ages that her mother was an evil bitch. Now, here's what I have in mind: perhaps your brother might help me to rig up a letter to the old hag—a sort of formal statement explaining that I know and realize perfectly well whose instigation it was, who nudged my wife. . . . Yes, something on those lines, but most politely worded, of course."

I said nothing. Here he was, for the first time visiting me (his visits to Nick did not count); for the first time, he sat on my couch, and shed cigarette ashes on my polychrome cushions; yet the event, which would once have given me divine pleasure, now did not gladden me one bit. Good people had been reporting for a long while that his marriage was a flop, that his wife had turned out to be a cheap, skittish fool—and farsighted rumor had long been giving her a lover in the very person of the freak who had now fallen for her cowish beauty. The news of that wrecked marriage did not, therefore, come to me as a surprise; in fact, I may have vaguely expected that someday Pavel Romanovich would be deposited at my feet by a wave of the storm. But no matter how deep I rummaged within myself, I failed to find one crumb of joy; on the contrary, my heart was, oh, so heavy—I simply cannot say how heavy. All my romances, by some kind of collusion between their heroes, have invariably followed a prearranged pattern of mediocrity and tragedy, or, more precisely, the tragic slant has been imposed by their very mediocrity. I am ashamed to recall the way they started, and appalled by the nastiness of their dénouements, while the middle part, the part that should have been the essence and core of this or that affair, has remained in my mind as a kind of listless shuffle seen through oozy water or sticky fog. My infatuation with Pavel Romanovich had had at least the delightful advantage of staying cool and lovely in contrast to all the rest; but that infatuation, too, so remote, so deeply buried in the past, was borrowing now from the present, in reverse order, a tinge of misfortune, failure, even plain mortification, just because I was forced to hear this man's complaining of his wife, of his mother-in-law.



"I do hope Nicky comes back soon," he said. "I have still another plan in re-

*"Hate to bother you, but we wondered if you still had the other cushion."*

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serve, and, I think, it's quite a good one. And in the meantime I'd better toddle along."

And still I said nothing, in great sadness looking at him, my lips masked by the fringe of my black shawl. He stood for a moment by the window-pane, on which in tumbling motion, knocking and buzzing, a fly went up, up, and presently slid down again. Then he passed his finger across the spines of the books on my shelf. Like most people who read little, he had a sneaking affection for dictionaries, and now he pulled out a thick-bottomed pink volume with the seed head of a dandelion and a red-curled girl on the cover.

"*Khoroshaya* [a good] *shtooka*," he said—crammed back the *shtooka* (thing), and suddenly broke into tears. I made him sit down close to me on the couch. He swayed to one side, his sobs increasing, and ended by burying his face in my lap. I stroked lightly his hot emery-papery scalp and rosy, robust nape, which I find so attractive in males. Gradually his spasms abated. He bit me softly through my skirt, and sat up.

"Know what?" said Pavel Romanovich, and while speaking he sonorously clacked together the concave palms of his horizontally placed hands. (I could not help smiling as I remembered an uncle of mine, a Volgan landowner, who used to render that way the sound of a procession of dignified cows letting their pies plop.) "Know what, my dear? Let us move to my flat. I can't stand the thought of being there alone. We'll have supper there, take a few swigs of vodka, then go to the movies—what do you say?"

I could not decline his offer, though I knew that I would regret it. While telephoning to cancel my visit to Nick's former place of employment (he needed the rubber overshoes he had left there), I saw myself in the looking glass of the hallway, and I resembled a forlorn little nun with a stern waxy face; but a minute later, as I was in the act of prettying up and putting on my hat, I plunged, as it were, into the depth of my great, black, experienced eyes and found therein a gleam of something far from nunnish; even through my *voilette* they blazed—good God, how they blazed!

In the tram, on the way to his place, Pavel Romanovich became distant and gloomy again. I was telling him about Nick's new job in the ecclesiastical library, but his gaze kept shifting; he was obviously not listening. We arrived. The disorder in the three smallish rooms that he had occupied with his Lenochka was simply incredible—as if his and her things had had a thorough fight. In order to amuse Pavel Romanovich, I started to play the soubrette. I put on a diminutive apron that had been forgotten in a corner of the kitchen, I introduced peace into the disarray of the furniture, I laid the table most neatly—with the result that Pavel Romanovich slapped his hands together once more and decided to make some borscht; he was quite proud of his cooking abilities.

After two or three ponies of vodka, his mood became inordinately energetic and pseudo-efficient, as if there really existed a certain project that had to be attended to now. I am at a loss to decide whether he had got self-infected by the theatrical solemnity with which a stalwart expert in drinking is able to decorate the intake of Russian liquor, or whether he really believed that he and I had begun, when still in my room, to plan and discuss something or other. But there he was, filling his fountain pen and with a significant air bringing out what he called the dossier—letters from his wife received last spring in Bremen, where he had gone on behalf of the émigré insurance company he works for. From these letters he began to cite passages proving she loved *him* and not the other chap. In between, he kept repeating brisk little formulas such as "That's that," "Okeydokey," "Let's see now"—and went on drinking. His argument reduced itself to the idea that if Lenochka wrote, "I caress you mentally, Baboonovich dear," she could not be in love with another man, and if she *thought* she was, her error should be patiently explained to her. After a few more drinks, his manner changed; his expression grew sombre and coarse. For no reason at all, he took off his shoes and his socks, and then started to sob, and walked, sobbing, from one end of his flat to the other, totally ignoring my presence and ferociously kicking aside with a strong bare foot the chair into which he kept barging. *En passant*, he managed to finish the decanter, and presently entered a third phase, the final part of that drunken syllogism that had already combined, in keeping with strict dialectical rules, an initial show of bright efficiency and a central period of utter gloom. At the present stage, it appeared that he and I had established something (what, exactly, remained rather blurry) that proved her lover was the lowest of villains, and the plan consisted of my going to see her on my own initiative, as it were, to "warn" her. It was also to be understood that Pavel Romanovich remained absolutely opposed to any intrusion or pressure, and that his own suggestions bore the stamp of angelic disinterestedness. Before I could disentangle my wits, already tightly enveloped in the web of his thick whisper, he was hastily putting on his shoes and I found myself getting his wife on the phone, and only when I heard her high, stupidly resonant voice did I suddenly realize that I was drunk and behaving like an idiot. I slammed down the receiver, but he started to kiss my cold hands, which I kept clenching, and I called her again, was identified without enthusiasm, said I had to see her on a piece of urgent business, and, after some slight hesitation, she agreed to have me come over at once. By that time—that is, by the time Pavel Romanovich and I had started to go—our plan, somehow, had ripened in every detail and was amazingly simple. I was to tell Lenochka that Pavel Romanovich wanted to convey to her something of exceptional importance—in no way, in no way whatever, related to their broken marriage (this he forcefully stressed, with a tactician's special appetite) and that he would be waiting for her in the bar just across her street.

It took me ages, dim ages, to climb the staircase, and I was terribly tormented by the thought that at our last meeting I wore the same hat and the same black fox. Lenochka, on the other hand, came out to me smartly dressed. Her hair seemed to have just been curled, but curled badly, and in general she had grown plainer; about her chic, painted mouth there were puffy little pouches, and so all that chic was rather lost.

"I do not believe for one minute," she said, surveying me with curiosity, "that it is all that important, but if he thinks we haven't done arguing, fine, I agree to come. But I want it to be before witnesses. I'm scared to remain alone with him. I've had enough of that, thank you very much."

When we entered the pub, Pavel Romanovich sat leaning on his elbow at a table next to the bar; he rubbed with his minimus his red, naked eyes, while imparting at length, in a monotone, some "slice of life," as he liked to put it, to a total stranger seated at the same table, a German, enormously tall, with sleekly parted hair but a black-downed nape and badly bitten fingernails.

"However," Pavel Romanovich was saying in Russian, "my father did not wish to get into trouble with the authorities and therefore decided to build a fence around it. Very good, that was settled. Our house was about as far from theirs as . . ." He looked around, nodded absentmindedly to his wife, and continued in a perfectly relaxed manner. "As far as from here to the tramway, so they could not have any claims. But you must agree that spending the entire autumn in Vilna without electricity is no joking matter. Well, then, most reluctantly . . ."

I found it impossible to understand what he was talking about. The German listened dutifully, with half-opened mouth: his knowledge of Russian was scanty; the sheer process of trying to understand afforded him pleasure. Lenochka, who was sitting so close to me that I sensed her disagreeable warmth, began to rummage in her bag.

"My father's illness," Pavel Romanovich went on, "contributed to his decision. If you really lived there, as you say, then you remember, of course, that street. It is dark there by night, and not infrequently one happens to read—"

"Pavlik," said Lenochka, "here's your pince-nez. I took it away in my bag by mistake."

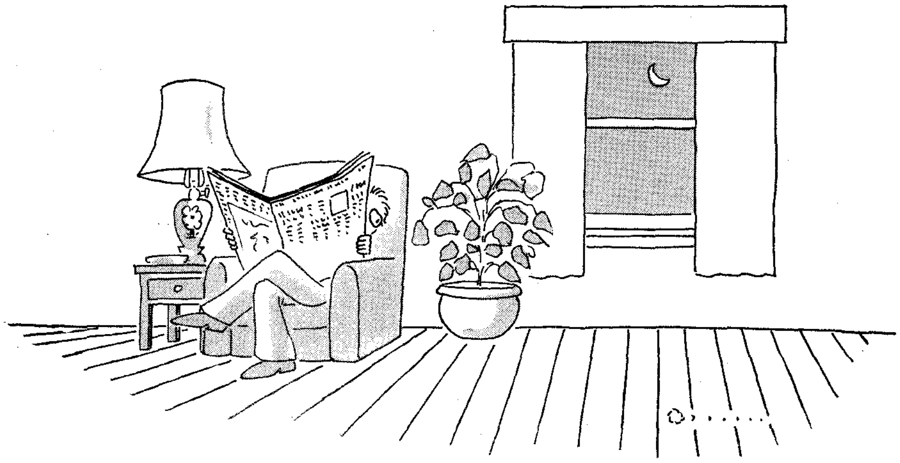
"It is dark there by night," repeated Pavel Romanovich, opening as he spoke the spectacle case that she had tossed to him across the table. He put on the eyeglasses, produced a revolver, and started to shoot at his wife.

With a great howl, she fell under the table, dragging me after her; the German stumbled over us and joined us in our fall, so that the three of us sort of got mixed up on the floor, but I had time to see a waiter rush up to the aggressor from behind and with monstrous relish and force hit him on the head with an iron ashtray. After this, there was, as usual in such cases, the slow tidying up of the shattered world, with the participation of gapers, policemen, ambulancers. Extravagantly groaning Lenochka (a bullet had merely gone through her fat, sun-tanned shoulder) was driven away to the hospital, but I did not see them lead Pavel Romanovich away. By the time everything was over—that is, by the time everything had reoccupied its right place, street lamps, houses, stars—I found I was walking on a deserted sidewalk in the company of our German survivor: that huge, handsome man, hatless, in a voluminous raincoat, floated beside me, and at first I thought he was seeing me home, but then it dawned upon me that we were heading for *his* place. We stopped in front of his house, and he explained to me, slowly, weightily, but not without a certain shade of poetry, and for some reason in bad French, that he could not take me up to his room, because he lived with a chum who replaced for him a father, a brother, and a wife. His excuses struck me as so insulting that I ordered him to call a taxi at once and take me to my lodgings. He smiled a frightened smile and closed the door in my face—and there I was walking along a street which, despite the rain's having stopped hours ago, was still wet and conveyed an air of deep humiliation. Yes, there I was, walking all alone, as was my due to walk from the beginning of time, and before my eyes Pavel Romanovich kept rising, rising and rubbing off the blood and the ash from his poor head.

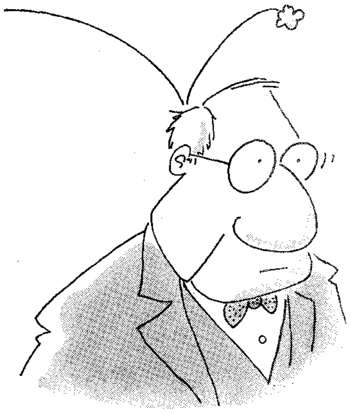
—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

(*Translated, from the Russian text of 1925, by Dmitri Nabokov, in collaboration with the author.*)

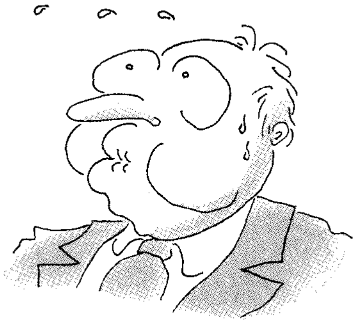
# UNPROVOKED ASSAULTS



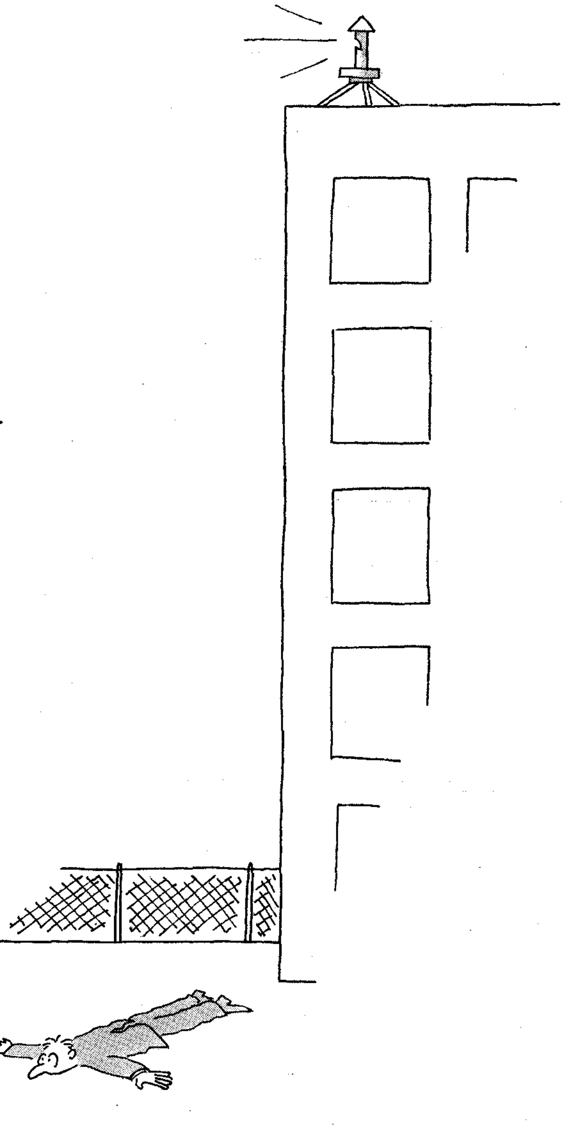
The Dust Ball



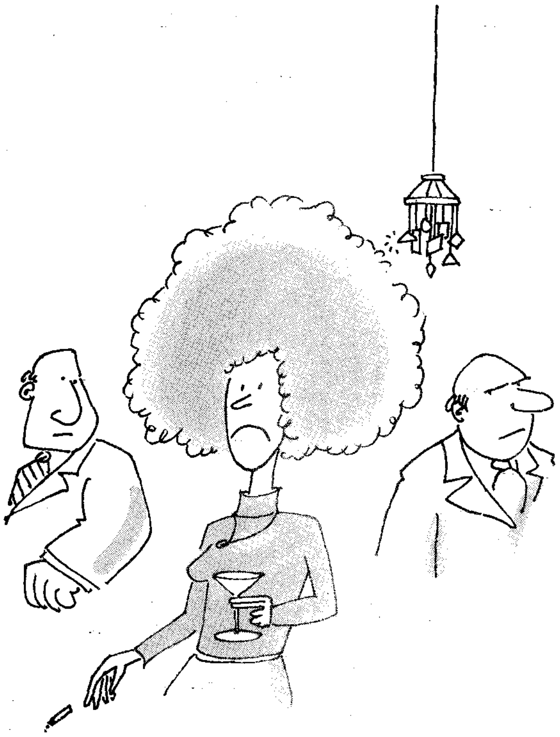
The Casually Tossed
Piece of Popcorn



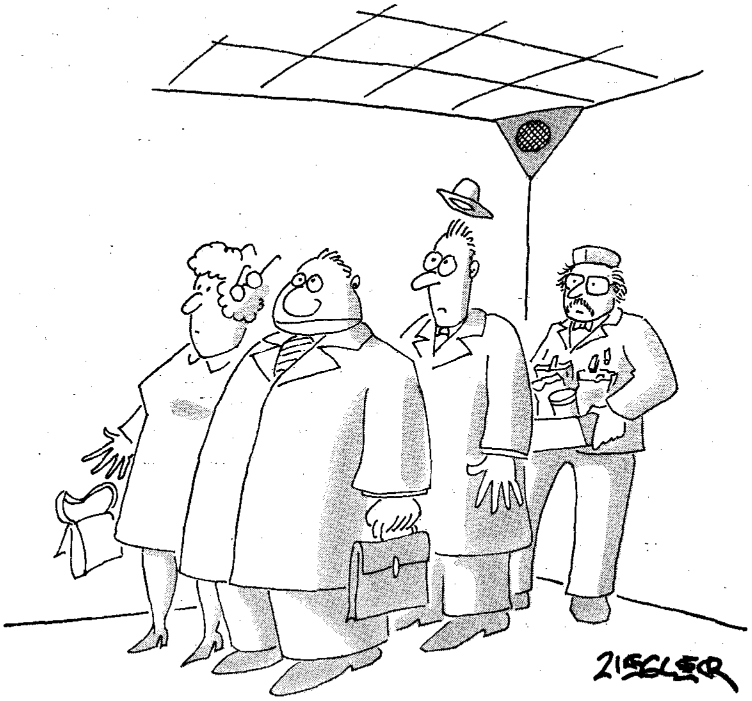
The Surprising Jalapeño
Pepper Hors d'Oeuvre



Noon



The New Hairdo Grazing the Wind Chimes



The Inexplicable Henny Youngman
Monologue Over Muzak

# VOICES LOST IN SNOW

HALFWAY between our two great wars, parents whose own early years had been shaped with Edwardian firmness were apt to lend a tone of finality to quite simple remarks: "Because I say so" was the answer to "Why?," and a child's response to "What did I just tell you?" could seldom be anything but "Not to"—not to say, do, touch, remove, go out, argue, reject, eat, pick up, open, shout, appear to sulk, appear to be cross. Dark riddles filled the corners of life because no enlightenment was thought required. Asking questions was "being tiresome," while persistent curiosity got one nowhere, at least nowhere of interest. How much has changed? Observe the drift of words descending from adult to child—the fall of personal questions, observations, unnecessary instructions. Before long the listener seems blanketed. He must hear the voice as authority muffled, a hum through snow. The tone has changed—it may be coaxing, even plaintive—but the words have barely altered. They still claim the ancient right-of-way through a young life.

"Well, old cock," said my father's friend Archie McEwen, meeting him one Saturday in Montreal. "How's Charlotte taking life in the country?" Apparently no one had expected my mother to accept the country in winter.

"Well, old cock," I repeated to a country neighbor, Mr. Bainwood. "How's life?" What do you suppose it meant to me, other than a kind of weathervane? Mr. Bainwood thought it over, then came round to our house and complained to my mother.

"It isn't blasphemy," she said, not letting him have much satisfaction from the complaint. Still, I had to apologize. "I'm sorry" was a ritual habit with even less meaning than "old cock." "Never say that again," my mother said after he had gone.

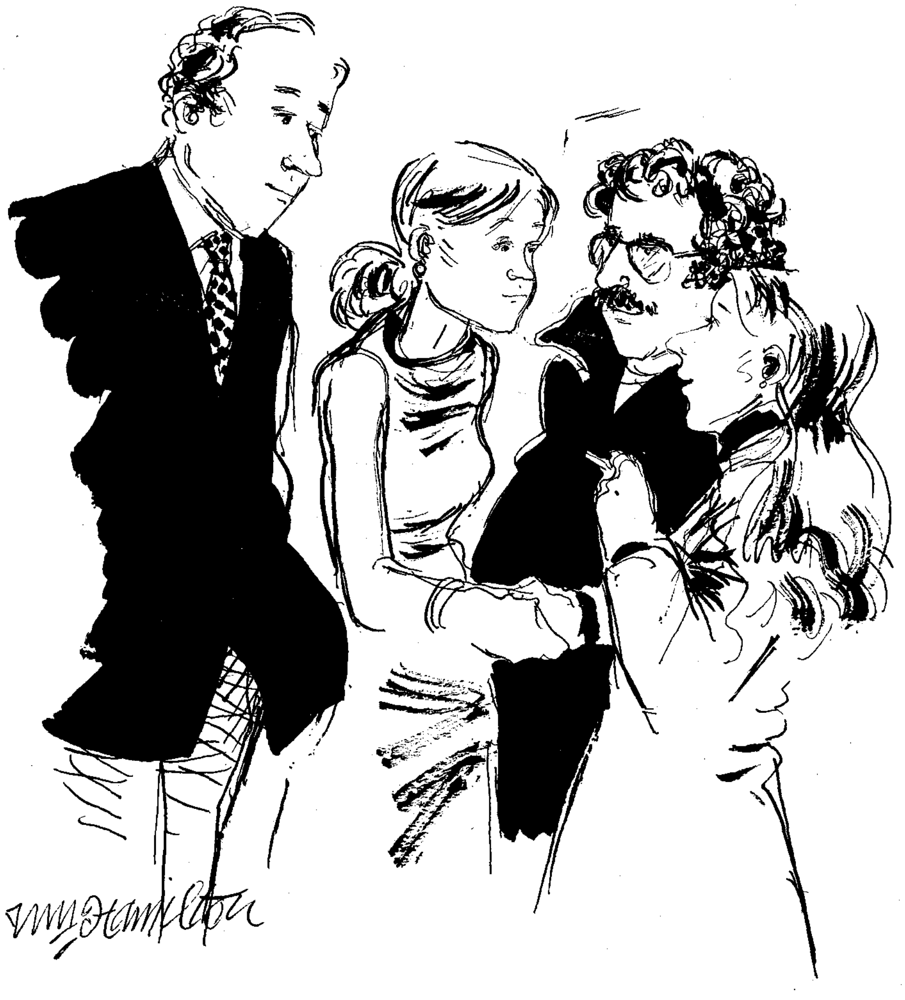
"Why not?"

"Because I've just told you not to."

"What does it mean?"

"Nothing."

It must have been after yet another "nothing" that one summer's day I ran screaming around a garden, tore the heads off tulips, and—no, let another voice finish it; the only authentic voices I have belong to the dead: ". . . then she *ate* them."

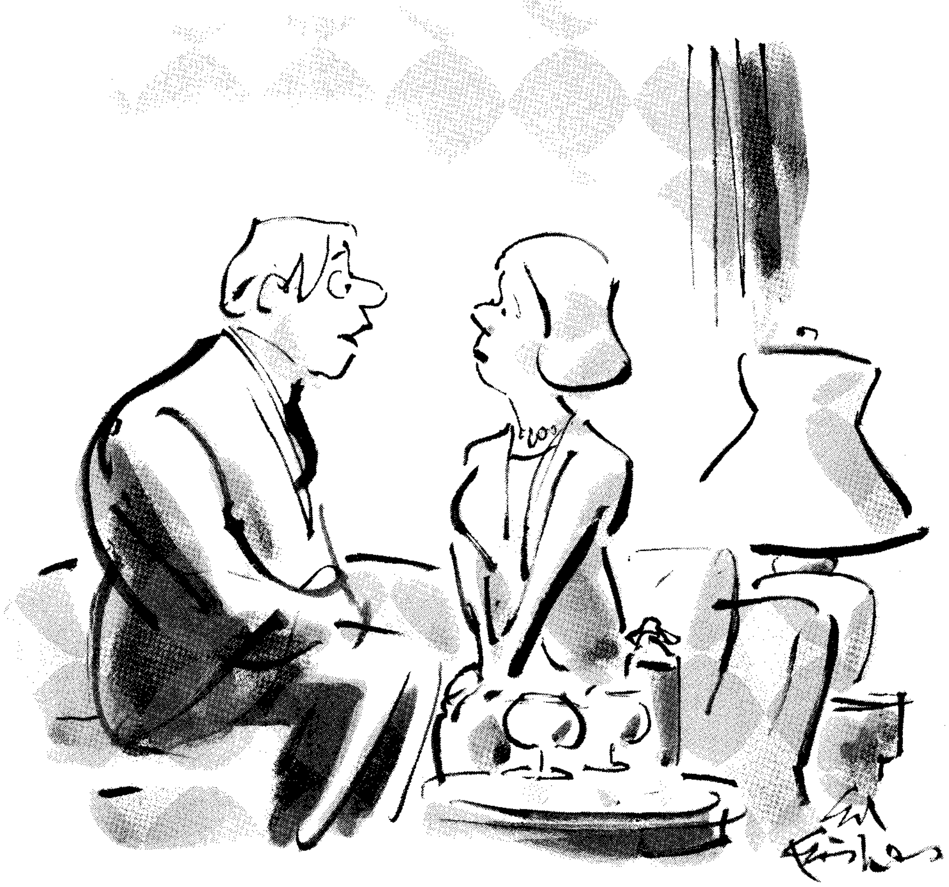


*"Ciao, and thanks, Nancy—it's such fun every so often to see mainstream friends."*

IT was my father's custom if he took me with him to visit a friend on Saturdays not to say where we were going. He was more taciturn than any man I have known since, but that wasn't all of it; being young, I was the last person to whom anyone owed an explanation. These Saturdays have turned into one whitish afternoon, a windless snowfall, a steep street. Two persons descend the street, stepping carefully. The child, reminded every day to keep her hands still, gesticulates wildly—there is the flash of a red mitten. I will never overtake this pair. Their voices are lost in snow.

We were living in what used to be called the country and is now a suburb of Montreal. On Saturdays my father and I came in together by train. I went to the doctor, the dentist, to my German lesson. After that I had to get back to Windsor Station by myself and on time. My father gave me a boy's watch so that the dial would be good and large. I remember the No. 83 streetcar trundling downhill and myself, wondering if the watch was slow, asking strangers to tell me the hour. Inevitably—how could it have been otherwise?—after his death, which would not be long in coming, I would dream that someone important had taken a train without me. My route to the meeting place—deviated, betrayed by stopped clocks—was always downhill. As soon as I was old enough to understand from my reading of myths and legends that this journey was a pursuit of darkness, its terminal point a sunless underworld, the dream vanished.

Sometimes I would be taken along to lunch with one or another of my father's friends. He would meet the friend at Pauzé's for oysters or at Drury's or the Windsor Grill. The friend would more often than not be Scottish- or English-sounding, and they would talk as if I were invisible, as Archie McEwen had done, and eat what I thought of as English food—grilled kidneys, sweetbreads—which I was too finicky to touch. Both my parents had been made wretched as children by having food forced on them and so that particular torture was never inflicted on me. However, the manner in which I ate was subject to precise attention. My father disapproved of the North American custom that he called "spearing" (knife laid on the plate, fork in the right hand). My mother's eye was out for a straight back, invisible chewing, small mouthfuls, immobile silence during the interminable adult loafing over dessert. My mother did not care for food. If we were alone together, she would sit smoking and reading, sipping black coffee, her elbows used as props—a posture that would have called for instant banishment had I so much as tried it. Being constantly observed and corrected was like having a fly buzzing around one's plate. At Pauzé's, the only child, perhaps the only female, I sat up to an oak counter and ate oysters quite neatly, not knowing exactly what they were and certainly not that they were alive. They were served as in "The Walrus and the Carpenter," with bread and butter, pepper and vinegar. Dessert was a chocolate biscuit—plates of them stood at intervals along the counter. When my father and I ate alone, I was not required to say much, nor could I expect a great deal in the way of response. After I had been addressing him for minutes, sometimes he would suddenly come to life and I would know he had been elsewhere. "Of course I've been listening," he would protest, and he would repeat by way of proof the last few words of whatever it was I'd been saying. He was seldom present. I don't know where my father spent his waking life: just elsewhere.



*"Few people have the emotional strength necessary to cope with this new era of narrowing horizons and steadily lower living standards. I have that strength, Vicki, and I want to share it with you."*

• •

What was he doing alone with a child? Where was his wife? In the country, reading. She read one book after another without looking up, without scraping away the frost on the windows. "The Russians, you know, the Russians," she said to her mother and me, glancing around in the drugged way adolescent readers have. "They put salt on the windowsills in winter." Yes, so they did, in the nineteenth century, in the boyhood of Turgenev, of Tolstoy. The salt absorbed the moisture between two sets of windows sealed shut for half the year. She must have been in a Russian country house at that moment, surrounded by a large Russian family, living out vast Russian complications. The flat white fields beyond her imaginary windows were like the flat white fields she would have observed if only she had looked out. She was myopic; the pupil when she had been reading seemed to be the whole of the eye. What age was she then? Twenty-seven, twenty-eight. Her husband had removed her to the country; now that they were there he seldom spoke. How young she seems to me now—half twenty-eight in perception and feeling, but with a husband, a child, a house, a life, an illiterate maid from the village whose life she confidently interfered with and mismanaged, a small zoo of animals she alternately cherished and forgot; and she was the daughter of such a sensible, truthful, pessimistic woman—pessimistic in the way women become when they settle for what actually exists.

Our rooms were not Russian—they were aired every day and the salt became a great nuisance, blowing in on the floor.

"There, Charlotte, what did I tell you?" my grandmother said. This grandmother did not care for dreams or for children. If I sensed the first, I had no hint of the latter. Out of decency she kept it quiet, at least in a child's presence. She had the reputation, shared with a long-vanished nurse named Olivia, of being able to "do anything" with me, which merely meant an ability to provoke from a child behavior convenient for adults. It was she who taught me to eat in the Continental way, with both hands in sight at all times upon the table, and who made me sit at meals with books under my arms so I would learn not to stick out my elbows. I remember having accepted this nonsense from her without a trace of resentment. Like Olivia, she could make the most pointless sort of training seem a natural way of life. (I think that as discipline goes this must be the most dangerous form of all.) She was one of three godparents I had—the important one. It is impossible for me to enter the mind of this agnostic who taught me prayers, who had already shed every remnant of belief when she committed me at the font. I know that she married late and reluctantly; she would have preferred a life of solitude and independence, next to impossible for a woman in her time. She had the positive voice of the born teacher, sharp manners, quick blue eyes, and the square, massive figure common to both lines of her ancestry—the West of France, the North of Germany. When she said "There, Charlotte, what did I tell you?" without obtaining an answer, it summed up mother and daughter both.

My father's friend Malcolm Whitmore was the second godparent. He quarrelled with my mother when she said something flippant about Mussolini, disappeared, died in Europe some years later, though perhaps not fighting for Franco, as my mother had it. She often rewrote other people's lives, providing them with suitable and harmonious endings. In her version of events you were supposed to die as you'd lived. He would write sometimes, asking me, "Have you been confirmed yet?" He had never really held a place and could not by dying leave a gap. The third godparent was a young woman named Georgie Henderson. She was my mother's choice, for a long time her confidante, partisan, and close sympathizer. Something happened, and they stopped seeing each other. Georgie was not her real name—it was Edna May. One of the reasons she had fallen out with my mother was that I had not been called Edna May too. Apparently, this had been promised.

WITHOUT saying where we were going, my father took me along to visit Georgie one Saturday afternoon.

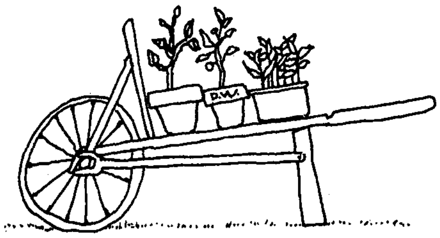
"You didn't say you were bringing Linnet" was how she greeted him. We stood in the passage of a long, hot, high-ceilinged apartment, treading snow water into the rug.

He said, "Well, she is your godchild, and she has been ill."

My godmother shut the front door and leaned her back against it. It is in this surprisingly dramatic pose that I recall her. It would be unfair to repeat what I think I saw then, for she and I were to meet again once, only once, many years after this, and I might substitute a lined face for a smooth one and tough, large-knuckled hands for fingers that may have been delicate. One has to allow elbowroom in the account of a rival: "She must have had something" is how it generally goes, long after the initial "What can he see in her? He must be deaf and blind." Georgie, explained by my mother as being the natural daughter of Sarah Bernhardt and a stork, is only a shadow, a tracing, with long arms and legs and one of those slightly puggy faces with pulled-up eyes.

Her voice remains—the husky Virginia-tobacco whisper I associate with so many women of that generation, my parents' friends; it must have come of age in English Montreal around 1920, when girls began to cut their hair and to smoke. In middle life the voice would slide from low to harsh, and develop a chronic cough. For the moment it was fascinating to me—opposite in pitch and speed from my mother's, which was slightly too high and apt to break off, like that of a singer unable to sustain a long note.

It was true that I had been ill, but I don't think my godmother made much of it that afternoon, other than saying, "It's all very well to talk about that now, but I was certainly never told much, and as for that doctor, you ought to just hear what Ward thinks." Out of this whispered jumble my mother stood accused—of many transgressions, certainly, but chiefly of having discarded Dr. Ward Mackey, everyone's doctor and a family friend. At the time of my birth my mother had all at once decided she liked Ward Mackey better than anyone else and had asked him to choose a name for me. He could not think of one, or, rather, thought of too many, and finally consulted his own mother. She had always longed for a daughter, so that she could call her after the heroine of a novel by, I believe, Marie Corelli. The legend so often repeated to me goes on to tell that when I was seven weeks old my father suddenly asked, "What did you say her name was?"



"*Votre fille a frôlé la phtisie,*" the new doctor had said, the one who had now replaced Dr. Mackey. The new doctor was known to me as Uncle Raoul, though we were not related. This manner of declaring my brush with consumption was worlds away from Ward Mackey's "subject to bilious attacks." Mackey's objections to

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## MEXICO

once each year
after a warm day in April
when darkness comes to the desert
uninvited but planning to spend the night
something hits me like a shovel
and I am stunned into believing
anything is possible

there is no overture to frenzy
I simply look up and see Scorpio
most dangerous of friends
with the last two stars in his tail
blinking like lights at a railroad crossing
while in one claw he holds the top
of a mountain in Mexico

and suddenly I know
everything I need is waiting for me
south of here in another country
and I have been walking through empty
rooms and talking to furniture

then I say to myself
why should I stay home and listen to Bach
such precision could have happened
to anyone to an infinite number
of monkeys with harpsichords

and next morning I start south
with my last chances flapping their wings
while birds of passage stream over me
in the opposite direction

I never find what I am looking for
and each time I return older
with my ugliness intact
but with the knowledge that if it isn't there
in the darkness under Scorpio
it isn't anywhere

—RICHARD SHELTON

* *

VOTE
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elect ★★★!!!
BOWEN
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VOTE!
BOWEN '76
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*"Love your graphics!"*

• •

Uncle Raoul were neither envious nor personal, for Mackey was the sort of bachelor who could console himself with golf. The Protestant in him truly believed those other doctors to be poorly trained and superstitious, capable of recommending the pulling of teeth to cure tonsillitis, and of letting their patients cough to death or perish from septicemia just through Catholic fatalism.

What parent could fail to gasp and marvel at Uncle Raoul's announcement? Any but either of mine. My mother could invent and produce better dramas any day; as for my father, his French wasn't all that good and he had to have it explained. Once he understood that I had grazed the edge of tuberculosis, he made his decision to remove us all to the country, which he had been wanting a reason to do for some time. He was, I think, attempting to isolate his wife, but by taking her out of the city he exposed her to a danger that, being English, he had never dreamed of: this was the heart-stopping cry of the steam train at night, sweeping across a frozen river, clattering on the ties of a wooden bridge. From our separate rooms my mother and I heard the unrivalled summons, the long, urgent, uniquely North American beckoning. She would follow and so would I, but separately, years and desires and destinations apart. I think that women once pledged in such a manner are more steadfast than men.

"*Frôler*" was the charmed word in that winter's story; it was a hand brushing the edge of folded silk, a leaf escaping a spiderweb. Being caught in the web would have meant staying in bed day and night in a place even worse than a convent school. Charlotte and Angus, whose lives had once seemed so enchanted, so fortunate and free that I could not imagine lesser persons so much as eating the same kind of toast for breakfast, had to share their lives with me, whether they wanted to or not—thanks to Uncle Raoul, who always supposed me to be their principal delight. I had been standing on one foot for months now, midway between *frôler* and *falling into*, propped up by a psychosomatic guardian angel. Of course I could not stand that way forever; inevitably my health improved and before long I was declared out of danger and then restored—to the relief and pleasure of all except the patient.

"I'd like to see more of you than eyes and nose," said my godmother. "Take off your things." I offer this as an example of unnecessary instruction. Would anyone over the age of three prepare to spend the afternoon in a stifling room wrapped like a mummy in outdoor clothes? "She's smaller than she looks," Georgie remarked, as I began to emerge. This authentic godmother observation drives me to my only refuge, the insistence that she must have had something—he could not have been completely deaf and blind. Divested of hat, scarf, coat, overshoes, and leggings, grasping the handkerchief pressed in my hand so I would not interrupt later by asking for one, responding to my father's muttered "Fix your hair," struck by the command because it was he who had told me not to use "fix" in that sense, I was finally able to sit down next to him on a white sofa. My godmother occupied its twin. A low table stood between, bearing a decanter and glasses and a pile of magazines and, of course, Georgie's ashtrays; I think she smoked even more than my mother did.

On one of these sofas, during an earlier visit with my mother and father, the backs of my dangling feet had left a smudge of shoe polish. It may have been the last occasion when my mother and Georgie were ever together. Directed to stop humming and kicking, and perhaps bored with the conversation in which I was not expected to join, I had soon started up again.

"It doesn't matter," my godmother said, though you could tell she minded.

"Sit up," my father said to me.

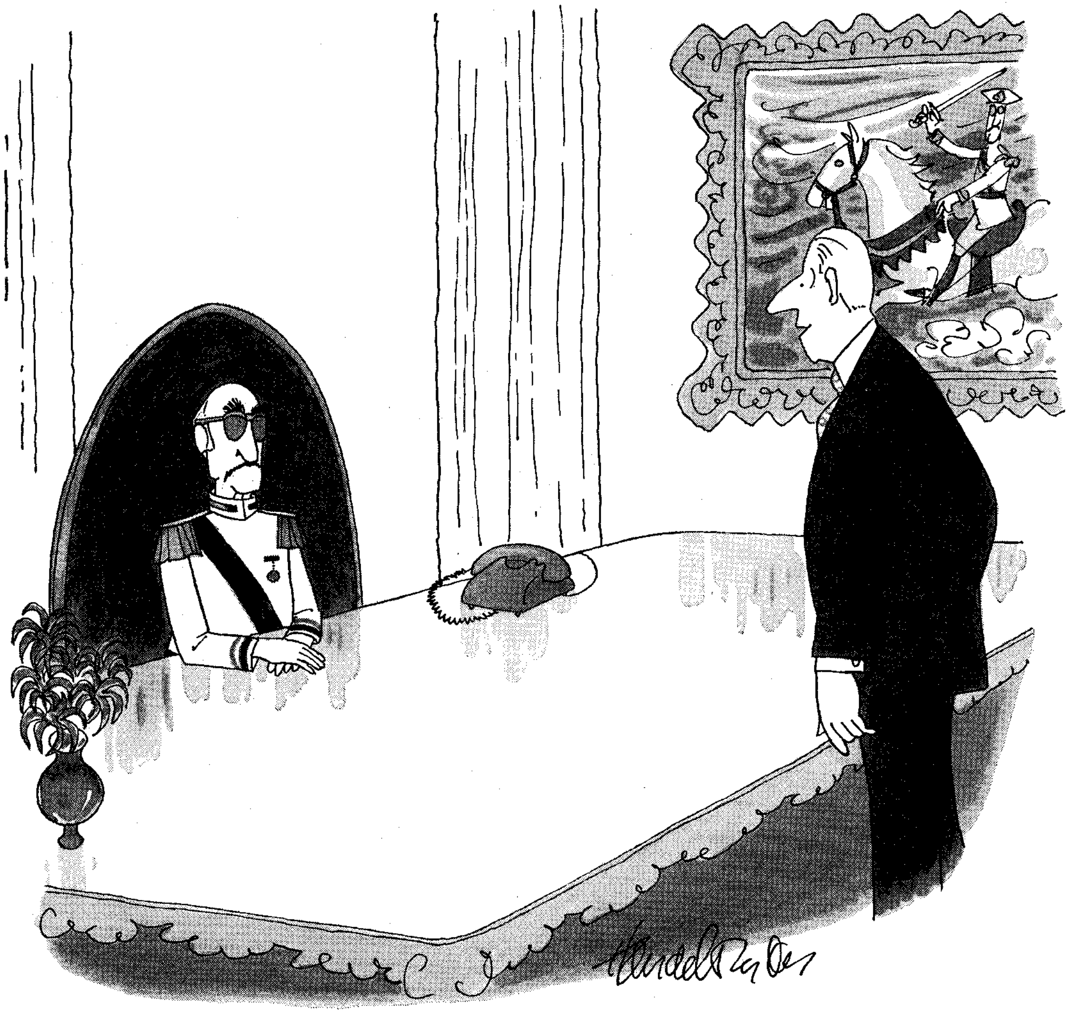
"I am sitting up. What do you think I'm doing?" This was not answering but answering back; it is not an expression I ever heard from my father, but I am certain it stood like a stalled truck in Georgie's mind. She wore the look people put on when they are thinking, Now what are you spineless parents going to do about that?

"Oh, for God's sake, she's only a child," said my mother, as though that had ever been an excuse for anything.

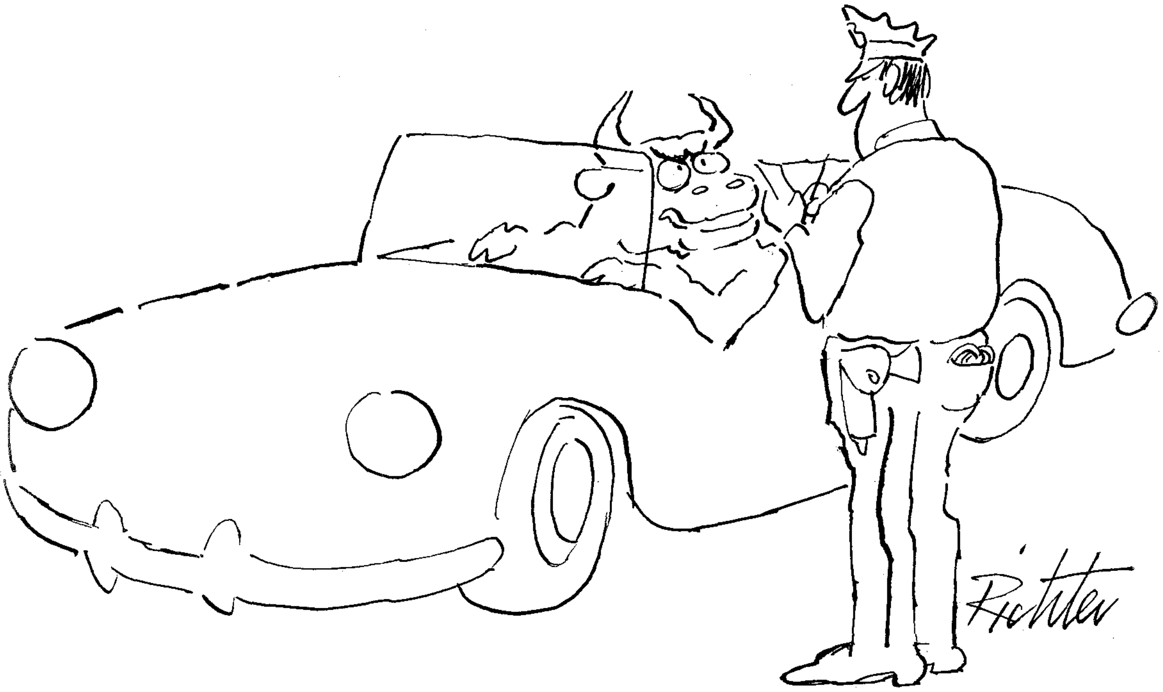
Soon after the sofa-kicking incident she and Georgie moved into the hibernation known as "not speaking." This, the lingering condition of half my mother's friendships, usually followed her having said the very thing no one wanted to hear, such as "Who wants to be called Edna May, anyway?"

Once more in the hot pale room where there was nothing to do and nothing for children, I offended my godmother again, by pretending I had never seen her before. The spot I had kicked was pointed out to me, though, owing to new slipcovers, real evidence was missing. My father was proud of my quite surprising memory, of its long backward reach and the minutiae of detail I could describe. My failure now to shine in a domain where I was naturally gifted, that did not require lessons or create litter and noise, must have annoyed him. I also see that my guileless-seeming needling of my godmother was a close adaptation of how my mother could be, and I attribute it to a child's instinctive loyalty to the absent one. Giving me up, my godmother placed a silver dish of mint wafers where I could reach them—white, pink, and green, overlapping—and suggested I look at a magazine. Whatever the magazine was, I had probably seen it, for my mother subscribed to everything then. I may have turned the pages anyway, in case at home something had been censored for children. I felt and am certain I have not invented Georgie's disappointment at not seeing Angus alone. She disliked Charlotte now, and so I supposed he came to call by himself, having no quarrel of his own; he was still close to the slighted Ward Mackey.

My father and Georgie talked for a while—she using people's initials instead of their names, which my mother would not have done—and they drank what must have been sherry, if I think of the shape of the decanter. Then we left and went down to the street in a wood-panelled elevator that had sconce lights, as in a room. The end of the afternoon had a particular shade of color then, which is not tinted by distance or enhancement but has to do with how streets were lighted. Lamps were still gas, and their soft gradual blooming at dusk made the sky turn a peacock blue that slowly deepened to marine, then indigo. This uneven light falling in blurred pools gave the snow it touched a quality of phosphorescence, beyond which were night shadows in which no one lurked. There were few cars, little sound. A fresh snowfall would lie in the streets in a way that seemed natural. Sidewalks were dangerous, casually sanded; even on busy streets you found traces of the icy slides children's feet had made. The reddish brown of the stone houses, the curve and slope of the streets, the constantly changing sky were satisfactory in a way that I now realize must have been aesthetically comfortable. This



*"My principals in Washington wish to know, Excellency, whether you would prefer to be propped up overtly or covertly."*



"I don't think you realize who I am."

is what I saw when I read "city" in a book; I had no means of knowing that "city" one day would also mean drab, filthy, flat, or that city blocks could turn into dull squares without mystery.

We crossed Sherbrooke Street, starting down to catch our train. My father walked everywhere in all weathers. Already mined, colonized by an enemy prepared to destroy what it fed on, fighting it with every wrong weapon, squandering strength he should have been storing, stifling pain in silence rather than speaking up while there might have been time, he gave an impression of sternness that was a shield against suffering. One day we heard a mob roaring four syllables over and over, and we turned and went down a different street. That sound was starkly terrifying, something a child might liken to the baying of wolves.

"What is it?"

"Howie Morenz."

"Who is it? Are they chasing him?"

"No, they like him," he said of the hockey player admired to the point of dementia. He seemed to stretch, as if trying to keep every bone in his body from touching a nerve; a look of helplessness such as I had never seen on a grown person gripped his face and he said this strange thing: "Crowds eat me. Noise eats me." The kind of physical pain that makes one seem rat's prey is summed up in my memory of this.

When we came abreast of the Ritz-Carlton after leaving Georgie's apartment, my father paused. The lights within at that time of day were golden and warm. If I barely knew what "hotel" meant, never having stayed in one, I connected the lights with other snowy afternoons, with stupefying adult conversation (Oh, those shut-in velvet-draped unaired low-voice problems!) compensated for by creamy bitter hot chocolate poured out of a pink-and-white china pot.

"You missed your gootay," he suddenly remembered. Established by my grandmother, "*goûter*" was the family word for tea. He often transformed French words, like putty, into shapes he could grasp. No, Georgie had not provided a *goûter*, other than the mint wafers, but it was not her fault—I had not been announced. Perhaps if I had not been so disagreeable with her, he might have proposed hot chocolate now, though I knew better than to ask. He merely pulled my scarf up over my nose and mouth, as if recalling something Uncle Raoul had advised. Breathing inside knitted wool was delicious—warm, moist, pungent when one had been sucking on mint candies, as now. He said, "You didn't enjoy your visit much."

"Not very," through red wool.

"No matter," he said. "You needn't see Georgie again unless you want to," and we walked on. He must have been smarting, for he liked me to be admired. When I was not being admired I was supposed to keep quiet. "You needn't see Georgie again" was also a private decision about himself. He was barely thirty-one and had a full winter to live after this one—little more. Why? "Because I say so." The answer seems to speak out of the lights, the stones, the snow; out of the crucial second when inner and outer forces join, and the environment becomes part of the enemy too.

Ward Mackey used to mention me as "Angus's precocious pain in the neck," which is better than nothing. Long after that afternoon, when I was about twenty, Mackey said to me, "Georgie didn't play her cards well where he was concerned. There was a point where if she had just made one smart move she could have had him. Not for long, of course, but none of us knew that."

What cards, I wonder. The cards have another meaning for me—they mean a trip, a death, a letter, tomorrow, next year. I saw only one move that Saturday: my father placed a card face up on the table and watched to see what Georgie made of it. She shrugged, let it rest. There she sits, looking puggy but capable, Angus waiting, the precocious pain in the neck turning pages, hoping to find something in the *National Geographic* harmful for children. I brush in memory against the spiderweb: what if she had picked it up, remarking in her smoky voice, "Yes, I can use that"? It was a low card, the kind that only a born gambler would risk as part of a long-term strategy. She would never have weakened a hand that way; she was not gambling but building. He took the card back and dropped his hand, and their long intermittent game came to an end. The card must have been the eight of clubs—"a female child."

—MAVIS GALLANT

•

Nudism came to this country initially through the leadership of the German nudist, Kent Bartel, who, in 1929, founded the first organized nudist group in the Hudson mountains near Peepskill, New York.—*Dalhart (Texas) Daily Texan.*

Perfect from every point of view.

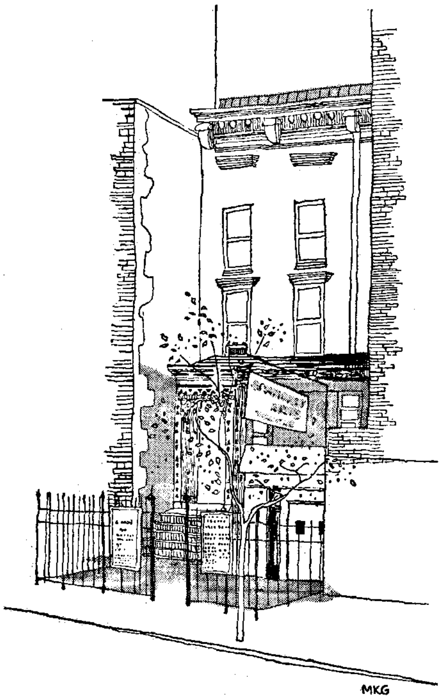
# ANNALS OF LAW

## TAKING THE FIFTH—I

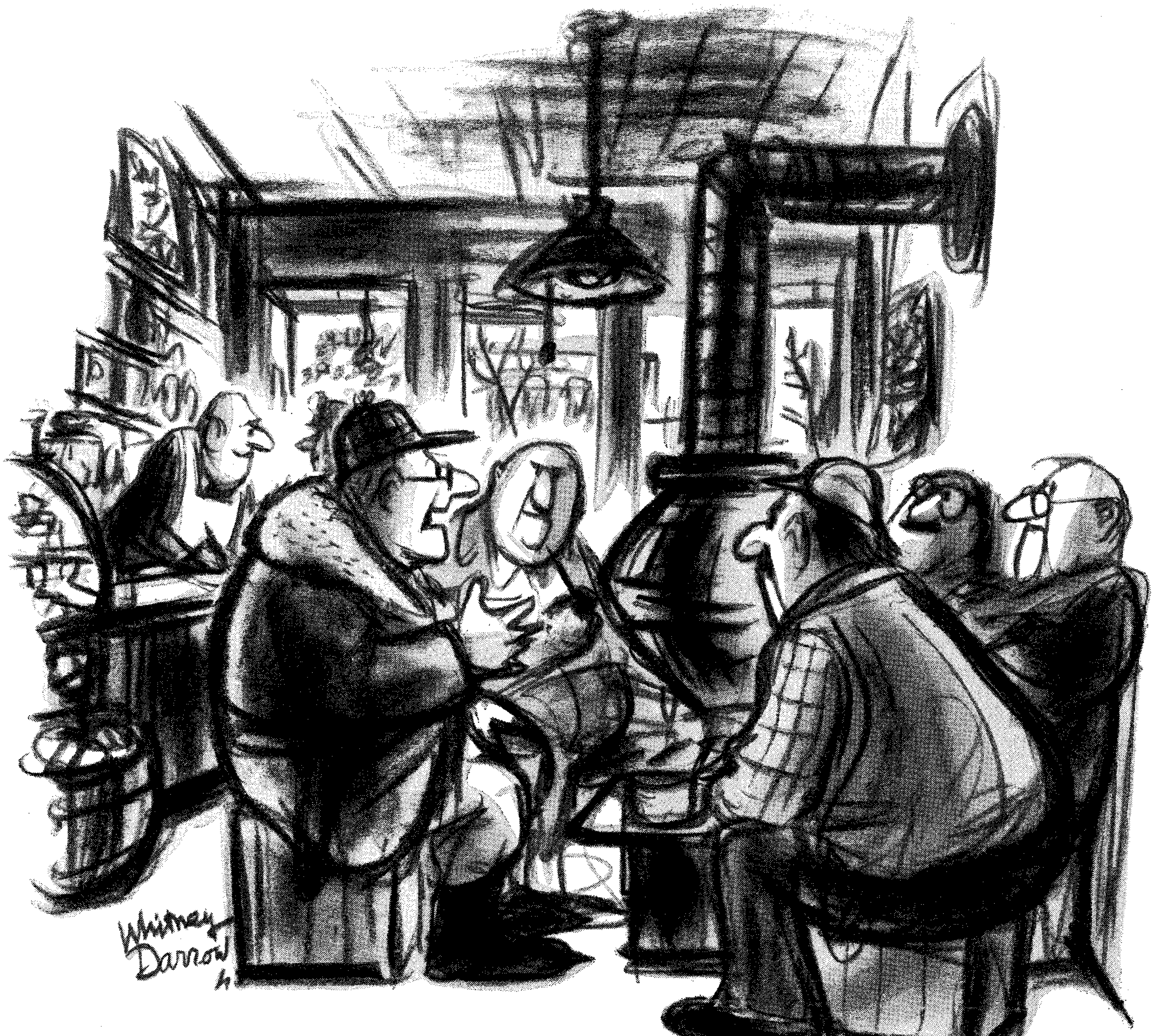
THE informer—the Judas figure—has been an odious creature in the popular mind throughout history. Even so, governments have always used his services, and one measure of freedom in any society is the extent to which the informer flourishes. In a tyranny, the informer contributes a basic necessity to the tyrant's survival—the people's fear of him—by demonstrating that any deviant political expression or behavior may be reported to the state, and then punished. In a democracy, on the other hand, the sovereignty of the people is supposed to encourage diversity of thought and allow open dissent and outright opposition to the public policies of those who are elected to run things temporarily. But even the most democratically conceived government comes to behave as if its own survival, rather than the people's welfare, is the paramount good. This happens not because democracy inevitably degenerates into tyranny through repressive leadership at the top but because the government's ordinary day-to-day operations depend on entrenched "public servants"—the bureaucracy—who are always most concerned about protecting and expanding their own power. In time, bureaucrats transform government into a kind of private institution that exists for their sake, and this makes them deeply committed to preserving the system—*their* system—as it is. The deeper their commitment, the more alarmed they are likely to be by anything that seems to threaten the system; and the more alarmed they become, the more likely they are to resort to extreme measures to meet the threat. One extreme measure that is being increasingly resorted to by government in the United States today is the official use of informers from the bottom to the top of our society.

On the local level, most police departments of any size in this country now have "intelligence units," which use electronic surveillance and undercover agents, or informers, to spy on citizens who are suspected of unlawful activity (and, all too frequently, on citizens who are not engaged in anything illegal but are up to something that might subject them to political or economic blackmail). On the national level, recent revelations about the federal government's spying on its citizens on an immense scale—by such bureaucratic institutions as the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Central Intelligence Agency, the Army, the Secret Service, the National Security Agency, the Internal Revenue Service, the Postal Service, the Drug Enforcement Administration, and the Customs Service—raise the question whether this undemocratic and often unlawful practice does not imperil the Republic more than did the perilous episode known as Watergate.

While informers are of little use in controlling the kind of crime that Americans are most worried about—violent street crime—informers are the chief means of dealing with the kind of crime that the government is most worried about—group crime. The given group may be organized for the purpose of financial gain through crime, in the pattern of the Mafia, or it may be organized for political purposes, such as those proclaimed by the Communist Party, the Socialist Workers Party, the Black Panthers, the Symbionese Liberation Army, or any of the various groups that loosely make up the New Left. It has often been said that half of the American Communist Party's ten thousand or so members are F.B.I. informers. That outfit is fairly easy to infiltrate, because it is a rigid bureaucratic structure of the sort that the F.B.I., itself a rigid bureaucratic structure, is familiar with. It has also often been said that the F.B.I. has failed to keep tabs on the activities of the New Left because the Bureau cannot comprehend that movement's character. The New Left is anything but bureaucratic, for the groups that comprise it are generally rather formless and undisciplined, and their members drift in and out of its many factions and schisms. Nor do most of these collections of radicals have clearly formulated policies and programs, being more likely to rely on inflammatory rhetoric than on direct action as an outlet for their social discontent. Then, too, members of the New Left often live and dress and speak in ways that the upstanding informer would find repugnantly inimitable.



Probably the clearest example of the bureaucratic inability to understand these rebels and revolutionaries is to be found in the government's grossly disproportionate reaction to the threat that they actually pose, given the size of the United States and the conservative character of its people. Those who tremble at the spectre of revolution here often cite the relatively few people who seized power in Russia during the First World War, but such a nervous comparison ignores the fact that Russian society had collapsed from internal corruption when it was taken over. Today, it could be argued, the principal danger from the far left in this country is that it has provided the far right with an excuse to crush it, in a manner that might be generally acceptable if the government goes on scaring the wits out of everybody about a handful of impotent left-wing radicals. And although the right wing is also diffuse and weak, there is one powerful group that could become its unifying ally at any time—the nation's thousands of police departments, which are becoming more and more paramilitary, well organized, interconnected, heavily armed, and political-minded. To an alarming extent, the only control over them is the control they maintain over themselves, and our personal freedom is largely at their sufferance. Yet the national government has ignored this peril altogether, and has concentrated its immense firepower on the few radical left-wing outfits still in business, like the "army" of Symbionese Liberators, who apparently never numbered more than a dozen people. While the S.L.A.'s kidnapping of Patricia Hearst was surely a sensational event, her supposed conversion to active terrorism made her, legally speaking, merely another accused outlaw. But the publicity surrounding the case, the inflamed political statements issued by her and her confederates, and their embarrassing success in eluding thou-



*"When Jud accuses Zack, here, of hostility toward his daughter, like he seems to every session, why, it's plain to me he's only rationalizing his own lack of gumption in standing up to a stepson who's usurping the loyalty of his second wife. The way he lit into him just now shows he's got this here guilt identification with Zack's present family constellation. Calling Zack egotistical ain't nothing but a disguise mechanism for concealing his secret envy of Zack's grit and all-around starch, and shows mighty poor ego boundaries of his own, it appears to me."*

• •

sands of pursuers apparently drove the F.B.I. to frenzied lengths to capture them. During the search for the Hearst woman, it was reported that the Bureau had questioned over twenty-seven thousand people about her in the San Francisco area alone. At the time, the Bureau, for all its efforts, hadn't found her, because it hadn't found anyone who would inform on her. (When it finally captured her, its success was due to an informer.)

Having failed to turn up any dependable informers in the Hearst case in its early stages, the F.B.I. desperately resorted to a relatively new law-enforcement technique—the use of compliant federal grand juries to help the Bureau do the job that it couldn't do on its own. Although under law grand juries are supposed to determine only whether crimes have been committed and to indict those who seem to have committed them, and are not supposed to serve as investigative tools for prosecutors or law-enforcement agencies, nowadays grand juries are frequently, and improperly, used to amass evidence against people who have already been indicted, to obtain leads on fugitives, or even to find missing persons like Jimmy Hoffa. The F.B.I. merely persuades a coöperative United States Attorney to instruct the federal grand jury he in effect runs to subpoena relatives, friends, and acquaintances of the person being sought, and then the prosecutor forces these witnesses, under threat of imprisonment for contempt of court, to divulge whatever they may know about the fugitive—or, for that matter, about anything under the sun that the prosecutor (or the F.B.I.) feels like asking, however irrelevant and personal. In short, if the

BLEACH
SU
BOOTH

*"Write about dogs!"*

government cannot find informers it creates them.

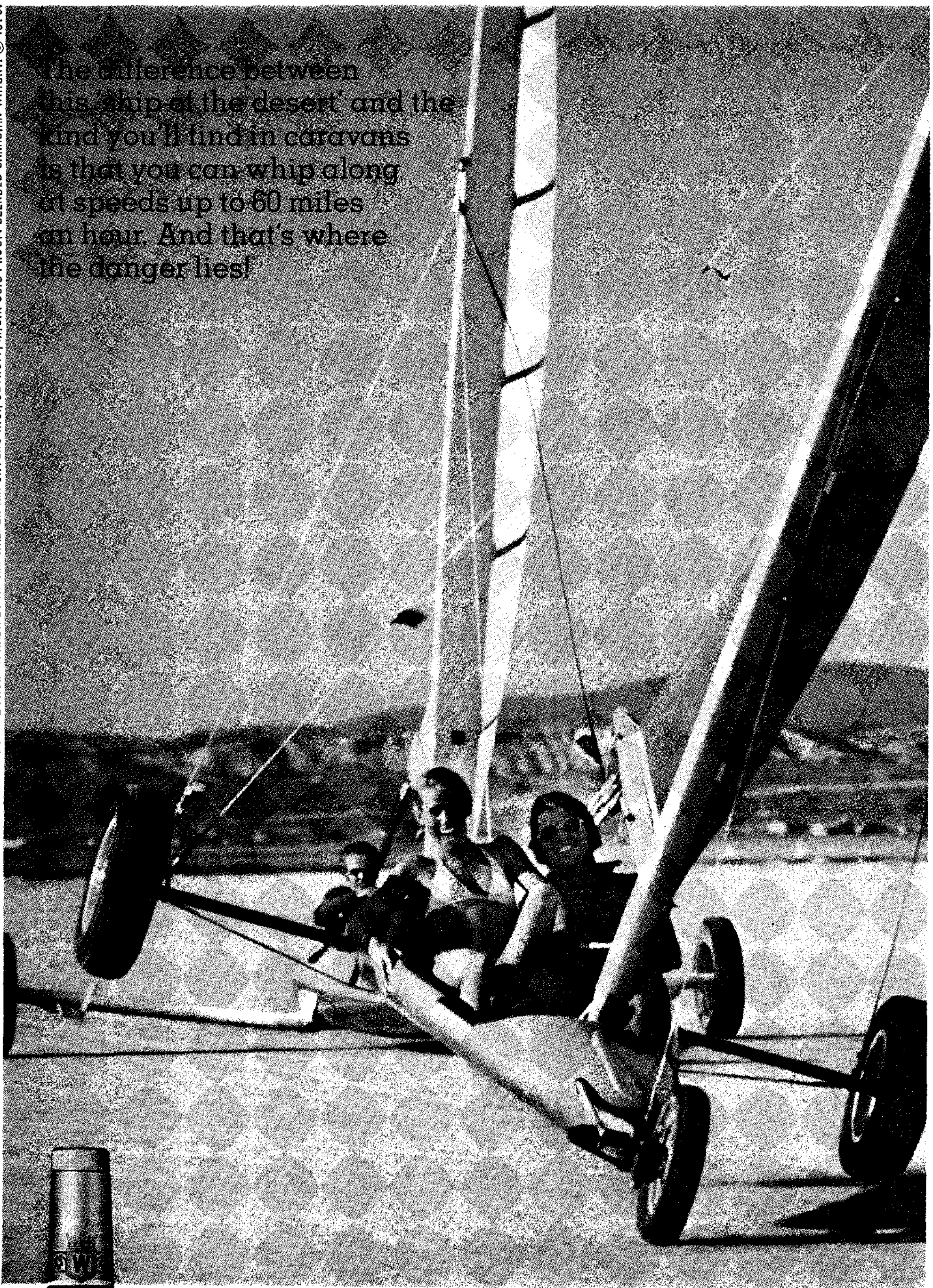
• •

ON September 23, 1970, three white men and two white women held up a branch of the State Street Bank & Trust Company, a Boston bank, and escaped with twenty-six thousand dollars in cash. As they were making their getaway, a policeman tried to stop them, and one of the bandits cut him down with a burst from a machine gun. The policeman died, leaving a widow and nine children, and the greatest manhunt in New England history got under way. The search was led by the F.B.I., which had jurisdiction over the crime, since the bank was insured by the federal government, and by that night one of the wanted men had been captured. He turned out to be an ex-convict, recently paroled from a Massachusetts prison, and he quickly informed on his four partners. The other men were also ex-convicts, and all three had been studying at Brandeis and Northeastern Universities, in Massachusetts, after completing a college-preparatory course in the same prison. The women subsequently indicted for the crime were both twenty-one years old, from respectable middle-class families, and one was a senior at Brandeis, while the other had graduated there the previous June. According to the informer's story, the five bandits had formed a radical movement of their own called the Revolutionary Action Force to protest the American involvement in Vietnam and Cambodia, and had held up the bank to finance their movement, which, the informer told the F.B.I., was designed "to break down the military structure of the country." (One of the other men, who later described himself as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary Action Force—East, said that they had held up the bank because the United States government had ignored their official declaration of war against it.) The two remaining male fugitives were captured within a few days, but there was no sign of the two young women—Susan Edith Saxe and Katherine Ann Power, who soon became known simply as Saxe and Power—and they quickly made the F.B.I.'s "most wanted" list. Posters bearing their pictures and physical descriptions were circulated through F.B.I. offices, police stations, and post offices across the country, but for more than four years the authorities were unable to find a trace of them. Then, around the beginning of January, 1975, a young man in Lexington, Kentucky, happened to see one of the "wanted" posters, and thought that the fugitives closely resembled two women he had known as Lena Paley (Saxe) and May Kelly (Power), who had lived the previous summer and fall in a lesbian community on the fringes of the University of Kentucky campus, in Lexington. He mentioned his suspicion to a woman who lived in the community, and she notified the F.B.I. field office in Cincinnati. The fugitives' identity was quickly verified.

If the F.B.I. had difficulty understanding the New Left, it had far greater difficulty understanding a related development known as women's liberation or the women's movement, and could understand nothing at all about an outgrowth of *that* movement—the increasing number of women who had become, or admitted being, lesbians. In the Saxe-Power case, the Bureau's inability to cope with this particular pair of radical adversaries was illustrated at the top by its

# "The trick of Desert Sailing on the Baja's snow-white sands is not to end up black and blue."

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.



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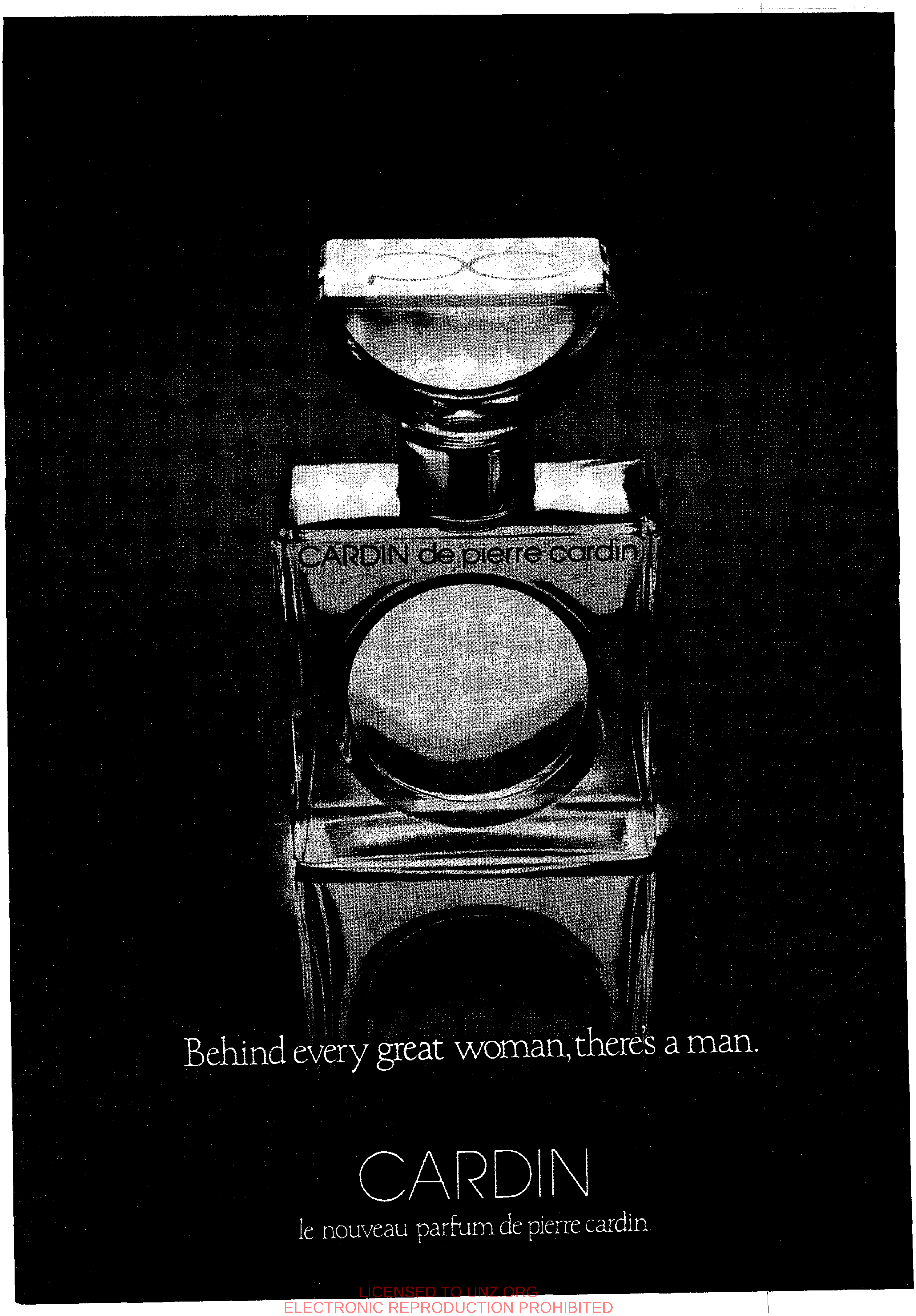
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Behind every great woman, there's a man.
CARDIN
le nouveau parfum de pierre cardin

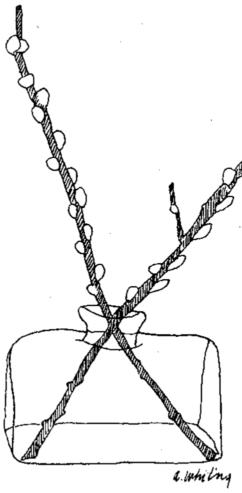
“‘*Insincerely yours, Fred Troutman.*’”

reaction to the news about the presence of Saxe and Power some months earlier in Lexington. The Bureau did not quietly send a few able women agents to the lesbian community in Lexington to see if they could unobtrusively pick up a lead on the fugitives. Instead, it dispatched droves of male agents into the area, and thereby notified Saxe and Power that the government had picked up their trail and virtually suggested to them that they would do well to stop hanging around with lesbians while the F.B.I. wasted its time investigating lesbians. And, at the bottom, the F.B.I.’s attitude was illustrated by an agent in the field who interviewed a waitress in a Lexington restaurant that was frequented by lesbians; when she told him that although she was not a lesbian she had once had a drink with one of the fugitives, the agent said, “If I went out for a drink with a homosexual man who had no interest in women, I wouldn’t know what to talk about.”

Saxe and Power were soon reported to have lived in several lesbian communities in the East, and the F.B.I. apparently concluded from this fact that such communities were havens for criminals of all sorts—especially left-wing political criminals. Homosexual acts are crimes in most jurisdictions in this country, even if the men and women who are homosexual are not often prosecuted for it, and their way of life is sufficiently despised by the heterosexual public to make official persecution of them generally acceptable. In short, the Bureau was free to harass homosexuals as ruthlessly as it could a nest of drug traffickers or Reds. And harass them it did. F.B.I. agents began questioning scores of people in the gay community in Lexington, many of whom were susceptible to pressure because they had hidden their private lives from their families and employers. Those who refused to talk discovered that F.B.I. agents went to their families, divulged their quarries’ sexual habits, and forced the reluctant witnesses to talk—either because of the implicit threat that their employers would be the next to learn about them or because they were simply crushed by such revelations of their secret lives and caved in. Most of these members of the gay community had known Saxe and Power as Paley and Kelly, and some of them told the F.B.I. where the women had apparently gone after leaving Lexington—to Hartford, among other places.

Before long, though, word went around the gay community that no one was legally obliged to answer questions put by F.B.I. men or any other government officials and, in fact, that it could be extremely dangerous to talk to them at all. A little-known federal statute, Title 18, Section 1001 of the Federal Criminal Code, makes it a federal crime, punishable by up to five years in prison and a ten-thousand-dollar fine, for a citizen to lie to *any* government agency. In legal terms, of course, what is a lie and what is not is up to a jury to decide. One may believe that one is telling the truth when being questioned, only to later recall events somewhat differently; if one then tells the revised version of those events before a grand jury or a court, one can be prosecuted for having lied in the first place. Even as seemingly small an untruth as telling a government official that one doesn’t know anything about what is being inquired into when one does know something about it is a criminal act. And while the F.B.I. ordinarily warns criminal suspects of their constitutional rights once they are taken into custody—mainly the right not to speak and the right to have a lawyer present—agents do not warn non-suspects of any rights they have or of the danger of violating Section 1001 when they are questioned about someone else who *is* a criminal suspect. In other words, most of those who are questioned by the F.B.I. or by other government officials are not given the ordinary forms of due process of law, and some lawyers would argue that the only sensibly self-protective course for anyone, guilty or innocent of wrongdoing, is to refuse to speak to *any* government agent unless a lawyer is present—at least, until Congress takes Section 1001 off the books. In any event, when inhabitants of the Lexington community learned of their right to remain silent, more and more of them refused to say anything to the F.B.I.

In midmorning on January 24, 1975, two F.B.I. agents appeared at a silverware-manufacturing plant in Meriden, Connecticut, and asked to see an executive who worked there, Mrs. Alice Grusse. They were shown to her office, identified themselves, and asked where they could find her daughter Ellen. Mrs. Grusse was alarmed, and asked what they wanted to see her for. The older of the agents, a rather grandfatherly sort of man, who conducted the interview, assured her that as far as they knew her daughter hadn’t done anything wrong but that she might be able to tell them something about two women fugitives who were wanted for bank robbery and murder. Mrs. Grusse was frightened by this news. She had never, to her knowledge, seen an F.B.I. man before. Also, she could not believe that her daughter, who had been a quiet, generally obedient, though sometimes stubborn, child and seemed a quiet, orderly woman, could conceivably have had anything to do with bank robbers and murderers. Nervously, Mrs. Grusse asked the agents to wait, and telephoned Ellen at her apartment in New Haven, where she had moved from Hartford a month earlier. Mrs. Grusse's voice was shaking as she told Ellen that two F.B.I. men were in her office and wanted to know where she lived, so that they could speak to her about some women fugitives. As it happened, her daughter—a slender woman of twenty-eight with curly, light-brown hair, a thin, rather childlike face, and an intense manner—had heard about the F.B.I.'s search for Saxe and Power, and had read in the press that a number of people in Lexington had asserted their right to refuse to talk to the F.B.I. After a moment's hesitation, she told her mother that she didn't want to speak to the agents. Mrs. Grusse began to protest, saying that she *had* to talk to them, but Ellen quickly cut her short with the assurance that she didn't have to, and wouldn't, talk to them. Mrs. Grusse then asked if she should tell them where Ellen lived, and her daughter, after another pause, decided that it was her responsibility, not her mother's, to handle the matter, and said yes.



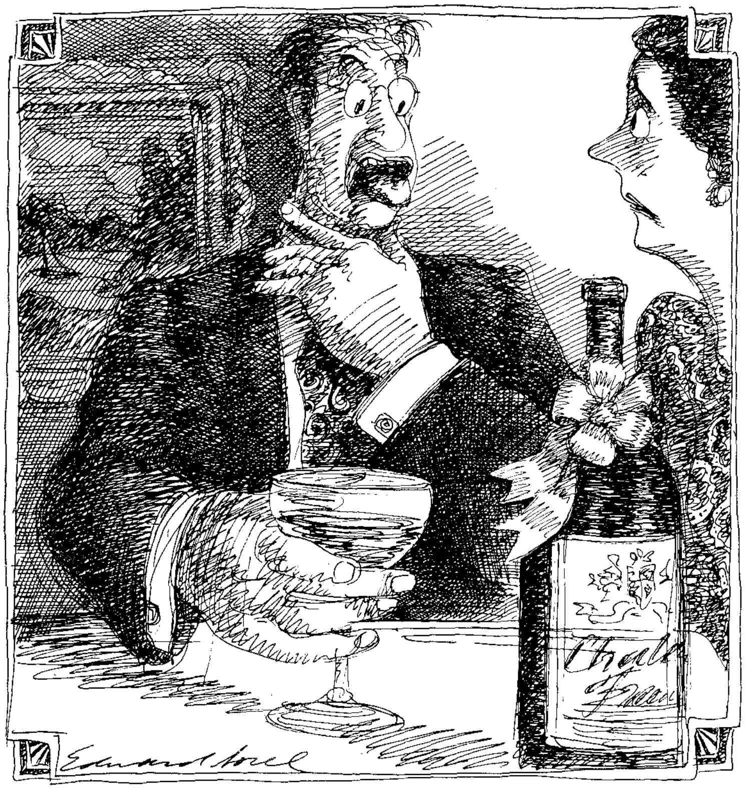
When Ellen Grusse hung up the telephone, she quickly described the call to the person she lived with—Marie Theresa Turgeon, a quietly pleasant, thirty-one-year-old woman with short dark hair, known to her friends as Terri. Both of them recalled at the same moment that a few days earlier they had overheard a woman at the New Haven Women's Liberation Center asking about where she could get some legal advice on how to deal with a landlord who insisted that she get rid of her cat. The person in charge of the center's referral service had replied that a young woman named Diane Polan handled many legal problems for women associated with the center. Now Turgeon telephoned her, explained what had happened in Meriden, and asked what she should do to avoid talking to the F.B.I. agents. Polan turned out to be legal assistant to a lawyer named Michael Avery, and she transferred the call to him. Avery informed Turgeon that she could not be compelled to talk to them, and said that if she wanted to discuss the situation further she could come to his office. (Avery, though only thirty years old, had already had a good bit of experience with the F.B.I., because since graduating from the Yale Law School he had represented such clients as the Black Panthers, the Communist Party of Connecticut, and various other radicals in the course of his criminal-law practice.) The two women expected the F.B.I. men to drive directly over from Meriden, some twenty miles away, and wanted to be prepared for them, so they left for Avery's office at once. He was tied up, though, and it was a couple of hours before they got in to see him. "His advice was simply that we insist on having our lawyer present during any interview with the F.B.I.," Grusse said recently. "He didn't see the situation as being any problem, because in his experience whenever F.B.I. men hear someone say 'lawyer' they just go away."

Grusse and Turgeon got back home at a little before three o'clock that afternoon. Five minutes later, there was a knock at the door, and Turgeon went to answer it. Two men were waiting, and one of them—the elderly man who had spoken to Mrs. Grusse at her office—asked if she was Ellen Grusse. Turgeon introduced herself, and called Grusse. When she appeared, the older man demanded, "Where have you been? We drove all the way here from Meriden and had to wait three hours for you."

Assuming that F.B.I. agents probably spent much of their time waiting for people, Grusse ignored that point and said, "As a matter of fact, I want to talk to you about that. I went to see a lawyer, and his advice is that I not talk to you unless he is present." According to Grusse, the agents were clearly taken aback. "The older one literally gasped when I said 'lawyer,'" she said later. "He started in talking about bank robbers and murderers, and said I wasn't in any trouble, so why did I want to see a lawyer? I just handed him Avery's card and told him to set up an interview. He wanted to use my phone for that, but I said no, because I figured he was just trying to get into the apartment, and I wasn't going to allow that unless he had a warrant. Finally, I asked Terri to call Avery, but he wasn't at his office. Then the agent behaved as Avery had told us he would. First he tried the good-citizen approach: I wasn't suspected of any crime, so why wouldn't I, as a good citizen, help find these bank robbers and murderers? When I still refused to talk to him, he began threatening me, saying that I could get in a lot of trouble for harboring fugitives. Before that, he had said that I wasn't in any trouble, but now it seemed that I was, or at least could be. And if I could be, then it seemed that he was trying to trap me into incriminating myself. So I said, 'I prefer to get my legal advice from a lawyer, not the F.B.I.' After that, they left."

The agents did not call on Avery. Instead, they reported Grusse's refusal to coöperate with them to the agent in charge of the search for Saxe and Power in Connecticut, and he presented the matter to an Assistant United States Attorney, William Dow III, in New Haven, who presented it, in turn, before a federal grand jury sitting there. On January 27th, three days after the two agents attempted to question Grusse, the grand jury issued subpoenas for both her and Turgeon, stating, "You are hereby commanded to appear in the United States District Court for the District of Connecticut at P.O. Bldg. 141 Church Street—Rm. 208 in the City of New Haven on the 28th of January 1975 at 10:00 o'clock A.M. to testify before the Grand Jury." When a U.S. marshal arrived at the Grusse-Turgeon apartment on the afternoon of the twenty-seventh to serve the subpoenas, Grusse was out, working at a temporary job she had recently got, so he could serve only the subpoena for Turgeon. She telephoned Grusse and then Avery. He was surprised by the news, and unsettled by the legal problems it presented, because he was unfamiliar with grand-jury procedures and had only a few hours to prepare some kind of plea to the District Court to quash or at least delay the subpoenas' order, to gain time in which to prepare a legal defense for his clients. Avery got on the telephone at once to the National Lawyers Guild, in New York, a left-wing group he belonged to, which had prepared extensive research documents on the government's tactics in using grand juries to pursue suspects whom the F.B.I. couldn't find on its own. Late that afternoon, Grusse and Turgeon went to Avery's office for another confer-

# Sometimes it is more embarrassing to give than to receive.



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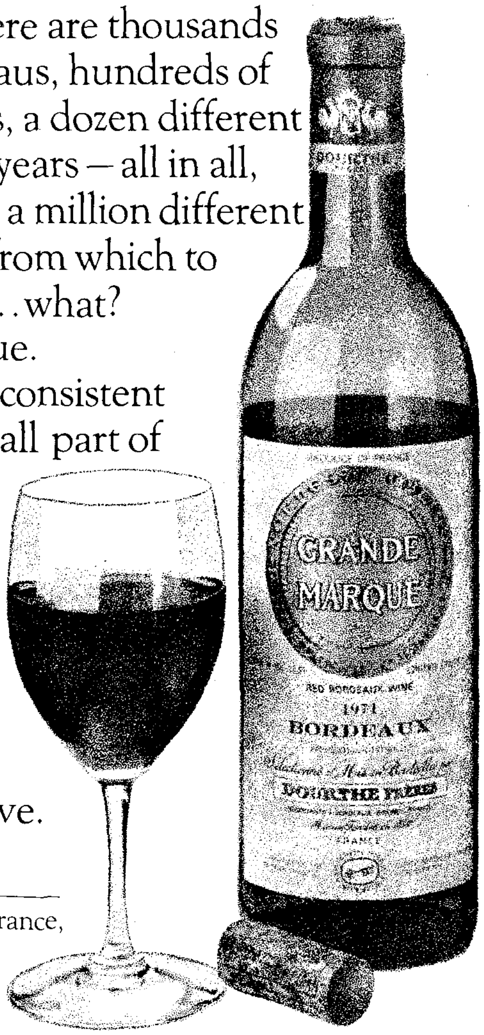

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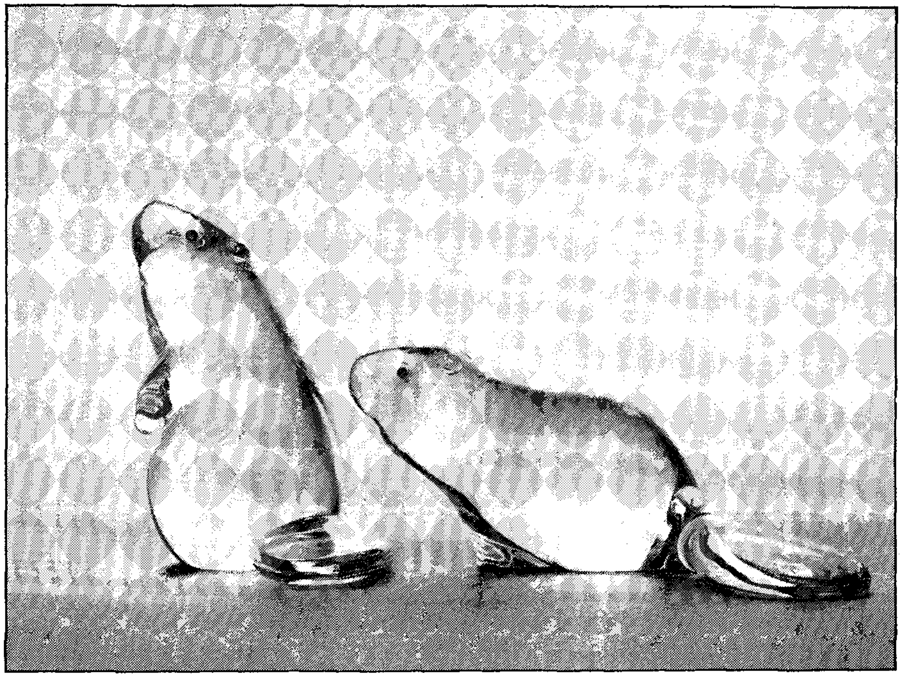

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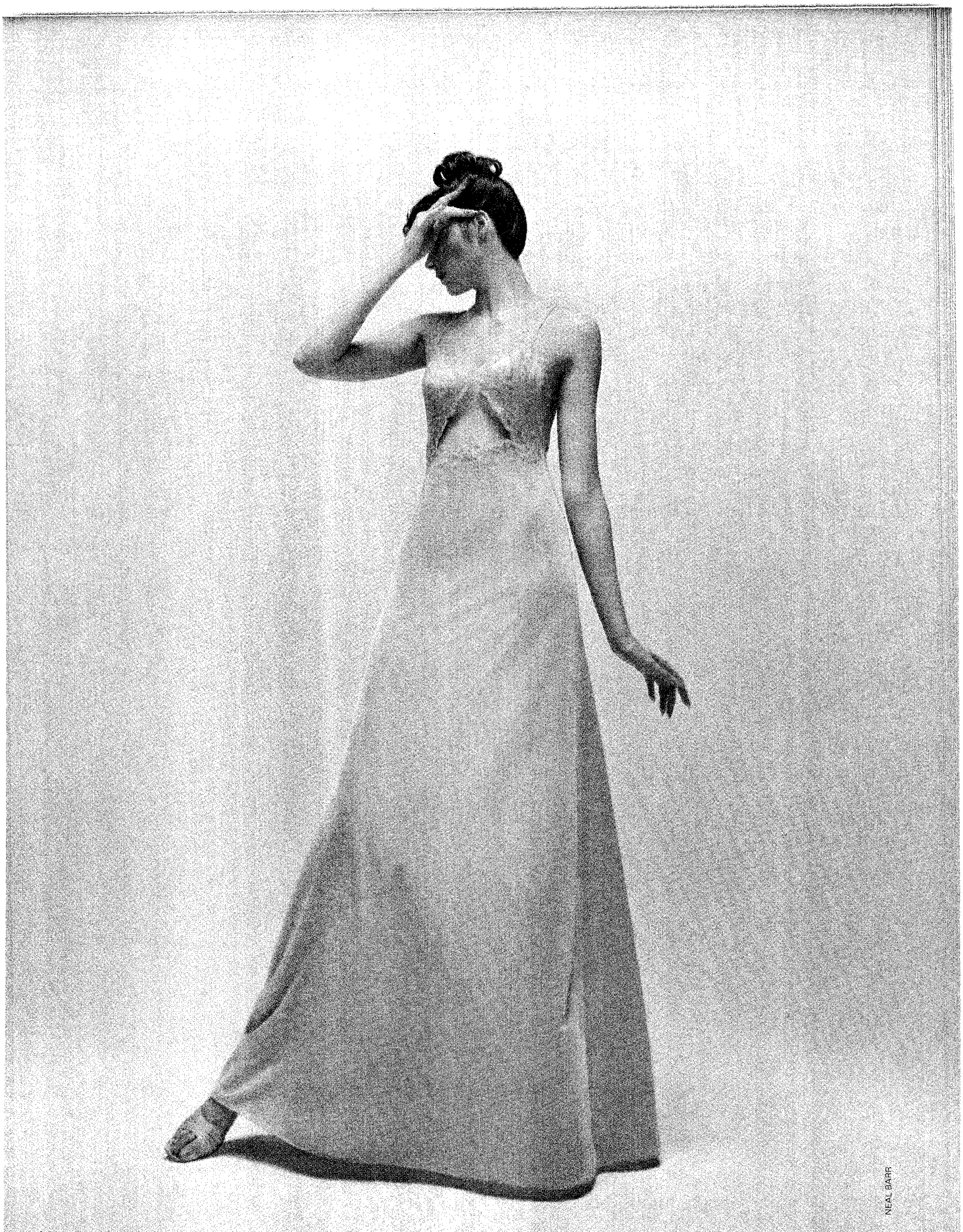
ence, and during it Grusse thought about whether she should try to avoid being served the subpoena by fleeing. She soon gave up the idea. "I was convinced that the only reason they subpoenaed Terri was because she lived with me," Grusse said. "When the F.B.I. came to talk to me, they didn't even know who she was. I decided that I couldn't let her go through it alone. I had to support her. Besides, I knew that I would have to face the thing sooner or later." At six-thirty the next morning, she was awakened by a loud pounding on the door of her apartment. She went to answer, and the same marshal asked if she was Ellen Grusse. She yawned and said that she was, and he handed her the subpoena commanding her to appear before the federal grand jury three and a half hours later.

ELLEN GRUSSE was born in Meriden, Connecticut, in June, 1946, and grew up there and in Southington, Connecticut. There were six children in the Grusse family, and although both parents worked—the father as a salesman and the mother as a private secretary—the family was often rather poorly off financially. In 1964, Ellen enrolled at the University of Connecticut at Storrs, but after a couple of years there she quit and moved to San Francisco, where she lived for three and a half years. "It was the time of the hippies and the flower children and the youth rebellion at Berkeley," she has said. "But I was very apathetic and never got involved in any of that. I wasn't interested in civil rights or the Vietnam war or the kids' fight against authority. I was very square and worked for outfits like U.S. Steel and an import-export firm, and I remained untouched by all the upheaval going on out on the West Coast at the time." In 1969, she came back East and settled in Hartford, where she got a job as a clerk with the Travelers Insurance Company. After a few months, she was promoted to the position of budget analyst, a fairly high post that paid a decent salary and gave her a good bit of responsibility. But she was dissatisfied with her life, and decided to go back to college, at night, to study psychology. After two years of work and study, she concluded that she should do one or the other and do it properly, so she arranged to work part time and go to college full time. In December, 1972, she graduated with a degree in psychology.

"During my last year in college, I began to get interested in the women's movement," she said. "It was a big



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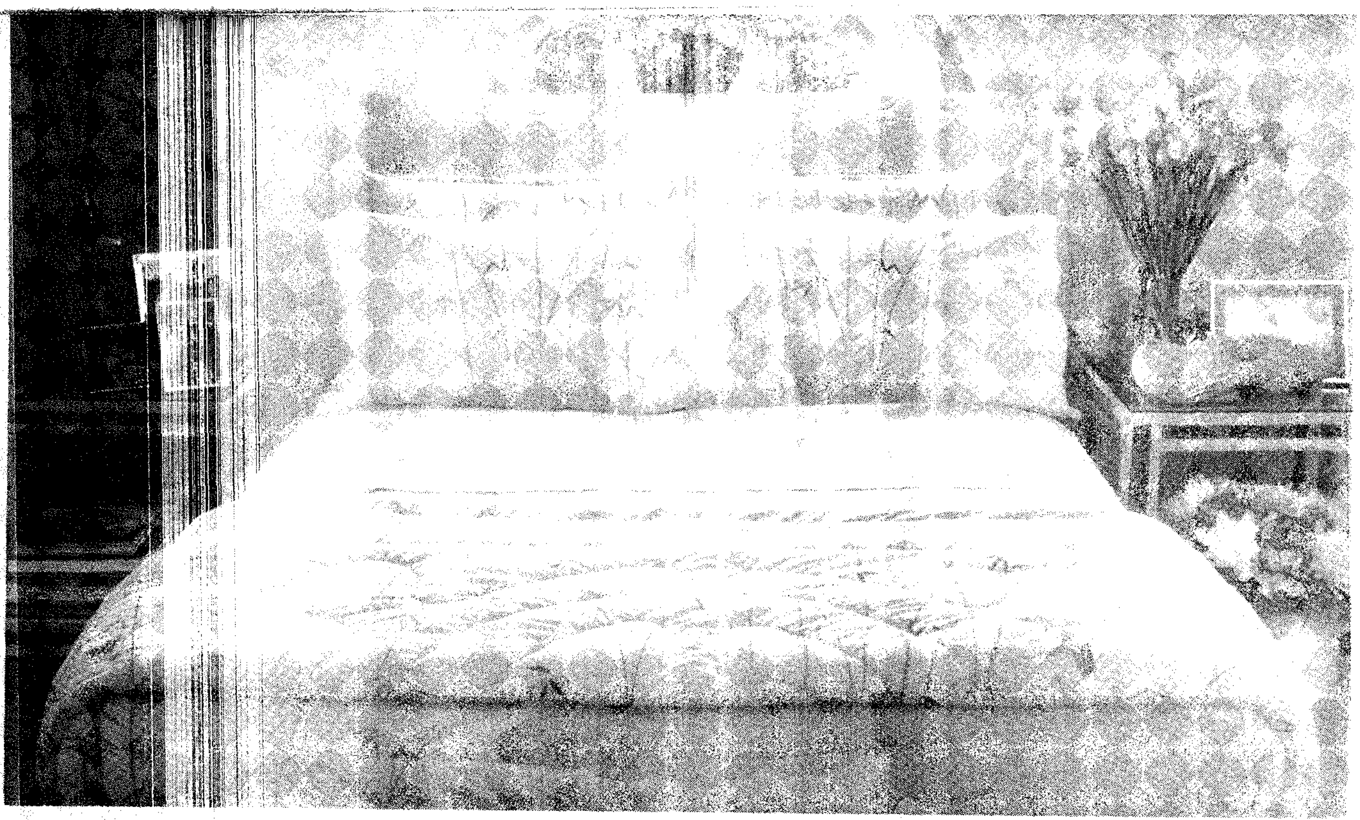

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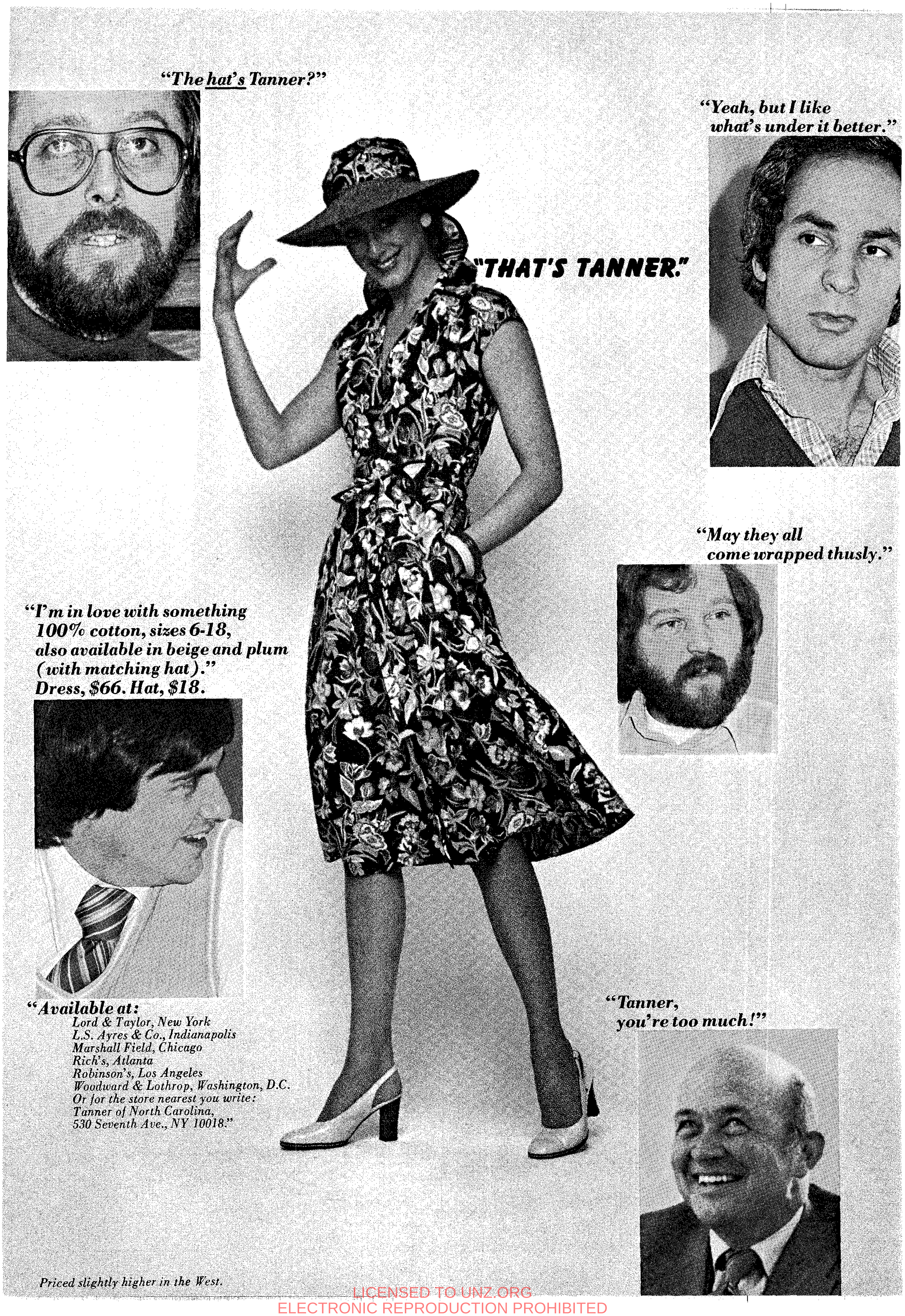

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thing in college then. All the male professors were trying to be non-sexist, and the talk about women was incessant. Then, after I left college and moved back to Hartford, I met some women who called themselves feminists. I was curious about what that meant, so I joined several feminist groups." In the fall of 1973, Grusse went to work for a farmers' milk cooperative, and before long she became a computer programmer. Her boss, a young man whom she got along with comfortably, was killed in an automobile accident, and his replacement was a much older man. "He was very stern and disagreeable and a gross sexist," Grusse recalled. "He made terrible personal remarks to me, so I quit. I went on unemployment for a few months and worked at part-time jobs when I could find them. But I spent most of my time studying the women's movement, trying to find out what it was all about and where I might fit in. Up to then, I had never fit in anyplace."

Before long, Grusse became deeply absorbed by the movement. "It was something that I could identify with very strongly, in a way that I hadn't been able to with the civil-rights movement or the anti-war movement," she explained. "Those were basically political, and I'd never been interested in politics. I always got D in political science in school. But feminism was personal for me. When women talked about sexism, I could certainly identify with them, because I had been pushed around all my life—not always by men but by the human tug-of-war our social system creates. Ever since I was a teenager, I felt different. I wasn't interested in dating or clothes or makeup. I felt there was something the matter with me. But when I got involved in the movement, I met other women who had felt the same way once but no longer did, and I began to feel that maybe there wasn't anything wrong with me after all. I fit into the women's group very easily and naturally, and that was really good for me. I guess the biggest impact feminism has had on me began during a course I took in college called 'Women in Society.' The teacher was a woman and a Marxist. Her views—the economic and political reasons behind what had happened to women over the centuries—had never occurred to me. She presented an analysis that really made me think hard. My position had been that we should fight for equal rights for women within the system. But then she opened this door to a wider view. I didn't go through that door,

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though, because at the time I couldn't accept her analysis. Then, after I graduated, there was a Marxist-feminist rap at Storrs, and I met some women in Hartford who were going, so I went along. The result was that I got involved in that approach for about a year, mostly from just studying and thinking about it on my own. During that time, I met a lot of women with widely differing opinions about what feminism means. At one end were those who feel that it means equal rights and equal pay for women—that is, equality with men. At the opposite end were the women who call themselves lesbian separatists and talk about building a lesbian nation. In between these extremes were women who see the basic structure of society as the problem and argue that society will allow some women to become equal with men but only at the cost of treading on other women to get that equality. To their way of thinking, the whole system has to be torn up and completely changed. Anyway, scattered between the equal-pay, equal-rights feminists and the lesbian separatists were Marxist feminists, Socialist feminists, lesbian feminists, and even feminist feminists. Some were for reform, some were for revolution. For myself, I fear even the word 'revolution.' It suggests violence, and any kind of violence freaks me right out."

Grusse finally settled for a Socialist-feminist group in Hartford, and as she attended its consciousness-raising sessions she found many of her lifelong assumptions about herself gradually changing. "At first, I talked about my background, and I insisted that I hadn't been hurt by it," she said. "I had been given a decent education, and had built the start of a decent career. There had been no pressure from my family to get married. Overall, I didn't see myself as being oppressed, and I believed I had a worthwhile future. But as we talked in the group, I began to see that oppression had been there all along, and was still there. I saw it in my personal relationships with men, and then I began to see it everywhere in our institutions—in the so-called power structure. While I was in the women's group in Hartford, we mostly just sat around and talked. We wanted to act, not just to affect our own lives but to reach outside ourselves and bring about social change. But we didn't know where to start. I had deep personal fears about confronting anything or anybody. During the late sixties and early seventies, I was to the right of most of my friends, who were generally liberal. My upbringing had been very conservative, and I agreed with the people who said things like 'Sure, Socialism may be all right, but how about the individual?' or 'I'd rather have an imperfect capitalist society with some freedom than an imperfect Socialist society without freedom.' When I met women in the movement who took politics very seriously and who sincerely wanted to change society, I saw that it was a very risky business. It meant that I would have to reject my family and all that I had been taught to believe in."

Grusse put off making any decision on the choice before her, and tried to translate her feminist beliefs into action by talking to the women she worked with, most of whom, she became convinced, were treated badly by the men they worked for, and all of whom seemed to her to be manipulated and underpaid by their male employers. In time, though, Grusse realized that she, too, was abusing these women. "I used to think of men as being more perfect than women," she said. "All positives and privileges were identified with men in my mind. So I thought I had to depend on men to have identity. I got involved with a man who had an important job at one place where I worked, and I became very powerful there because of my association with him. When I suddenly realized what I was doing, I hated myself. So I left the man and the job. Using that man to get power, and then abusing the women who worked with and under me to show my power, was the worst kind of betrayal of feminism, because its most vital part is the bond between women. We really *are* all sisters."

d ehrenberg

In the fall of 1974, after Grusse quit that job, there was an anti-abortion, or "pro-life," convention in Hartford, and she and two other women in her group felt that they couldn't let it go by without opposing it in some public manner. Finally, they decided to hold a pro-abortion counterdemonstration at the convention. "That was really a terrifying prospect for me," Grusse recalled. "Making a public

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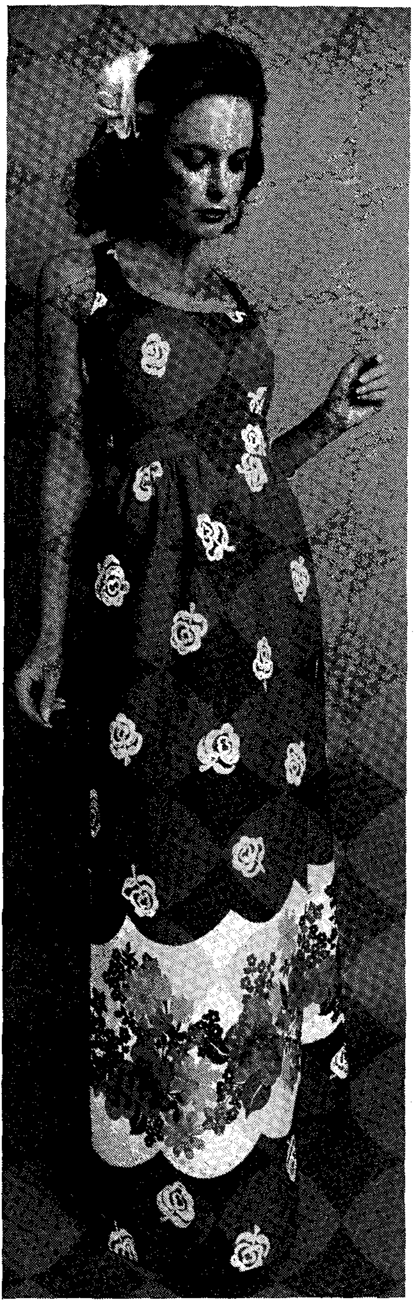

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statement was frightening. Even doing nothing more than carrying a placard around was too much for me. But we organized a group of fifteen or twenty people, mostly women from our group and a couple of men, who came and carried placards and handed out leaflets at the convention hotel. The anti-abortion people came up to us and started to argue. They were very angry and abusive, and we tried to avoid a confrontation that would lead to violence. In the end, it was just a verbal confrontation. But I didn't participate in it. I was too scared to say anything. Finally, the anti-abortion people got the hotel management to call the police, who came and made us leave because we didn't have a permit. It was a Sunday, so we went over to St. Joseph's Cathedral and handed pro-abortion leaflets to the people coming out. I was brought up as a Catholic, and that act scared me, too. When it was all over, I realized that my efforts had been futile, and I knew that I had to plug in to something more lasting. But I still didn't know what or how. I didn't have any thought of doing anything political—the pro-abortion demonstration was the extent of my political activity. When the government came after me that day, I was still being tugged between where I was coming from and where I was going. As soon as I saw those F.B.I. men, I knew I had to make a commitment."

TERRI TURGEON was born in June, 1943, in Lewiston, Maine, where her father worked in a textile mill until the business moved to the South after the Second World War. Then he became a welder and took his family—his wife and five children—to Plainville, Connecticut, and after a few years there on to Southington, Connecticut. When Terri finished high school, she went to work as a clerk in the local Grant's department store, and stayed there for two and a half years. From time to time, a travelling photographer who took baby pictures turned up at Grant's, and she decided that she would like such a job. She finally got one, and spent a couple of years travelling around New England taking baby pictures in places like Grant's. By the end of 1967, she was tired of moving around so much, and decided to settle down in Hartford, where she found work as a clerk at the Aetna Life Insurance Company. She stayed there for seven years, and ended up as a senior underwriter, one of the few women to attain such a position in that company. "By being in the

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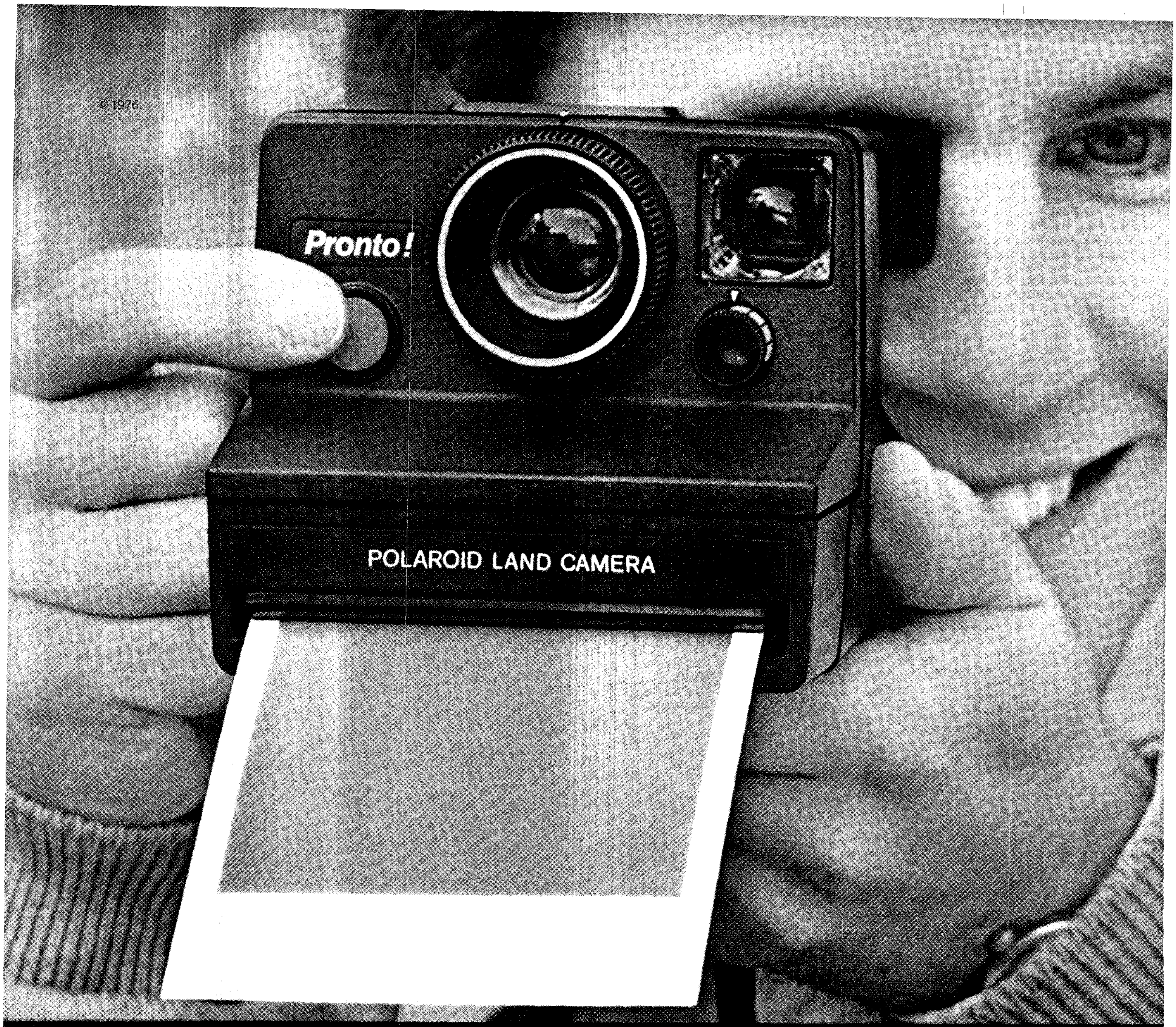

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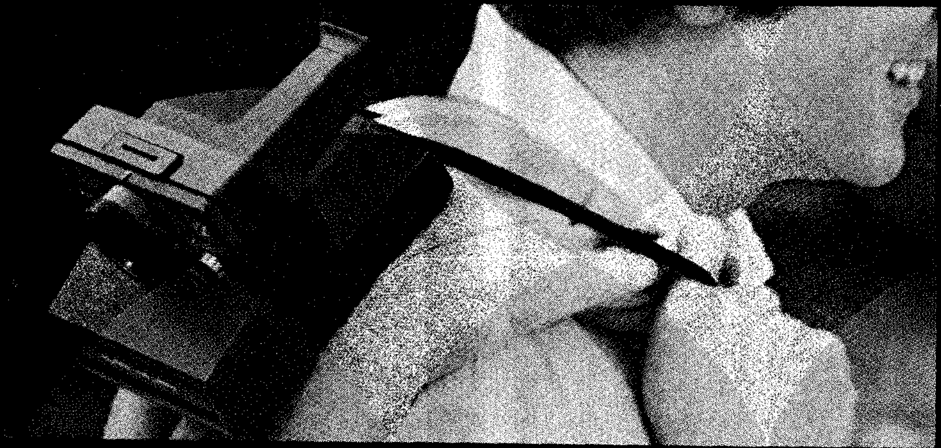

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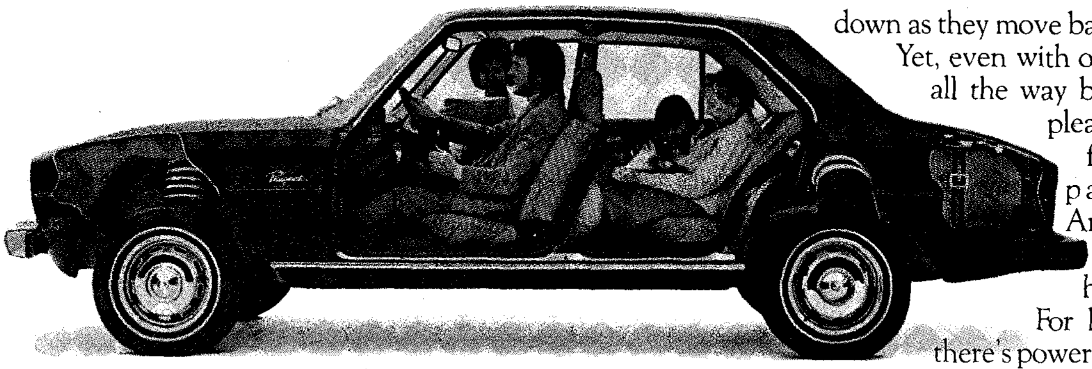

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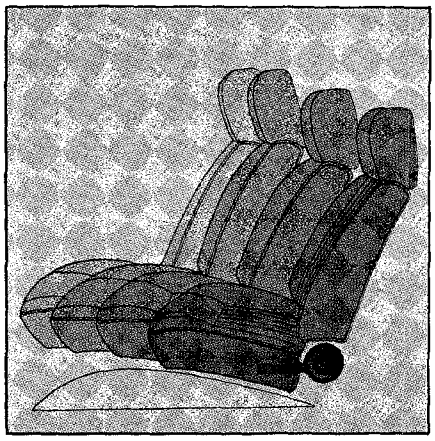

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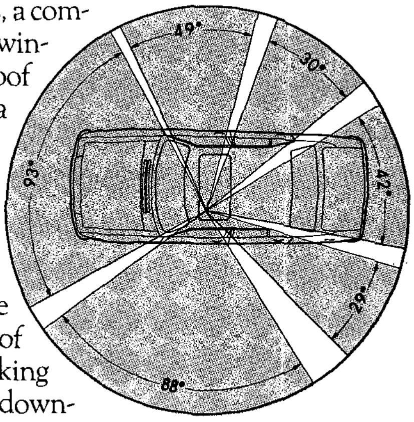

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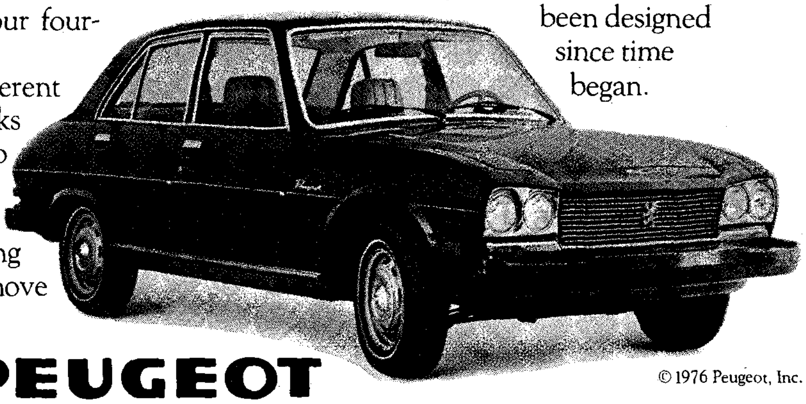

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For more information, or for details on European delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Dept. 25, 300 Kuller Road, Clifton, New Jersey 07011 right place at the right time and not being offensive to anyone, I finally got promoted to a job that had almost always been held by men," Turgeon said not long ago. "I could do the work, and did it very well—as well as any of the men there. I worked in a department with eleven men and thirty-eight other women who were all secretaries and clerks. The man in charge of the department was unbelievable. He kept making statements to the other women about my being in this high position and having privileges and responsibilities in order to suggest to the other women what they could do if they worked hard. This approach was used throughout the company then to make it look as if there were opportunities for women when there weren't. I had to put pressure on those women to make them work, and I knew full well that they couldn't go on to higher jobs in the company no matter how hard they worked. So I was forced to act like a man—except that I had to do a lot more work than the men to keep my job."

In 1974, Turgeon began to get interested in the women's movement. "I happened to meet some women who described themselves as feminists and explained to me what that meant to them," she said. "I really wanted to get involved in the movement. It would give me some dignity, I thought. These women were finally a disappointment to me personally, but I learned a lot from them. Ellen and I had met a couple of times in women's groups, and when she held the pro-abortion demonstration I joined in. I'd had strong feelings about abortion for a long time—mostly about back-alley butchers—but I'd never done anything about it. In fact, I'd never done anything about anything. The demonstration was my first political act. And I was scared. I've always been very afraid of authority. If I got a speeding ticket, I'd thank the cop for giving it to me. Anyway, I told my mother about how I wanted to get involved in these things, and she was worried I'd get sent to jail for it. I thought there was a possibility of my going to jail, like in the anti-war and civil-rights protests, but only for overnight or a day at the most. Still, I was scared. When I went along with Ellen to St. Joseph's Cathedral was when I was most afraid. I was brought up as a Catholic, and whenever my family drove past a Catholic church in our car my mother would always tell us to bow our heads."

By the fall of 1974, Turgeon had become increasingly unhappy about her

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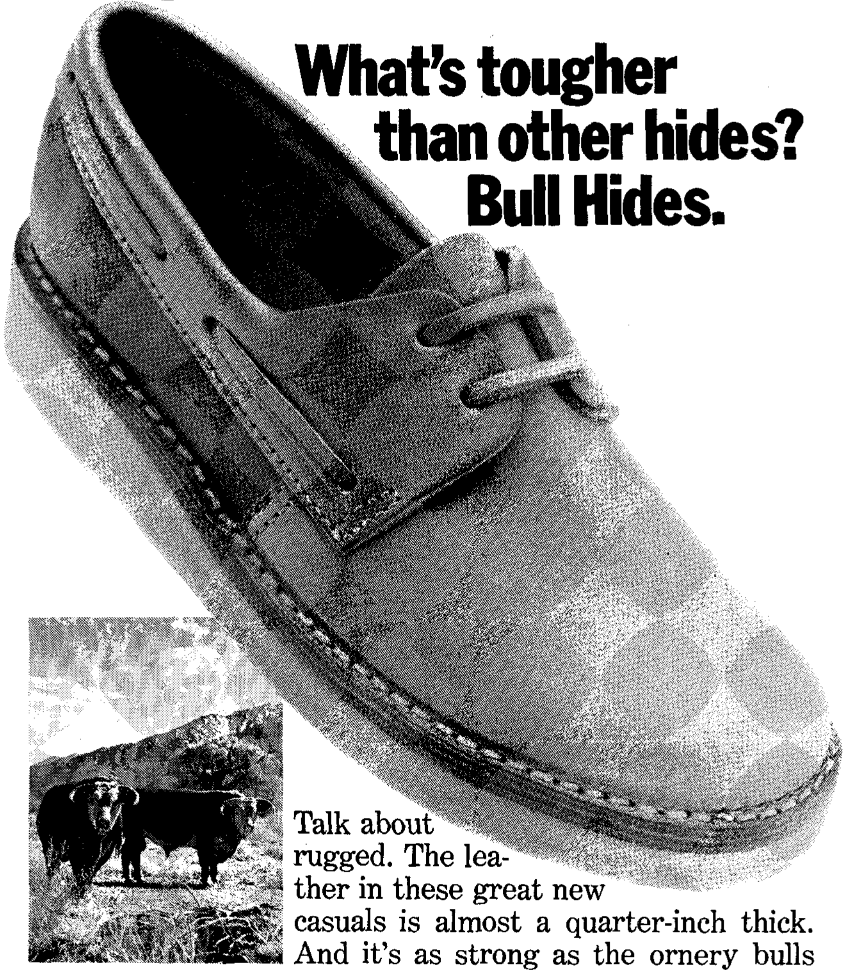

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**Mrs. Doris D. Ellis, Houston, Texas**
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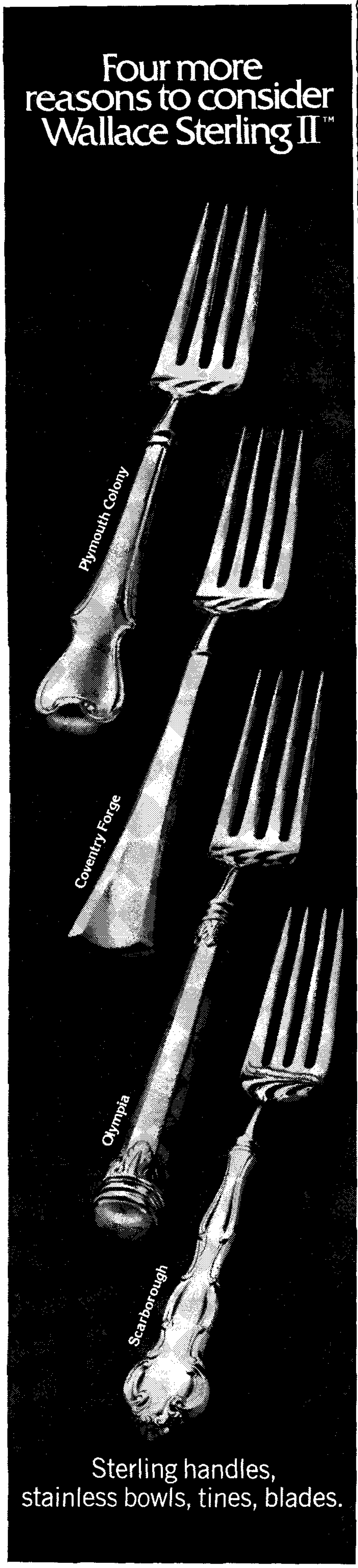
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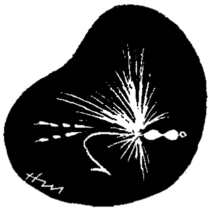
job and dissatisfied with her life in general, and she decided to study the women's movement to see if it might be for her the emotional and social haven that it was for some other women. "I wanted to know what women had been through, and to really study the movement in and out, so it seemed that the best way to start was by getting out of the job where I was the token woman, the untrue example," she said. "I quit, and since then I've learned a lot about feminism and about myself. Feminism has given me a new sense of my dignity as an individual. It has let me accept myself as a person, and now I know that it's O.K. to be who I am. It has put me in touch with my personal strengths, and allows me to call them strengths for the first time. It provides a framework in which I can say 'I am a woman' without feeling there is something basically wrong with me. It's allowed me to express some weaknesses and not be completely ashamed of them, as I would have been before. It's helped me know that I can turn to someone else and expect understanding. It's allowed me to trust others, and to make myself vulnerable and not suffer for it."

After meeting in the fall of 1974, Turgeon and Grusse continued to see each other. They soon found the kind of companionship that neither of them had known before, and decided to live together. Hartford had come to seem dull to them, the women's movement there was weak, and the city reminded them of the unhappy period before they had found each other. They looked around for a more congenial place to live, and settled on New Haven, partly because Yale gave that city a feeling of greater vitality and freedom, but largely because of the New Haven "women's community," which consisted of about a hundred militant feminists. It was not a community in a geographical sense, since its members were scattered through town, but they had a common bond—women's liberation, which is the most fundamental, and even revolutionary, movement going on in the United States today.

IN the view of the New Haven community's members (and in the view of those in similar communities around the country), the F.B.I. was using the Saxe-Power search not merely to find two fugitives from justice but to investigate this new radical movement. "At some point during the F.B.I.'s search for Saxe and Power, the Bureau found somebody who talked about the radical feminist 'network,' as the F.B.I. calls it," Avery has said. "Anyway, when the men at the top of the F.B.I. learned more about the movement—just how radical and determined these women are—they must have said, 'Jesus, we didn't know *this* was going on!' Then they began using the Saxe-Power case to learn more. While they claim that this isn't a political case at all, that's obviously nonsense. There are a lot of bank robbers and murderers loose, but the F.B.I. doesn't go to these extraordinary lengths to catch *them*. Of course, the government's idea of who is a threat to society has been weird all along. Take its attempts to break up the Socialist Workers Party over the past twenty years. A glance at that party's history shows that, as decent and progressive as it has been, it was always totally ineffectual politically. But the F.B.I. spent tens of thousands of man-hours keeping it under surveillance, getting its members fired from their jobs, rifling its offices, opening and reading its members' mail. While the government has never understood the New Left, it has no comprehension at all of things like consciousness-raising—basically, an attempt to change relationships between people—which grew out of the New Left by way of feminism. The government seems to view any sizable group of people who don't want to live the way the ordinary government official thinks people should live as conspirators and revolutionaries. Anyway, when the F.B.I. learned that a couple of fugitives had hidden out in lesbian communities it went after the lesbians under the pretext of looking for the fugitives. Naturally, F.B.I. men couldn't bear anyone who was *that* different. And when they saw that a lot of people with very different ideas and life styles were collected together in these feminist communities, they concluded, as they always have, that there must be a conspiracy to bring down the government. Actually, the women's movement *is* truly revolutionary, in a way that none of the movements of the nineteen-sixties were, because in time this movement is bound to change our political system and our society radically. Even so, there is nothing remotely illegal about feminism, so the government has no right to snoop around in it. But the government was badly frightened by all the social turmoil of the past decade, and is now determined to smash people who look dangerous before they can do any harm. That's why we have to op-



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pose the government at every step of the way. If we don't, it will smash all of us by destroying the freedom of the individual to be an individual. That's the conspiracy this country faces today."

During the Presidency of Richard Nixon, the Administration saw, or pretended to see, conspirators everywhere. To impose a tyrannical conformity on the nation, the Administration tried to destroy its political opponents by charging them with crimes, and conspiracy to commit crimes, against the state, and it prosecuted scores of people who had done little more than raise their voices in protest against the government's illicit use of its power. While the government lost almost every case that it took to court, it doubtless intimidated thousands of people who feared the same treatment if they spoke out. That result was as useful to the Administration as convictions and long prison sentences would have been, for it was conformity—subservience, in the end—that Nixon was after, so that he could do as he pleased with the nation. Although Nixon and his top confederates were run out of office, most of the hundreds of officials who carried out their orders—particularly, agents of the F.B.I., members of United States Attorneys' offices around the country, and lawyers in the Department of Justice—remain at their posts. For instance, Guy Goodwin, who headed the special-litigation section of the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department under Nixon and directed the prosecutions of the Harrisburg Seven, the Gainesville Eight, the Camden Twenty-eight, and numerous other political cases, is still at work in the Department. And most of the U.S. Attorneys who tried such cases are also still in office. The methods used during the late sixties and early seventies to silence the opposition and the methods used in the searches for Patricia Hearst or Susan Saxe and Katherine Power are almost identical. The government claims that in its investigation of the more militant parts of the women's movement it has been solely concerned about a different kind of conspiracy—a conspiracy to conceal the whereabouts of two women charged with bank robbery and murder. Government spokesmen also contend that the women's movement has used the F.B.I.'s investigation to create a smoke screen to conceal its own divisions and shortcomings, as well as to get publicity and converts. And, finally, the government has stated that whatever it has done has been entirely legal, and

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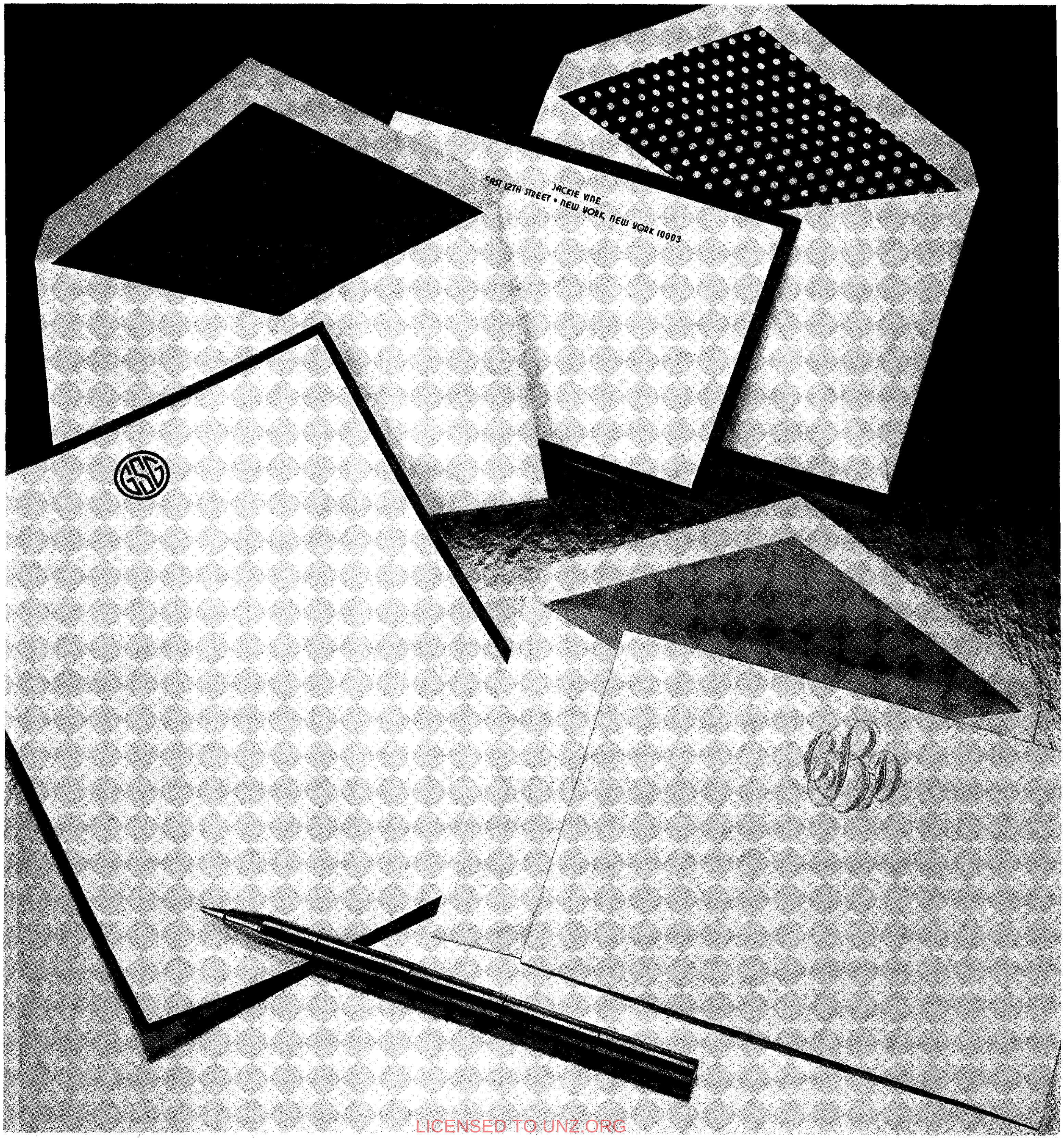

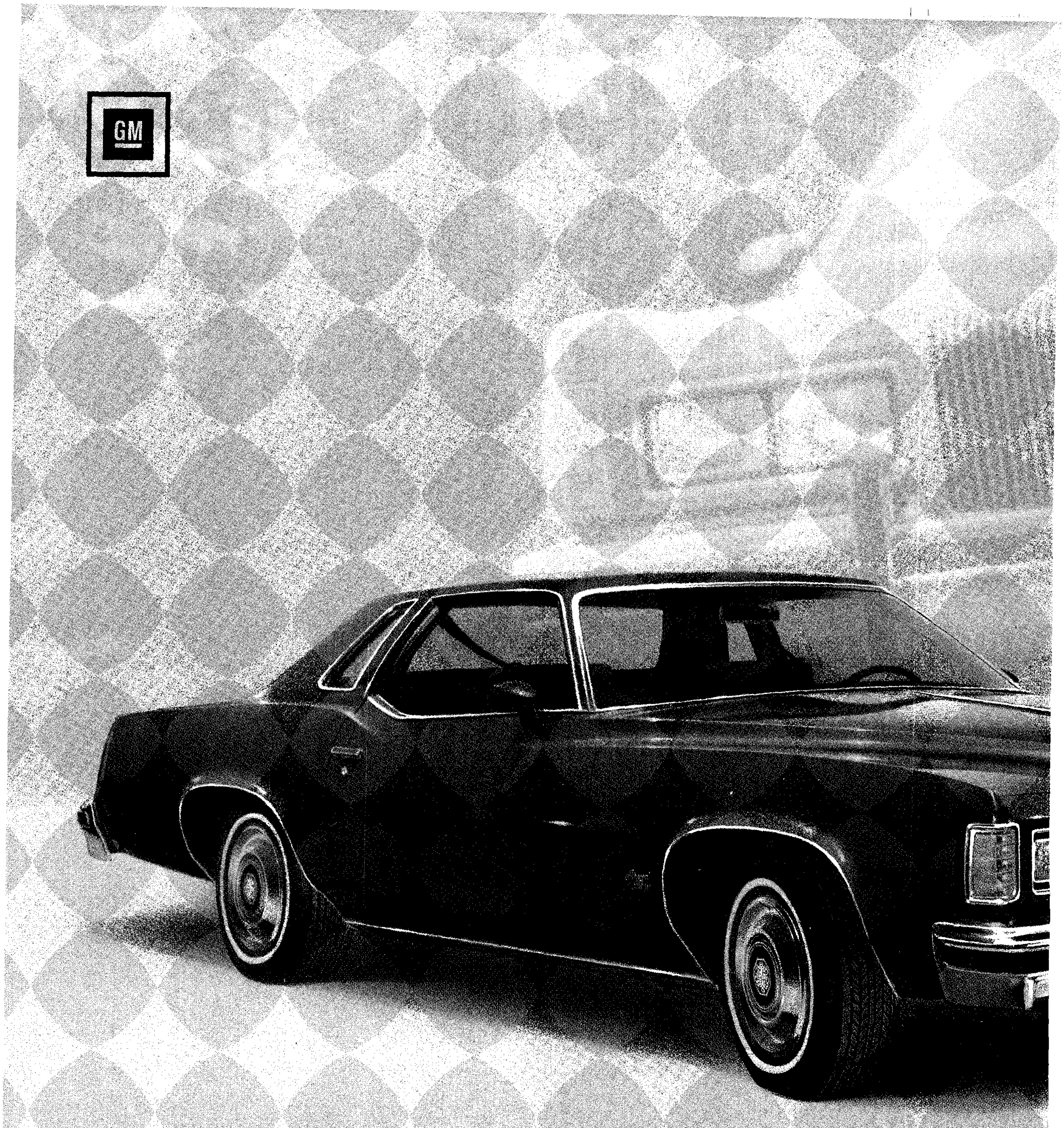

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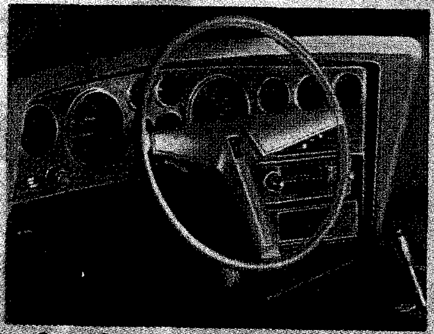

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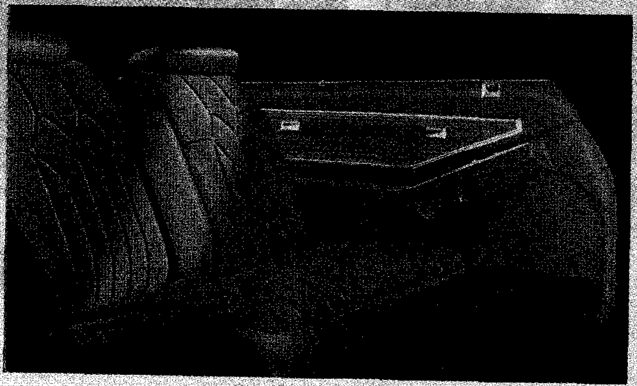

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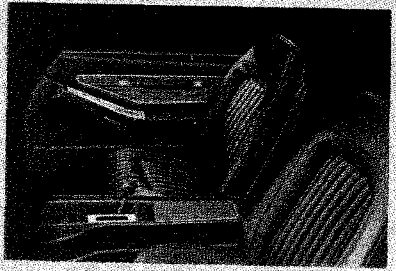

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that it has merely used, and will go on using, all the lawful means available to it in order to bring such fugitives to justice. If the only way of doing that is by questioning people about their personal lives, the government says, then it will question them, under the established legal principle that the state has a right to every person's evidence.

The primary question in the case—whether Turgeon and Grusse knew anything about Saxe and Power that might have helped the government in its search for them—can be answered only by the four women, perhaps their lawyers, and possibly some close friends. To the government, it has seemed that Grusse and Turgeon must have known something that could have been useful to the authorities. Otherwise, it has been said, the two women would undoubtedly have talked freely and demonstrated that they knew nothing of any significance. This conclusion ignores a number of possibilities. It may seem unlikely that Grusse and Turgeon had not met Saxe and Power (at least as Paley and Kelly) or known others who knew them; if they knew nothing, the two women could simply have answered no to every question asked them before a grand jury and gone on their way. But the *kind* of knowledge they may have had could go far to explain their silence. For instance, they may have unwittingly committed some kind of offense that they only later learned was a crime—say, that they had known someone who had put up two strange women for a night without knowing they were fugitives, that Grusse and Turgeon had subsequently learned who the strangers were and what they were charged with and had not informed the police about the incident, as required by law. Or they may not have known the fugitives at all but simply knew someone else who knew them, who had nothing of value to reveal, and who would be irreparably damaged in some way by being dragged into the case; in that event, the only way for the two women to avoid going to prison, even though they were wholly innocent, would have been to betray someone else who was also innocent. Since grand-jury proceedings are not supposed to be made public—except that witnesses are free to report what was asked them and what they answered—if Grusse and Turgeon were to testify about anything, however unimportant, it might appear to outsiders that they had given the government information that ultimately led to the fugitives' capture. In other words, the only way for Grusse

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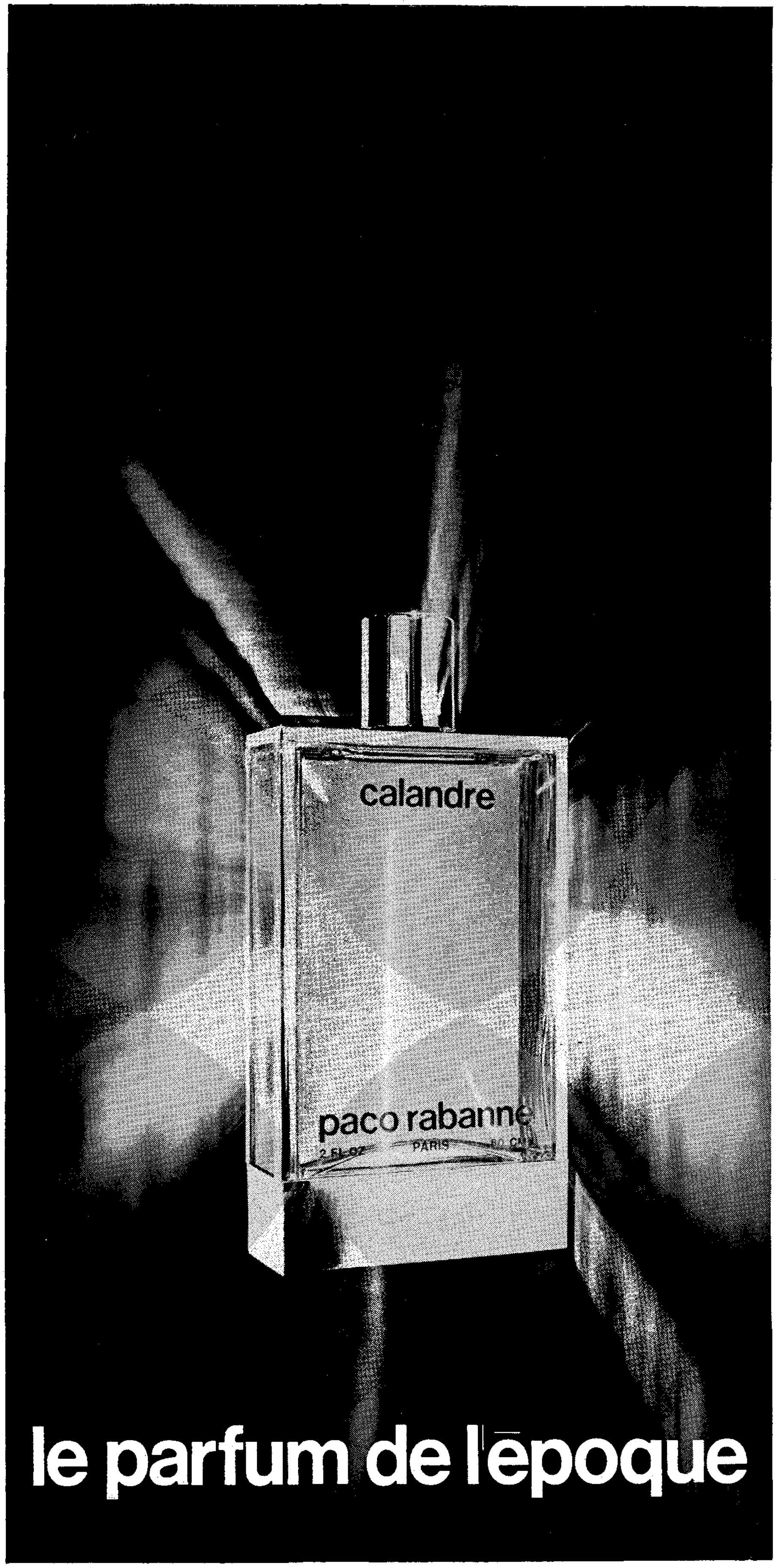

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and Turgeon to prove that they hadn't become informers would be to go to prison to show that they had remained silent. Further, if they testified in secret before the grand jury about anything of the slightest import, no matter how innocent they were personally of any wrongdoing, they could later be compelled, under another grant of immunity, to testify in public at a trial of Saxe, Power, or anyone who had been culpably involved with them. Given the intense loyalty in the women's movement, any act of this kind would surely have closed all doors to the sanctuary that Grusse and Turgeon had found at last. Or they may have known the fugitives only under their aliases, may have known nothing about their past or present whereabouts, and may have felt that they had to resist official intrusion into their private lives, since it could produce nothing of use to the government and might seem like a betrayal of two friends who, as far as Grusse and Turgeon knew at the time, were simply a couple of innocent women. Finally, of course, the two women may have known the fugitives by their true identity, may have known what they were accused of, and may have helped hide them. In that case, they would have been guilty of committing serious crimes, and could scarcely be expected to be informers against themselves. One of the most ancient principles of Anglo-Saxon law is "*Nemo tenetur prodere seipsum*," or "No man is bound to betray himself"—a principle that is embodied in the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution, which states, among other things, that no one "shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself."

For their own part, Turgeon and Grusse would say only that they had done nothing wrong. Apparently, the government believed that this claim was false—at the outset, anyway—for Dow, the Assistant U.S. Attorney in charge of the case, told Avery around the time the women were subpoenaed that he felt obliged, "in all fairness," to warn him that his clients were "targets" of the grand jury; in other words, they were likely to be prosecuted, although he would not say for what crime. Avery passed this news on to the women, and explained to them that the only way they could legally refuse to testify would be by pleading their Fifth Amendment right not to speak on the ground that whatever they said might incriminate them. (Assertion of that right seems to most laymen, to all too many lawyers, and even to some judges to be tantamount to an admission of criminal guilt of some kind, though there are often many reasons an innocent person might wish to remain silent.) But even a Fifth Amendment plea would not secure their right of silence for long, Avery went on, because the Department of Justice could ask the court to grant them immunity against any future prosecution based on their testimony. Once a grant of immunity was offered them and the court ordered them to answer all questions asked by the prosecutor in the presence of the grand jury, he explained, their refusal to answer would amount to contempt of court. Moreover, it was up to the government to decide whether to prosecute for civil or criminal contempt. And under the law civil contempt may be more harshly punished than criminal contempt, for in criminal-contempt cases where the government asks for a sentence of more than six months defendants have a right to trial by jury, whereas in civil-contempt cases recalcitrant witnesses can be sent off to prison immediately, with no more than a judge's order, and can be kept locked up until either they agree to talk or the term of the grand jury expires. In the present case, the grand-jury term was to expire on April 1st—slightly more than two months away. Moreover, if the women refused to coöperate with the government and were found in contempt and imprisoned, once they were released they could be again subpoenaed to appear before a newly impanelled grand jury, and if they again refused to talk they could be sent back to prison for the life of the new grand jury—ordinarily eighteen months. The civil-contempt provision under current law is so unclear that conceivably the courts could rule that recalcitrant witnesses must spend the rest of their lives in prison without ever having been charged, tried, or convicted of a crime. But Avery's interpretation of the law had convinced him that his clients couldn't be imprisoned for more than eighteen months altogether, no matter how many grand juries they refused to testify before on this issue. In any event, Avery told them that Dow had warned him he meant to have them cited for contempt and jailed if they were granted immunity and refused to testify, would subpoena them again to appear before the succeeding grand jury, and would send them back to jail once more.

GRUSSE and Turgeon decided to take their chances. "We have an absolute moral belief that the in-

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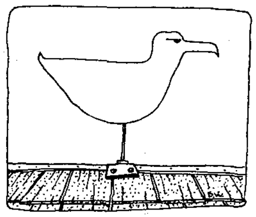
vestigation the government is engaged in will violate our basic constitutional and human rights," they stated in a press release that they put out shortly afterward to explain their reasons for refusing to testify. "We believe that the right to privacy and confidentiality in human relationships goes beyond those traditionally recognized confidences such as attorney-client, spouse-to-spouse, doctor-patient, etc. We believe that every person has the right to keep her affairs private without intervention by government agents. . . . Although we fear the complete loss of freedom and dignity that [imprisonment] holds for us, we feel strongly that it is imperative to insist on our fundamental rights and to halt the chain of invasions that is perpetuated by coöperation with government abuse of power." As absolute as their moral belief was and as just as their cause may have seemed to them, they didn't have a scrap of law on their side.



Avery and Polan worked all afternoon and evening and far into the night preparing three motions on their clients' behalf. The first asked the presiding judge to quash the subpoenas. The second asked the judge to delay the witnesses' appearance before the grand jury in order to give them time to prepare a legal position on the issue. And the third asked the judge to instruct the grand jury that it "is not subservient to the United States Attorney but has its own independent responsibility for calling witnesses and issuing indictments; that witnesses have an absolute right to assert the Fifth Amendment prior to any grant of immunity to compel testimony, and the grand jurors are to draw no inference from the exercise of Fifth Amendment rights; that witnesses have the right to leave the room to consult with their attorneys, and the grand jurors are to draw no inference from such actions; [and] that the grand jury can decline to question a recalcitrant witness, and thereby not compel her to choose between violation of her conscience by testifying or sentence to jail."

Avery completed the motions just before Grusse and Turgeon arrived at nine o'clock on the morning of January 28th at his office—a small, plainly furnished suite of rooms that he shared with two partners in an old building a few blocks from the federal court. They walked with Avery to the post office—where the District Court, the U.S. Attorney's office, and the grand-jury room were situated, on the second floor. He asked the women to wait in the anteroom of the U.S. Attorney's office while he had a talk with Dow to see if he had changed his mind about demanding their testimony. As Avery later stated in court, when he entered Dow's office he found him with David Miller, the F.B.I. agent in charge of the Saxe-Power investigation in Connecticut. Dow immediately told Avery that he had been wrong the day before when he said that Grusse and Turgeon were targets of the grand-jury investigation, and added, "I have had a further conversation with the F.B.I. agent, and all [he] really wanted to do is talk to these women, and if they will talk to Mr. Miller—and you can even be present—that will be the end of the matter." Avery replied that his clients refused to talk to any government official about their personal lives, and rejected the offer.

District Court Judge Jon O. Newman (who had served for five years as U.S. Attorney in Hartford before being appointed to the federal bench by President Nixon in 1972) agreed to hear Avery's motions and oral arguments from both sides on the issues raised. During the hearing, Judge Newman contemptuously dismissed Avery's arguments, formally denied his motions, and ordered the witnesses to be ready to testify before the grand jury at 2 P.M. It was then nearly twelve-thirty, and Avery pointed out that he had a trial before Judge Newman starting at two o'clock, and could not be both in court and outside the grand-jury room to advise his clients at the same time. The Judge brushed aside that argument, too, and ordered the trial to commence as scheduled and Grusse and Turgeon to be in the U.S. Attorney's office at two o'clock.

The only local lawyer Avery could think of to take his place outside the grand-jury room was a young man by the name of David Rosen, who was also a graduate of Yale Law School and had offices in Avery's building. As it turned out, Rosen was off on business in Bridgeport, but when Avery finally tracked him down by telephone Rosen said he would drive back to New Haven immediately. He arrived at Avery's office at one-forty-five, which gave Avery only fifteen minutes in which to brief him on the case during the walk to the post office. "That is what we call 'due process

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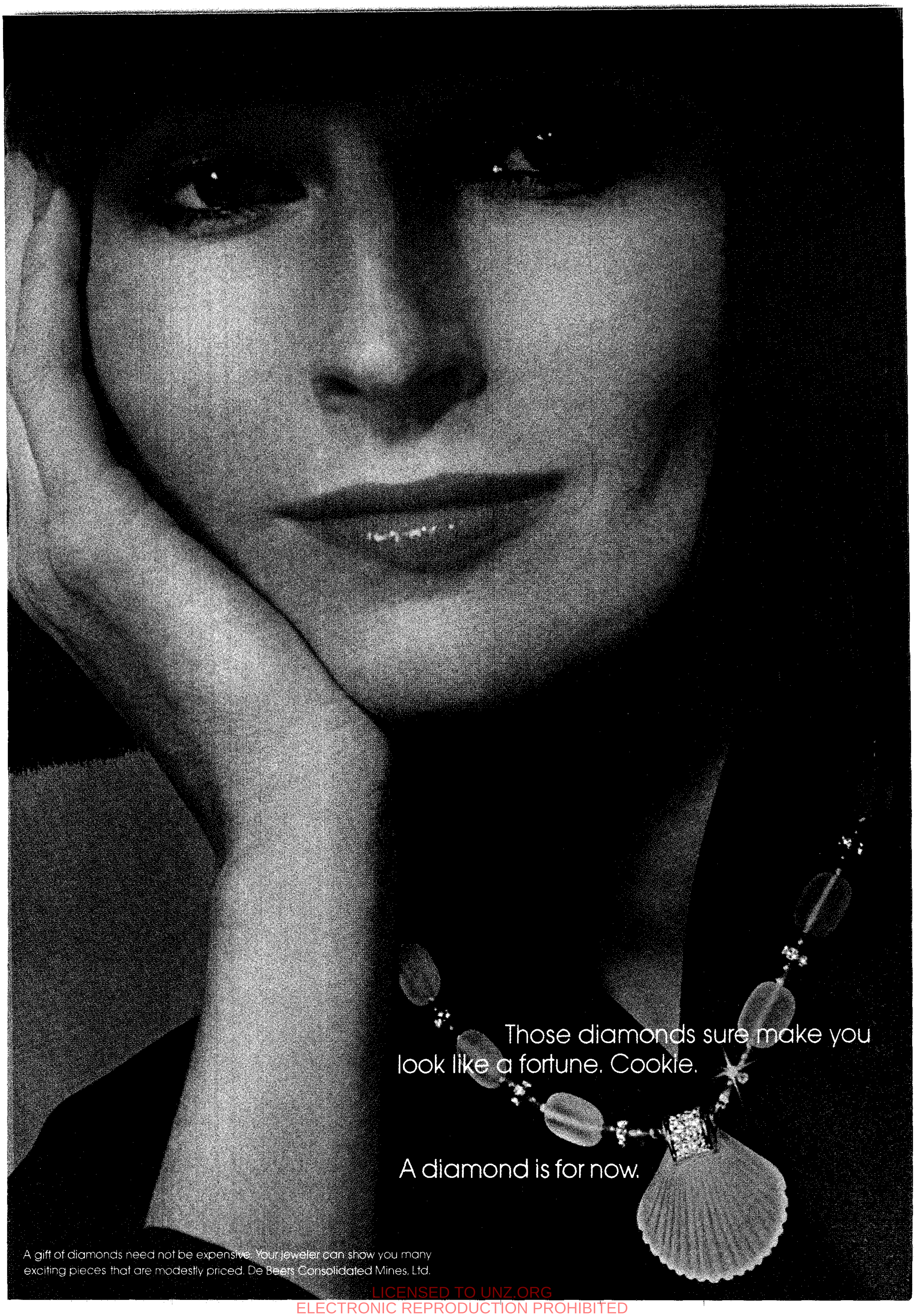
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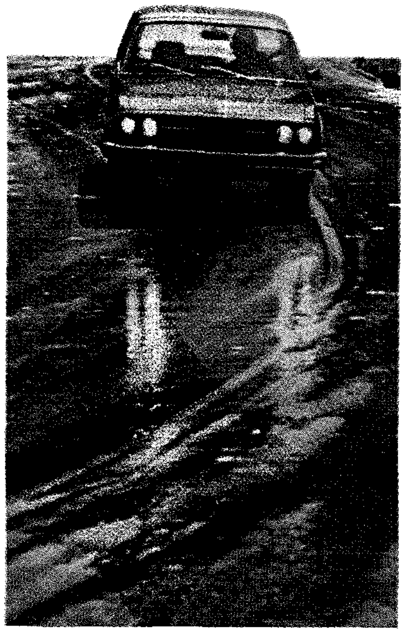

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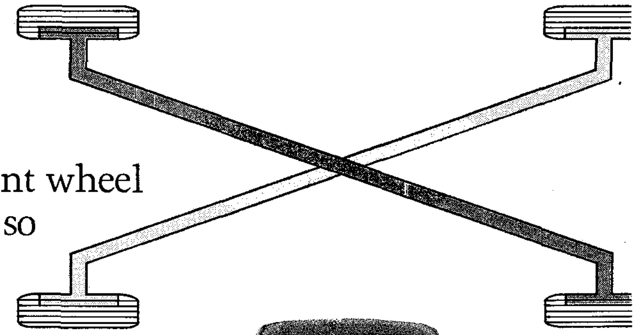

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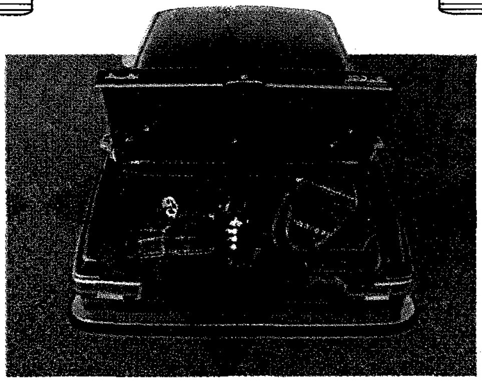

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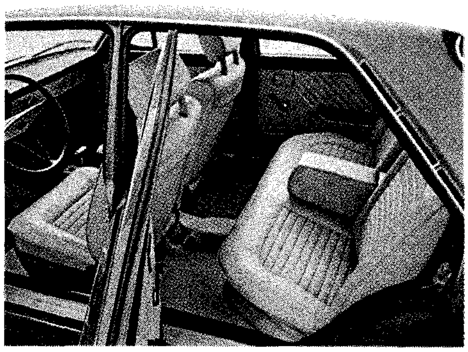

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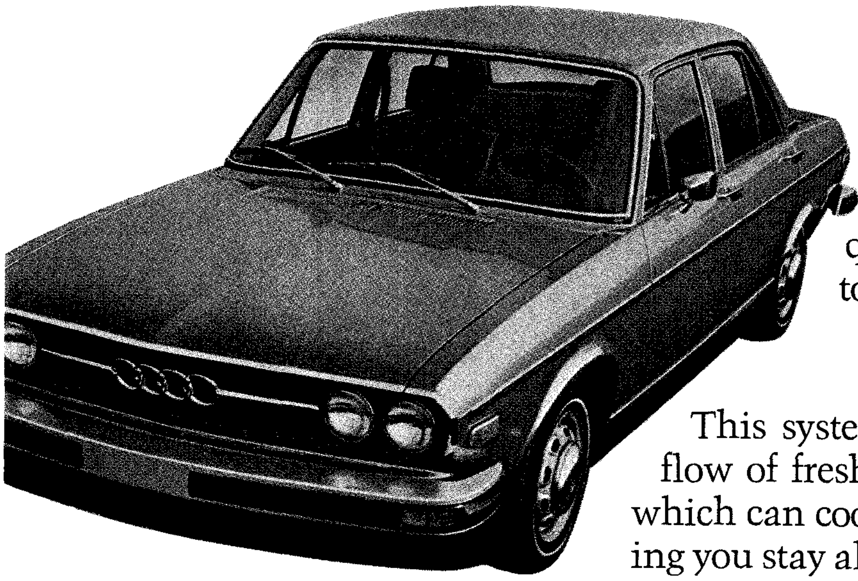

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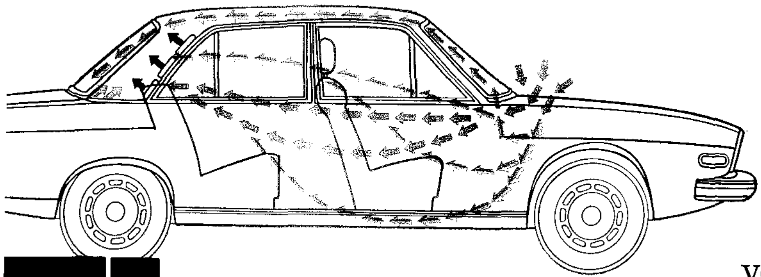

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of law,' " Avery said later. At two o'clock, Grusse, Turgeon, and Rosen were waiting outside the grand-jury room, in a marble-floored hallway around the corner from the courtroom of the federal District Court.

Grusse was summoned before the grand jury first, and she entered the chamber—a large room with a T-shaped table—to find Dow seated at the head of the T and the grand jurors, twenty-three, as required by federal law, seated to his right and left and down both sides of the leg of the T, as well as in chairs along two walls of the room. Grusse was directed to the witness chair, at the foot of the T, next to a court stenotypist. "The atmosphere was very intimidating," Grusse said afterward. "The room was crowded and stuffy, and when I sat down and saw the stenotypist beside me ready to take down my every word and all those grand jurors staring at me I was scared—very scared. I had been able to build up some confidence and strength before I went in there, but the whole thing was so terrifying that I lost most of my nerve right away." To regain control of herself, Grusse began concentrating on Rosen's advice. He had warned the two women that if they answered any questions besides what their names were, they might thereby waive their Fifth Amendment right and have to answer all questions asked them. He had suggested that they not refuse to answer each question on Fifth Amendment grounds as soon as it was asked but that they write down each question, appear to hesitate over whether or not they should answer it, and then ask if they might go outside to confer with their lawyer. By this means, he explained, they would have a chance to learn what Dow's purpose and the scope of the grand jury's inquiry were. If they answered all the questions by immediately "taking the Fifth," Rosen warned them, Dow would probably stop after the second or third question and excuse them.

Grusse's voice shook when she gave her name, and then Dow asked his first question—her address. Grusse wrote down the question and asked if she could consult her lawyer before answering. Dow nodded, almost imperceptibly, to the foreman of the grand jury, who gave the permission, and Grusse rose and walked outside to where Rosen and Turgeon were waiting. She handed Rosen the piece of paper she had written the question on; he glanced at it and handed her another piece of paper, on which he had

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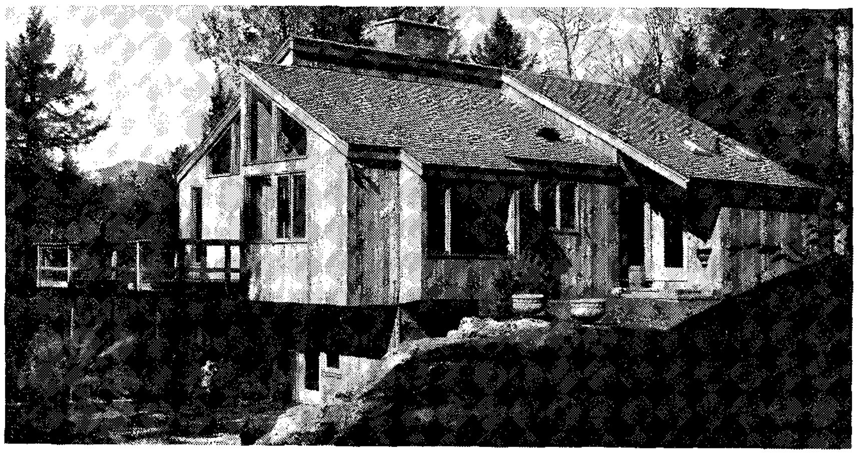

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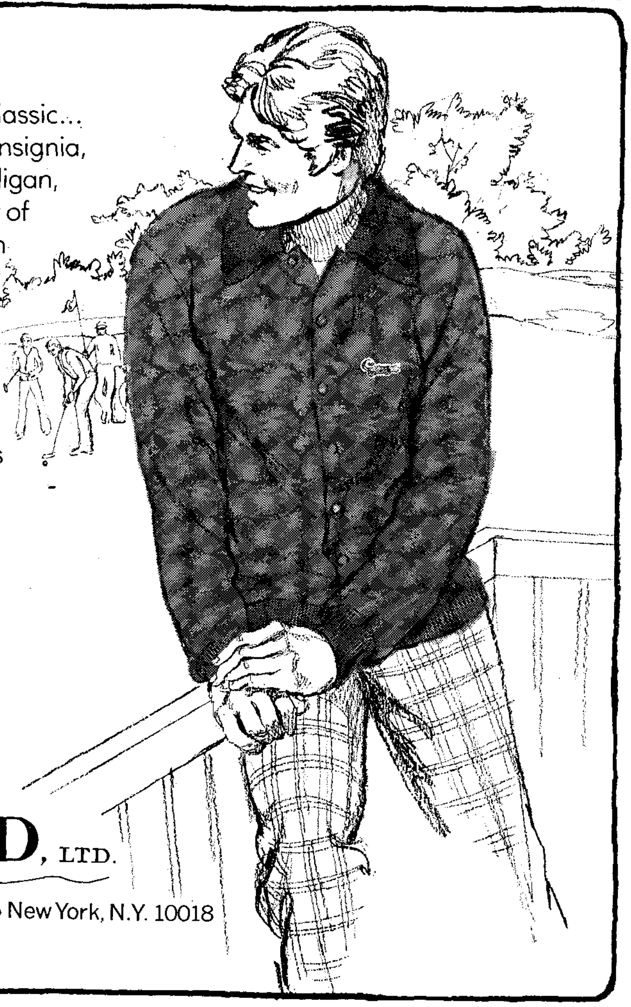

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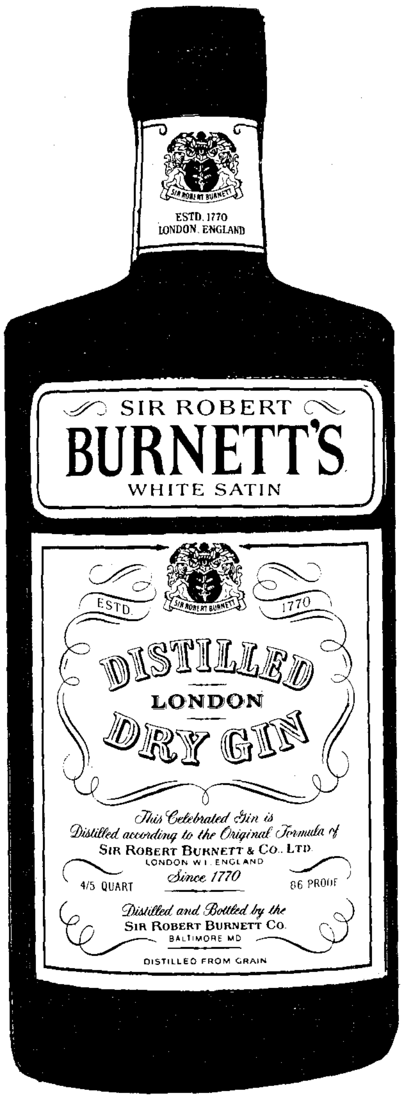

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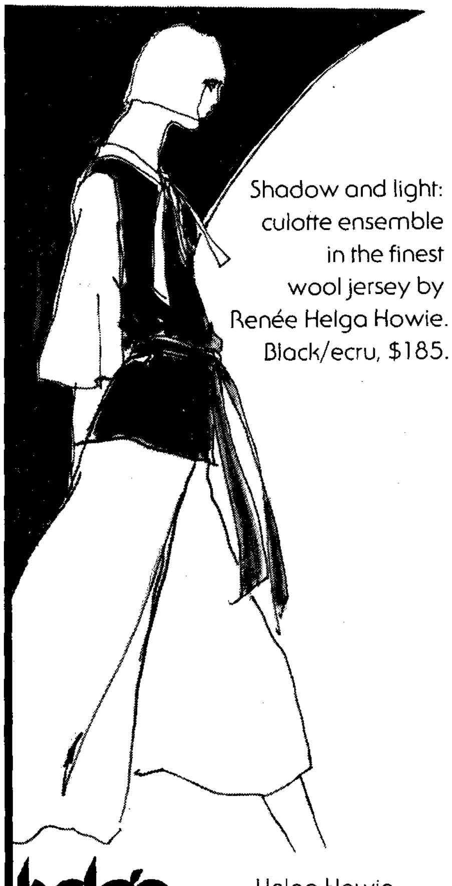
written the answer. She looked at it distractedly and said, "God, it's terrible in there—terrible." Turgeon put an arm around Grusse's shoulder and murmured a few words of encouragement to her.

Returning to the grand-jury room, Grusse sat down and read the answer Rosen had prepared: "I decline to answer the question. I have been advised by my lawyer that if I answer this question I will have waived my right to refuse to answer other questions. I am basing my refusal to answer on my right not to give evidence which might tend to incriminate myself, which right is secured to me by the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States." There was a long silence, during which Dow and most of the grand jurors stared at her. She tried to return their looks firmly, but her courage failed her, and she looked down at the table. The silence—especially the silence of the stenotype machine, above which Grusse could see the court reporter's fingers poised—was nearly unendurable, and she gulped in relief when Dow finally went on to his next question: whether she knew Susan Edith Saxe, by name or alias. Again she went outside, and came back to give the same answer. She was then asked the same question about Katherine Ann Power, and went through the same procedure. Dow asked her to identify photographs of the fugitives, which she declined to do. Then he asked whether she had ever met various women at a certain address in Hartford—women whom he identified only by their first names—and she again took the Fifth. Finally, Dow had a brief whispered conversation with the foreman, who nodded and then dismissed the witness. Turgeon was asked fewer questions, and was released after spending a dozen minutes in and out of the hearing room.

In the end, Rosen and Avery concluded that the questions asked the two women were based on nothing more than suspicion—especially since Dow cited only the first names of women the witnesses may have been associated with—and that the grand jury was being improperly used as an investigative body. Even so, had either witness answered any of the questions incorrectly she could have been prosecuted for perjury. And had she answered in the affirmative the key question put to her—whether she knew Saxe and Power—the next question undoubtedly would have been whether she knew that they were wanted for bank robbery and murder; in answering *that*, she might



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Stay tuned as television continues to inform. And to entertain in many special ways, as the listing below attests.

**Noah's Animals.** Ark story from animals' point of view. Monday, April 5 (8-8:30 pm).

**Dick Cavett's Backlot U.S.A.** With Mae West, Gene Kelly, John Wayne, Mickey Rooney. Monday, April 5 (10-11 pm).

**The Selfish Giant.** Oscar Wilde tale, animated. Tuesday, April 6 (8-8:30 pm).

**Santiago's America.** ABC Afterschool Special—Youngster's odyssey to California. Wednesday, April 7 (4:30-5:30 pm).

**Perry Como's Spring in New Orleans.** Leslie Uggams, Dick Van Dyke at the Mardi Gras. Wednesday, April 7 (9-10 pm).

**Truman at Potsdam.** Hallmark Hall of Fame—Historic 1945 meeting of Truman, Stalin and Churchill. Thursday, April 8 (8-9:30 pm).

**Women of the Year.** Awards for outstanding contributions by women. Thursday, April 8 (9:30-11 pm).

**The First Easter Rabbit.** Animated, with voices of Burl Ives, Stan Freberg, Robert Morse. Friday, April 9 (8-8:30 pm).

**The Story of David.** ABC Theatre—Life of Biblical warrior-ruler with Timothy Bottoms, Anthony Quayle, Susan Hampshire, others. Friday, April 9; Sunday, April 11 (9-11 pm).

**It's the Easter Beagle, Charlie Brown.** Monday, April 12 (8-8:30 pm).

**Rikki Tikki Tavi.** Based on Kipling tale. Monday, April 12 (8:30-9 pm).

**The Phantom Rebel.** Special Treat—Drama set in Boston during Revolution. Tuesday, April 13 (4-5 pm).

**The Original Rompin' Stompin' Hot and Heavy, Cool and Groovy All Star Jazz Show.** CBS Festival of Lively Arts for Young People—With group of all-time jazz greats. Tuesday, April 13 (4-5 pm).

**Last Days.** Sandburg's Lincoln—Final segment, with Hal Holbrook, Sada Thompson. Wednesday, April 14 (10-11 pm).

**The Waltons: The Easter Story.** Thursday, April 15 (8-10 pm).

**The Greatest Story Ever Told.** Biblical film with Max Von Sydow, Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters. Thursday, April 15; Saturday, April 17 (9-11 p.m.)

**ABC News Closeup.** Probes abuses of organized medicine. Thursday, April 15 (10-11 pm).

**A Boy Named Charlie Brown.** Feature film of "Peanuts" kids. Friday, April 16 (8-9:30 pm).

**The Olympic Champions and Challengers.** Personal stories of 24 American, Soviet athletes. Saturday, April 17 (8-9 pm).

**The Right to Believe.** Directions—History of religious freedom in America. Sunday, April 18 (12 noon-1 pm).

**The Tony Awards.** Broadway's annual tribute to stars, plays. Sunday, April 18 (9-11 pm).

**Gun Control: Pro and Con.** ABC News Closeup. Tuesday, April 20 (10-11 pm).

**CBS Reports: Busing.** Tuesday, April 20 (10-11 pm).

**Blind Sunday.** ABC Afterschool Special—A blind girl and athletic boy share each other's world. Wednesday, April 21 (4:30-5:30 pm).

**Stop, Thief!** The American Parade—Story of how Tweed Ring was exposed by free press. Thursday, April 22 (10-11 pm).

**Mysteries of the Hidden Reefs.** Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Explores reefs in Caribbean. Sunday, April 25 (7-8 pm).

**Orangutans: Orphans of the Wild.** Survival Anglia documentary. Wednesday, April 28 (8-9 pm).

**Queen of the Stardust Ballroom.** CBS Playhouse 90—Maureen Stapleton, Charles Durning in sensitive story of widow trying to start new life. Friday, May 7 (9-11 pm).

**Eagle Come Home.** Survival Anglia—Study of American Bald Eagle. Tuesday, May 11 (8-9 pm).

**F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood.** ABC Theatre—With Jason Miller, Tuesday Weld, Julia Foster. Sunday, May 16 (9-11 pm).

**The Emmy Awards.** Outstanding television programs, stars. Monday, May 17 (9-11 pm).

**Alan King Special.** Four original plays by top playwrights. Tuesday, May 18 (10-11 pm).

**The American Woman: Portraits of Courage.** Celebrating the role of women from 1776 to 1976. Thursday, May 20 (1:30-3 pm).

**The Pursuit of Happiness.** Third in trilogy on the American experience. Thursday, May 27 (9:30-11 pm). Children's version—Saturday, May 29 (12:30-1 pm).

**ABC News Closeup.** Explores factors in crisis facing free public education. Thursday, May 27 (10-11 pm).

**A Woman of Valor.** True drama of Jessy Judah and family settling in New York at end of 18th century. Sunday, May 30 (5-6 pm).

**Bolshoi Ballet.** Hosted by Mary Tyler Moore from Russia. June TBA.

**Fourth of July Celebrations.** Networks plan all-day coverage of Americans celebrating the Bicentennial. Sunday, July 4.

**The Olympic Games.** From Montreal, Canada. July 16-August 3 on varied schedule.

**REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS**

**Monday through Friday:** Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Good Morning America/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers/Electric Company/Villa Alegre

**Saturday:** In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Emergency +4/Land of the Lost/The Shazam!-Isis Hour/Westwind/The Lost Saucer/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids /GO-USA/CBS Children's Film Festival/Weekend

**Sunday:** Vegetable Soup/In The News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/These Are the Days/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Directions/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre

**Note:** This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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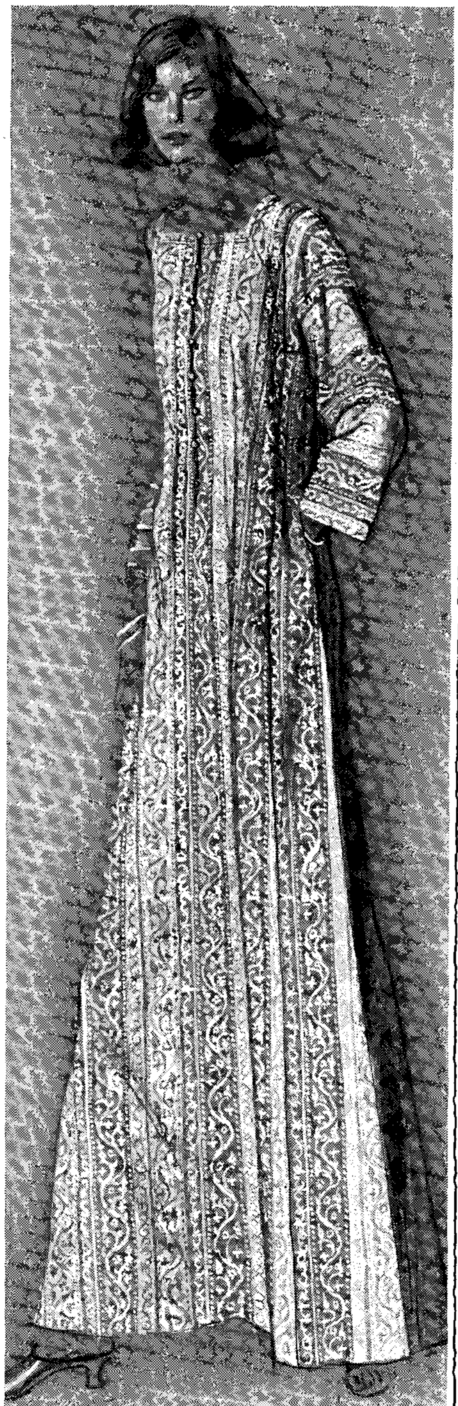

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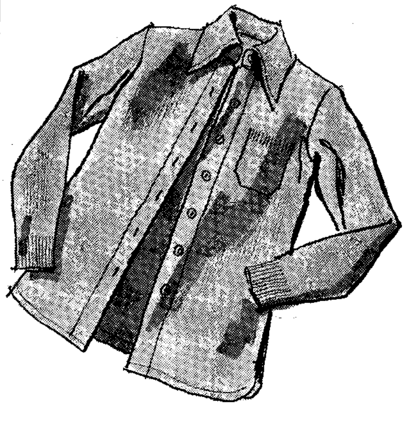
have implicated herself and admitted that she had committed misprision of felony in not notifying the police. Of course, many ordinary citizens are probably unaware of the law on misprision or of various other obscure laws that can be used against them when they are, as far as they know, innocent of any crime. But since grand juries are not obliged to inform witnesses what the inquiry under way consists of and whether or not the witness is a suspect and subject to indictment, even the most guiltless person who is called before a grand jury may run afoul of the law by failing to claim the Fifth Amendment right to remain silent. The legal principle stating that ignorance of the law is no excuse may be essential to the support of our criminal-law system, for without it anyone could plead that he hadn't known a given act was legally a crime and get off. But ignorance of the law clearly *is* an excuse in many circumstances, because no one can know the millions of laws on the books in this country, and if one is denied the right to have a lawyer present, then one is intentionally being kept ignorant of the law and afterward is subject to its penalties.

Afterward, Avery and Rosen (who remained in the case as co-counsel from this point on) warned Grusse and Turgeon that Dow would probably ask the Department of Justice to request immunity against prosecution for the two women in exchange for their testimony and would recall them before the grand jury. Under the so-called use-immunity law—enacted by Congress during the Nixon Administration years and upheld soon afterward by the Burger Court—once prospective witnesses are given immunity they can't be prosecuted for anything they say under oath, except for perjury if they are subsequently shown to have lied, but they can still be prosecuted for the crimes they are questioned about, as long as the prosecution is wholly based on evidence obtained independently of their testimony. One flaw in the new use-immunity law, Avery explained, is that an unscrupulous prosecutor can easily make it appear that his evidence was uncovered independently of a witness's testimony. And a far more pernicious flaw exists when two witnesses are involved, as in the case at hand: while Grusse's testimony could not be used to incriminate Grusse and Turgeon's testimony could not be used to incriminate Turgeon, Grusse's testimony could be used to incriminate Turgeon and Turgeon's testimony could be used to incriminate Grusse—



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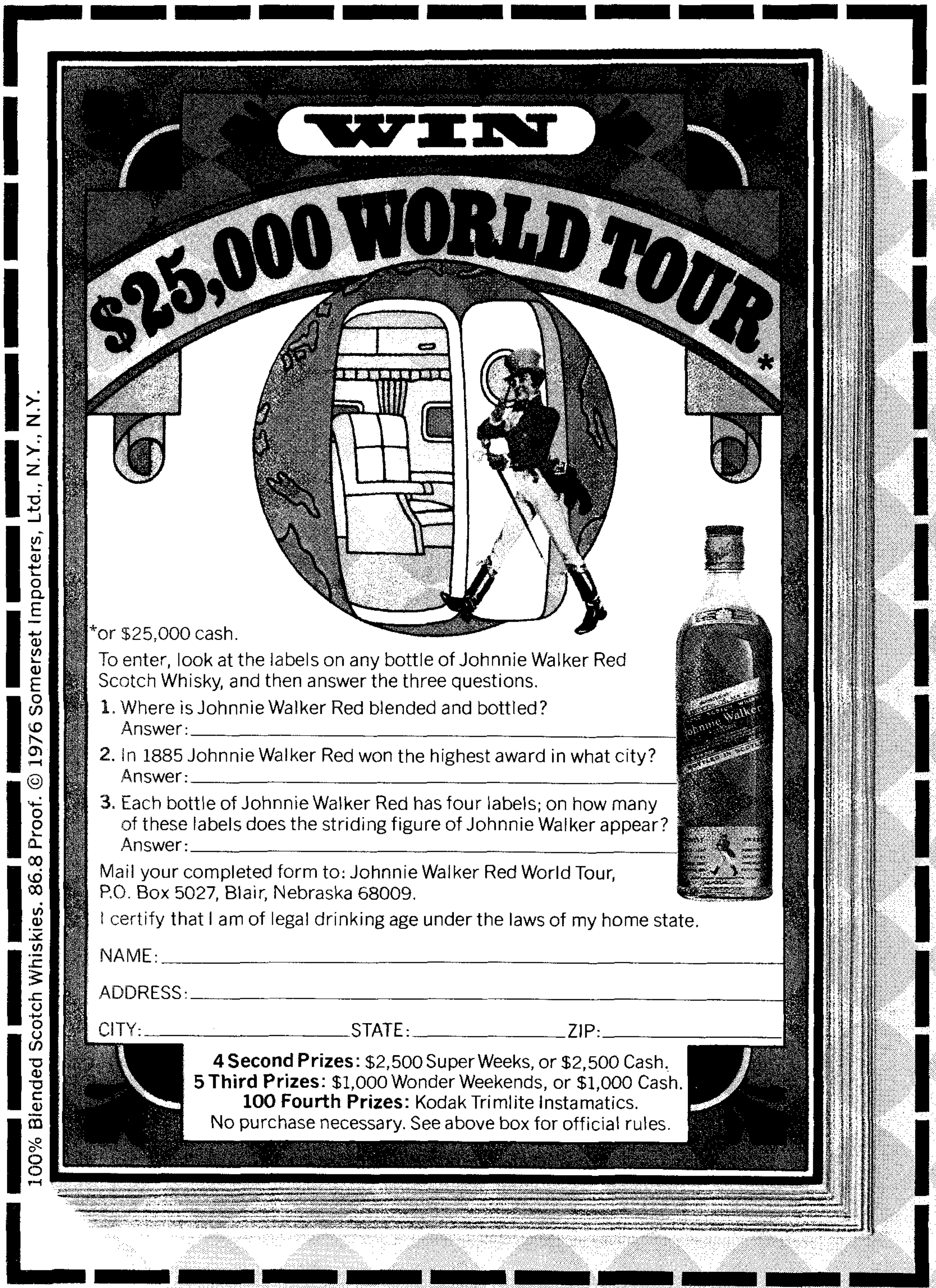
**OFFICIAL RULES...NO PURCHASE NECESSARY... 1.** Complete the Official Entry form below, being certain to clearly hand-print your name and address and your answers to all three questions. (Or on a plain piece of 8½" x 11" paper, using hand-printed letters, write your name, address and the following three questions and your respective answers to each: **A.** Where is Johnnie Walker Red blended and bottled? Answer________; **B.** In 1885 Johnnie Walker Red won the highest award in what city? Answer________; **C.** Each bottle of Johnnie Walker Red has four labels; on how many of these labels does the striding figure of Johnnie Walker appear? Answer________.) The answers to these questions may be found by looking at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Scotch Whisky, or a set of labels may be requested from: Labels, P.O. Box 5042, Blair, Nebraska 68009. **2.** Mail your completed entry form to: Johnnie Walker Red World Tour, P.O. Box 5027, Blair, Nebraska 68009. **3.** Winners will be selected in random drawings from among all correctly answered entries by the D.L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be notified by mail. One prize to a family. Taxes on any prize are the sole responsibility of the winner. No substitution will be made for any prize, except as offered herein. **4.** Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be postmarked by June 23, 1976, and received by June 30, 1976. **5.** Participation open to residents of the United States, who, as of March 1, 1976, are of legal drinking age under the laws of their home state, except employees and their families of Somerset Importers Ltd., its affiliates, agents, and the D.L. Blair Corporation. This offer is void in Missouri, Utah, Virginia, and wherever prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **6.** For a list of winners, available approximately October 1, 1976, send a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Red Winners List, P.O. Box 5028, Blair, Nebraska 68009. Do not send this request with your entry blank. **7.** The Official Entry form may not be reproduced.



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1. Where is Johnnie Walker Red blended and bottled?
Answer:________
2. In 1885 Johnnie Walker Red won the highest award in what city?
Answer:________
3. Each bottle of Johnnie Walker Red has four labels; on how many of these labels does the striding figure of Johnnie Walker appear?
Answer:________

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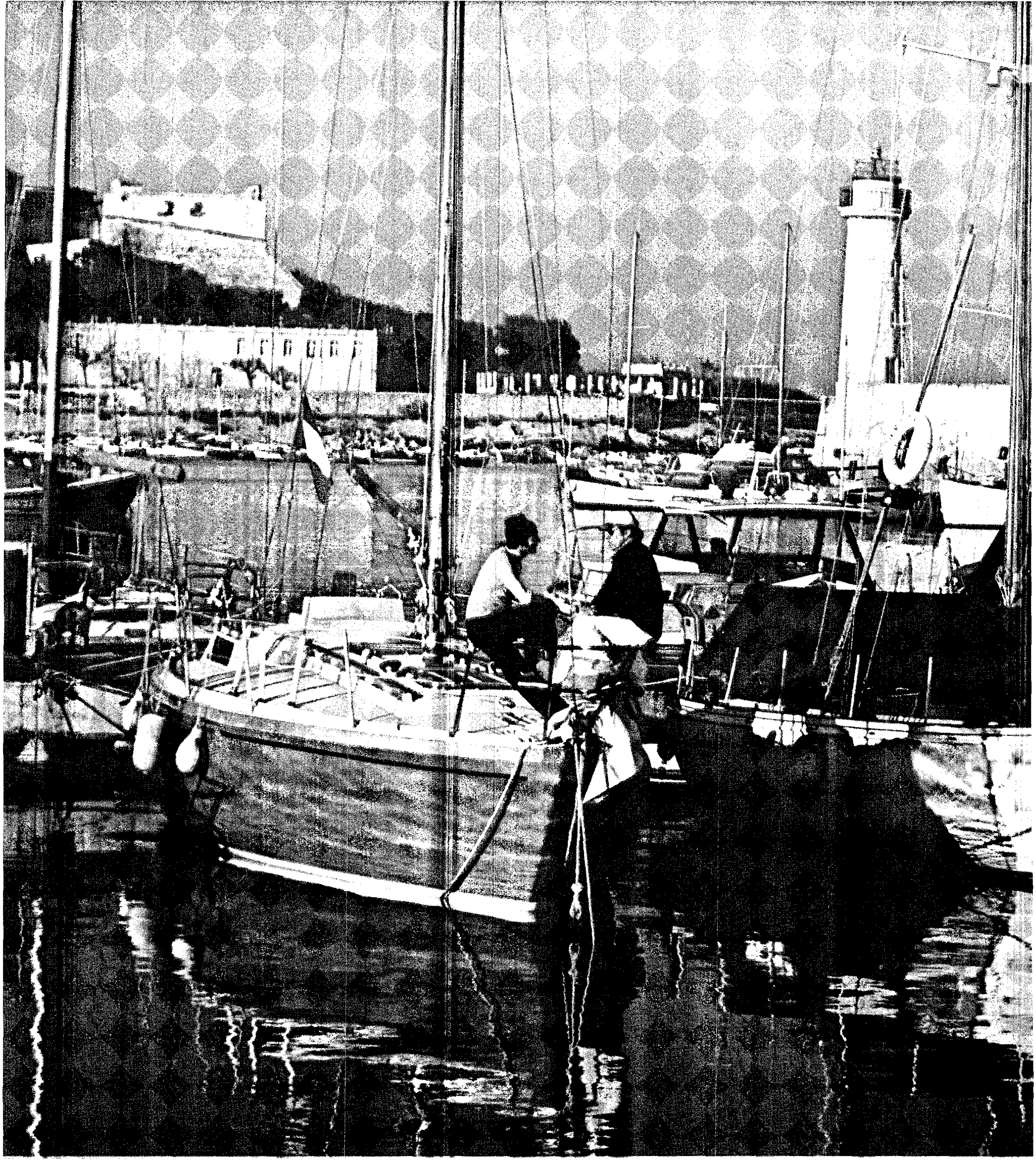

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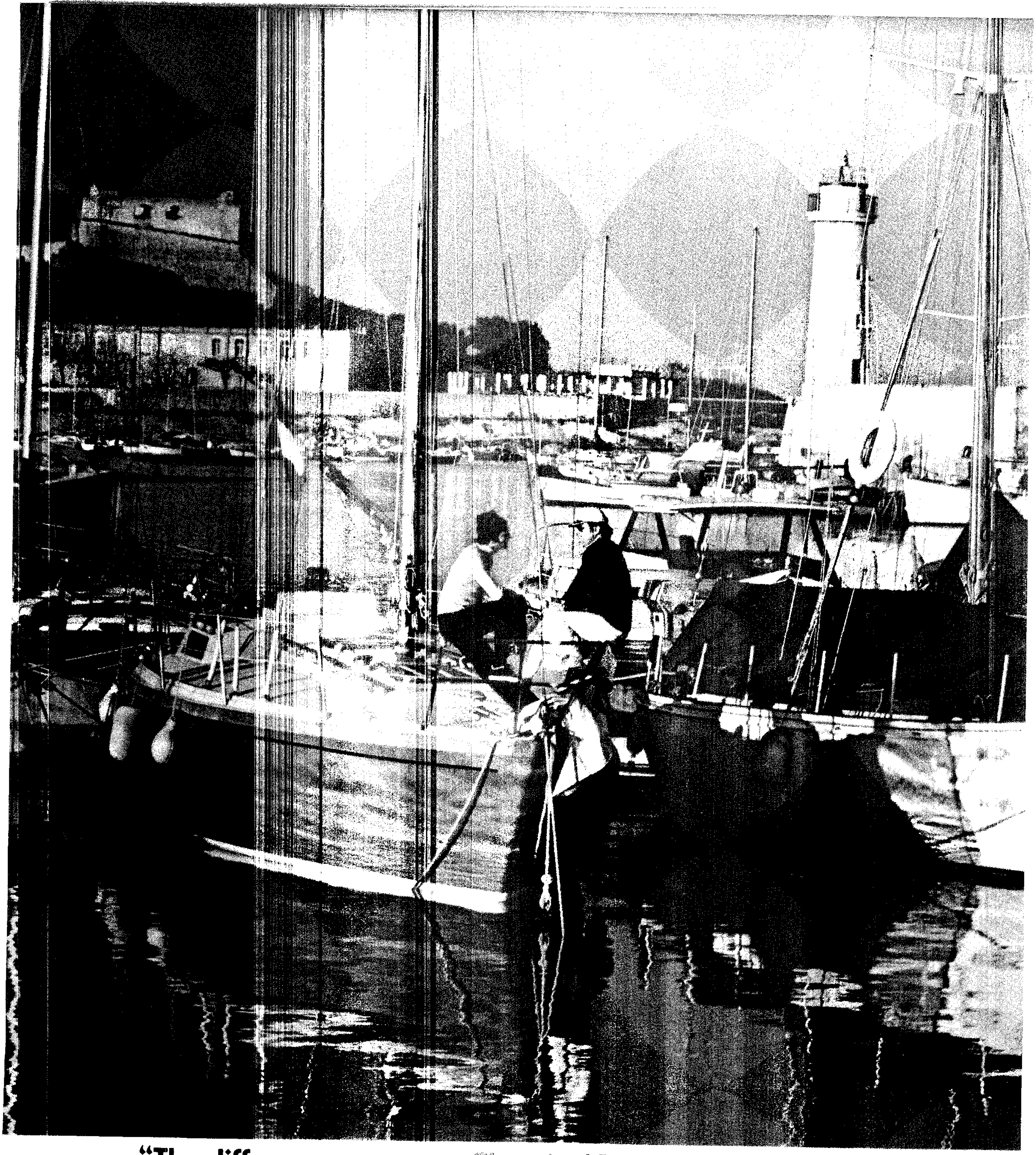

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that is, if either had done anything incriminating to begin with. In other words, the lawyers explained, if the government granted the witnesses use immunity, their ordeal had only begun.

Late that afternoon, Turgeon and Grusse returned to their apartment in a state of exhaustion, bewilderment, and fear. "Everything was up in the air," Turgeon said later. "We had no idea what would happen or when it would happen. We didn't know whether the threats of immunity and contempt and jail were real or not. We didn't know anything, and had even thought we might be arrested that very day when we refused to talk. And that night, after our appearance before the grand jury, there was real terror for us. We thought maybe they'd come and drag us out of bed and throw us in jail. We were terrified. We called the lawyers, and they assured us that the government couldn't do anything like that, and promised us that they would protect our rights at each step of the way. But we still didn't know what to believe. We couldn't see that we had any rights, and the government seemed so vicious and relentless that we thought it could do anything. That was the real horror—not knowing, trying to live hour by hour, day by day, and constantly fearing what would finally come."

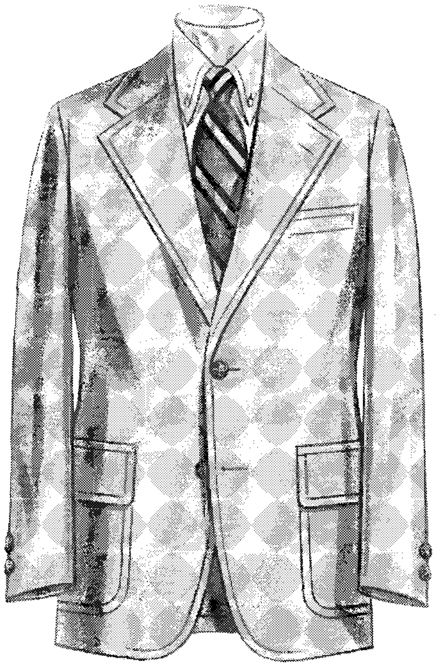
The two women got little sleep that night, but by the next morning they felt somewhat more relaxed. They rose early, and Grusse went to peek through the curtains to see if anyone was outside guarding the place or keeping it under surveillance. There was no sign of anyone. They had breakfast, and then began discussing a suggestion that Avery had made the day before—that they create publicity about their case in order to deter the government from behaving as capriciously as it might if no one was aware of the case, and to gain public support and perhaps some financial help. "We were very worried about what it would do to our personal lives if we went public," Grusse said. "We are both very private people. For myself, just having my name known out there really frightens me. But we wanted people to understand what was happening to us and what the issues were—the people in the women's community here first and then people throughout the country. It was a hard decision to make. Finally, we decided we had to sacrifice ourselves in order to save ourselves and maybe help some others."

Once the two women decided to make their case known to the general public, they agreed to a proposal made by some of their supporters in the women's community—that a Grand Jury Defense Committee be set up to generate the publicity they sought, to get people to attend their court appearances as a means of discouraging the kind of high-handed official behavior that often characterizes unpublicized court proceedings, to educate local citizens about *their* rights, and to raise funds for the defense. In line with this overall strategy, Grusse and Turgeon put out their press release, which recounted the story of the F.B.I.'s search for Saxe and Power, presented the basic reasons for not talking to the F.B.I. about personal matters, accused the government of illegally invading their privacy and improperly using the grand jury as an investigative tool, and concluded:

> What makes us most angry is that we have been forced into a position of playing the Man's games, the rules of which deny us our basic rights, dignity, and responsibility and control over our own lives. In reality, it is not very different from the everyday life of every woman living with the fear of rape, brutalization by men, defining herself through her "man," etc. We feel that giving information to the F.B.I. gives in to the power that they hold over us, a power that perpetuates women's position and the position of all oppressed peoples.

A couple of days later, Grusse and Turgeon distributed the release among members of the New Haven community and the press. "Before long, we were appalled by how public we had become," Grusse said later. "It had never occurred to us when we decided to go public that it would become known we were lesbians. That clearly had nothing to do with the case, and we felt that it was the worst imaginable invasion of our privacy. But within a matter of days everyone knew about us. Our lives were spread out in the papers, over radio, on television—everywhere."

AT the same time that Grusse and Turgeon began trying to exert pressure on the government to leave them alone, the government began trying to exert more pressure on them to coöperate with it. Two days after the women appeared before the grand jury, an F.B.I. man turned up at the home of Turgeon's parents to question them about their daughter Terri. The elder Turgeons weren't at home, but one of their two other daughters, Madeleine, was, and once the agent learned that she was there alone he began questioning her intensively about her sister Terri. Madeleine was flus-



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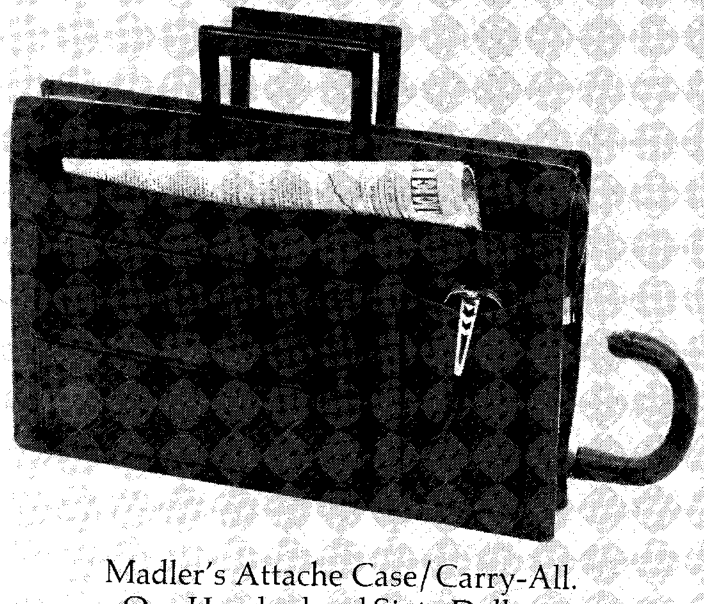

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tered and alarmed, and, as she later recounted in an affidavit, "The F.B.I. agent did not say what he was looking for, except that he wanted to find two women about whom my sister might have information. . . . He asked me if I was close to my sister and if we confided in each other about our personal and private lives. He later told me that my sister was now living with another woman, named Ellen Grusse, and he said he knew a great deal about their personal and private lives together, implying that my sister was a lesbian. After he revealed this detail of my sister's personal life, he said that his visit to me would not have been necessary if my sister had coöperated with him. He also encouraged me to put pressure on my sister to coöperate with his investigation, and said to me, 'It would be good for someone to get her to coöperate with us.' " When the agent left, saying that he would come back to talk to her parents, the woman was so upset by what he had told her that she decided she had better tell her parents about Terri rather than have him spring the news on them unexpectedly. The Turgeons were hurt by the story about their daughter's life and stunned by her supposed involvement with criminals. As it happened, the F.B.I. man never returned to question the Turgeons, and the suspense of waiting for him increased their torment. Mr. Turgeon, in fact, was in such a state of anguish that he could not bear to speak to Terri about the case. Her sister telephoned her and begged her to stay out of trouble and to do whatever the government wanted. Terri promised to come over to see them in a few days to explain what had happened and why she was doing what she was. Then she asked that the family stand by her. "I need help," she said. "I need help very badly."

A few days later, the same F.B.I. man appeared at the office where Turgeon's other sister, Judy, worked in a suburb of Hartford. He asked the girl about her sister's private life, friends, acquaintances, and habits. "My co-workers were present during the course of this thirty-minute interview," she stated in an affidavit. "At several times during the interview, the F.B.I. agent said in a loud voice, 'I wouldn't have to bother you if your sister wasn't so uncoöperative.' After I answered one particular question, the agent indicated that he did not believe me, thus questioning my truthfulness in the presence of my co-workers." F.B.I. agents also questioned two uncles of Turgeon's in Lewiston, Maine, and a cousin in Balti-

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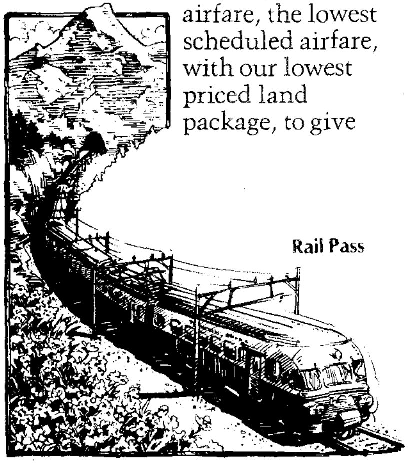

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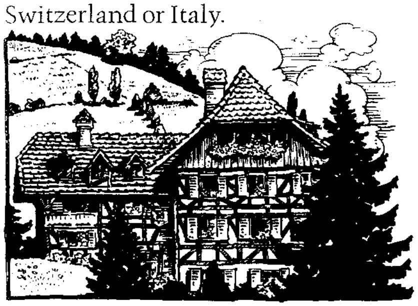

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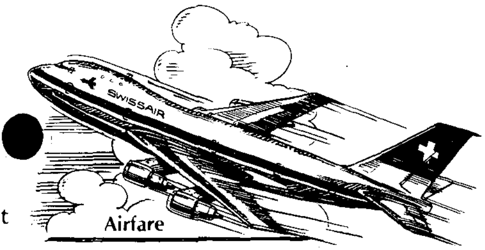

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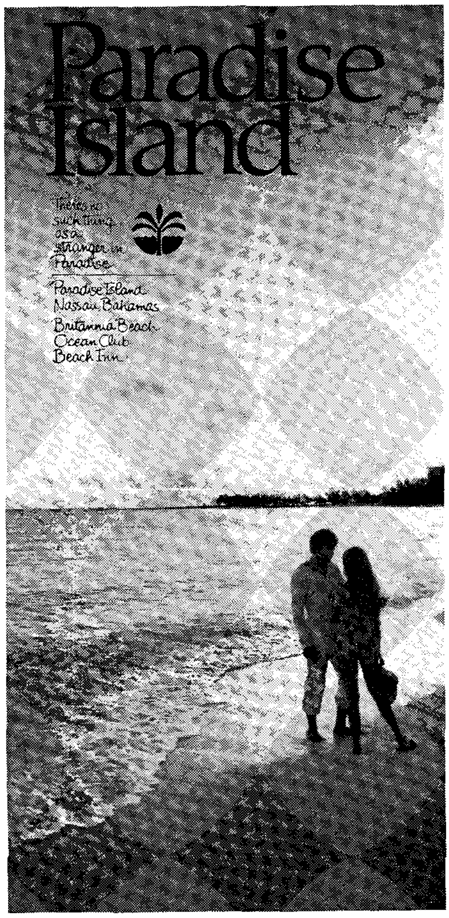
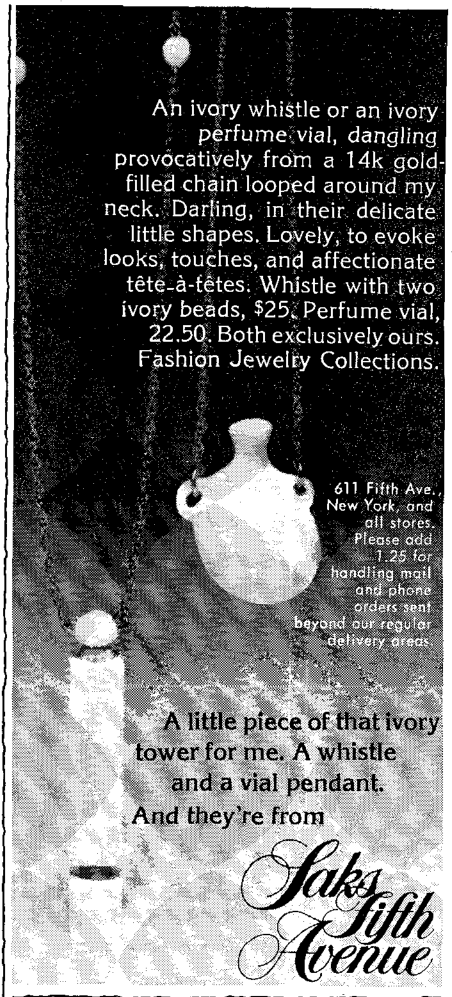


more. And four agents turned up just before midnight at the North Carolina home of a man and woman who were living together and whom Grusse and Turgeon had visited some months earlier on a holiday trip to the South. The four agents—who were apparently under the impression that Grusse was Saxe, although there was no resemblance between the two women—split up into two-man teams and questioned the man and woman separately, simultaneously, and intensively for nearly an hour. "They were terrified," Grusse reported later. "It was the midnight knock on the door."

Before long, Turgeon's family rallied to her support, and stood by her throughout what was to be a long and increasingly harrowing ordeal. "My father didn't understand what was happening at first," Turgeon said. "But *when our lawyer wasn't allowed into* the grand-jury room to protect us, Dad thought that was unfair. After all, in America you're always supposed to have the right to a lawyer. Then my father met some of my friends, some of whom are professional people and very impressive, and he learned that long hair and beards and strange clothes don't matter. And the government's continuing persecution of me finally outraged him, and now he's radicalized by this case, just the way that I and many of my friends have been."

Grusse's family, on the other hand, were unable to understand or sympathize with *her* plight. "My parents didn't see the larger political picture or the basic issues involved, and they just wanted to protect me," she said. "They kept saying to me, 'Talk to the grand jury and stay out of jail.' That was a strong and constant pressure on me. It caused a temporary break in my relations with them. They tried to understand—they really wanted to help me—but they simply couldn't grasp it all. They think these things don't happen to good, honest people. And the fact that I am a lesbian was too much for them. It put them in a position where it was emotionally difficult for them to support me. Their view was that the United States government always acts in the best interests of the people. That is a view I don't share. For them, the law and the Constitution are there to protect *us*, Terri and me, and *we* are abusing both—not the other way around, as we believe. Anyway, the women's community here is also my family now. Its members have supported us strongly most of the way. At first, a few of them said to me that



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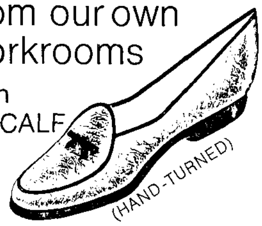

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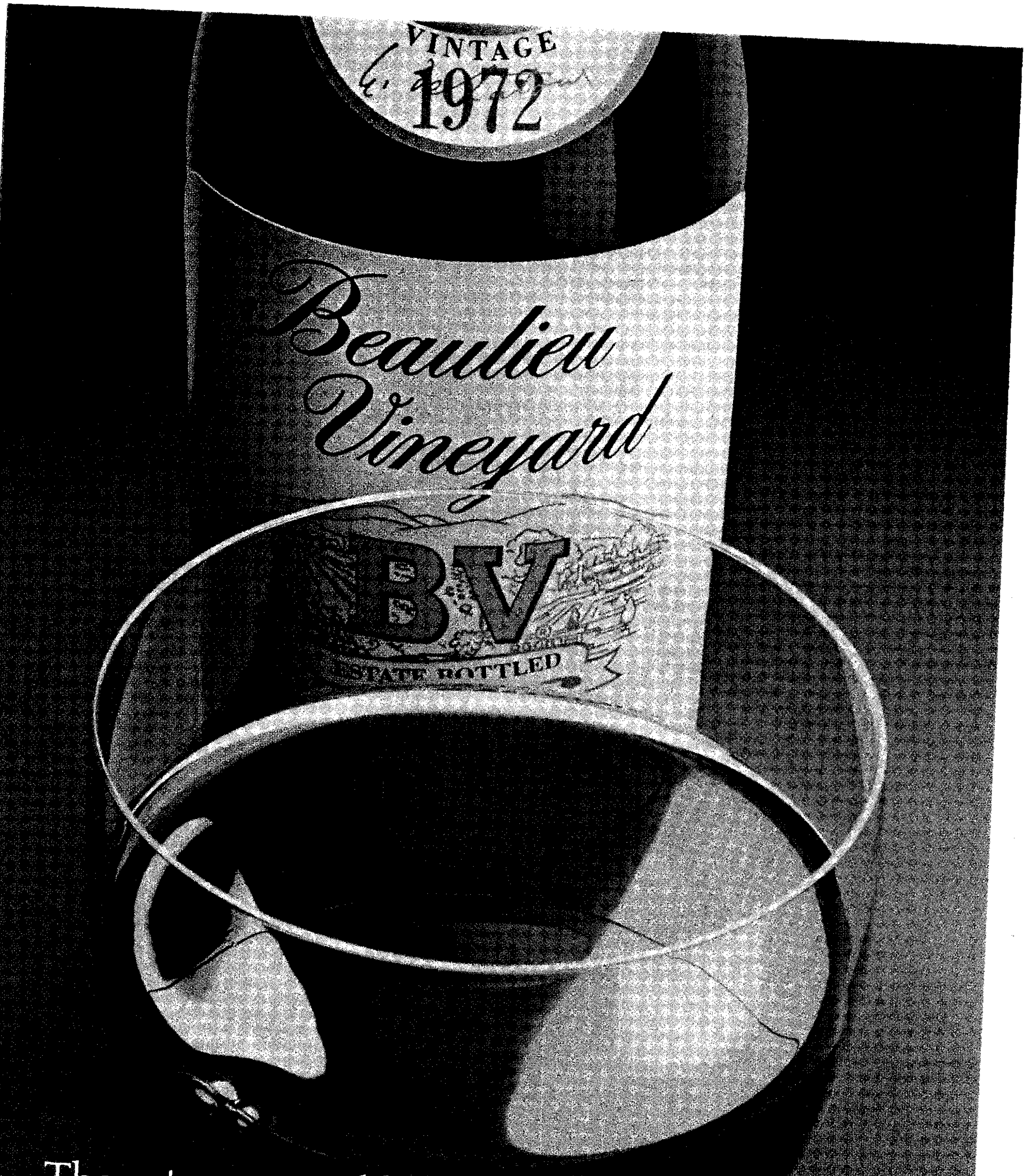

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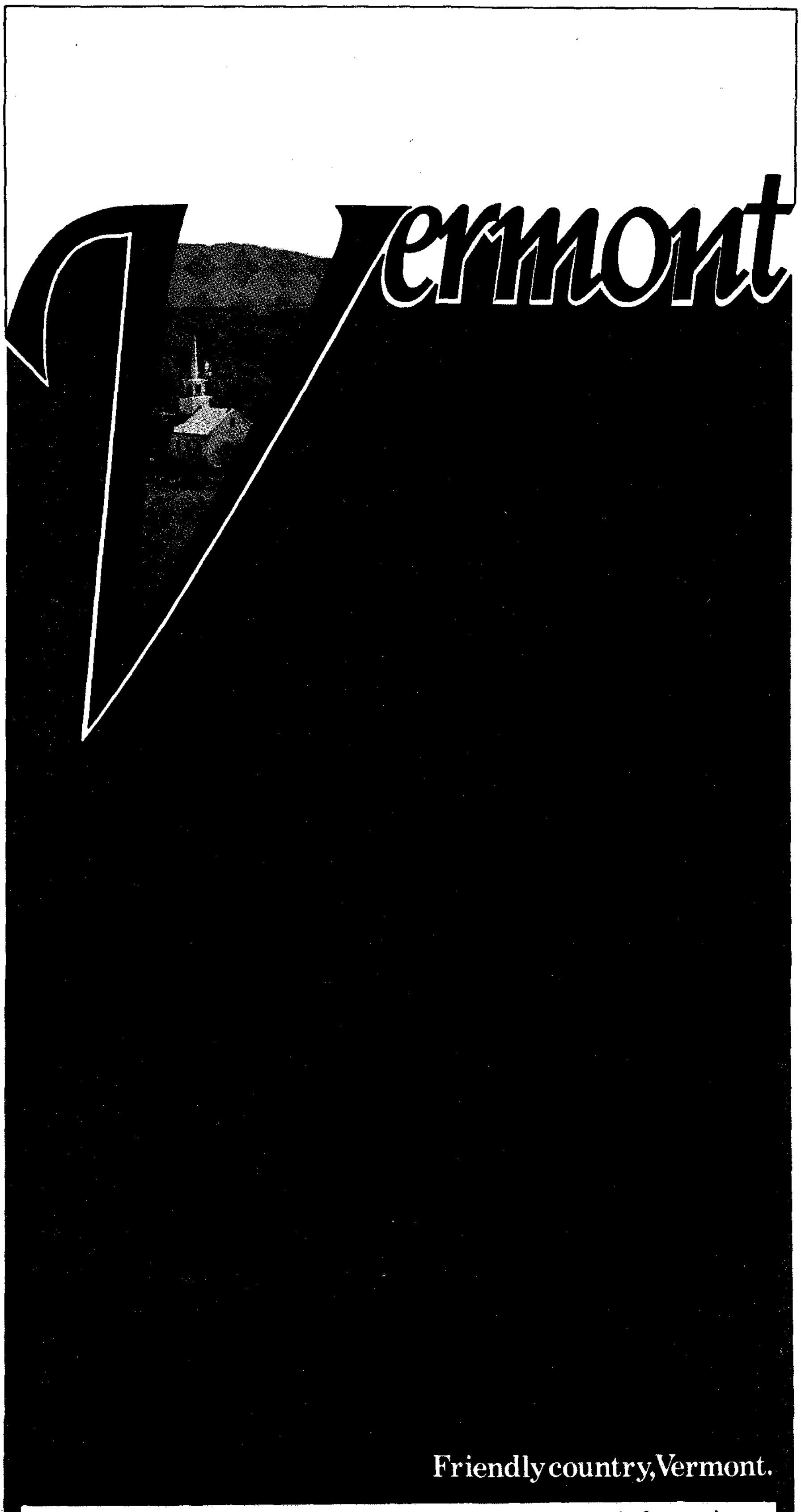

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maybe this case—the hunt for two fugitives wanted for bank robbery and murder—wasn't the issue to take a stand on against the government. After all, they said, those are very serious crimes. I agree with that. But I answered that unfortunately I hadn't had any choice in the matter, that the government had handed me the issue. Since *I* hadn't done anything wrong, I had to stand up now, or I would never be able to stand up to anything or anybody in the future. Then they understood."

A few of Grusse and Turgeon's friends were so frightened by the F.B.I. and the publicity surrounding the case that they avoided the two women. "Some of them are terrified by the whole thing," Grusse said. "They're frightened by the stigma of being publicly known as lesbians, the way we are now, so they live very privately, even secretly, to hide their lives from their families and employers. And now they're afraid of the political stigma, too. It used to be that lesbians were thought of as merely being perverted, but now they're seen as bank robbers and murderers or, at best, as friends and abettors of bank robbers and murderers. We believe that this is the government's basic motive—to intimidate women in the movement, to create fear among us, to split us up, and finally to destroy the women's movement. The best way to do that is by making the innocent seem guilty."

ON February 5, 1975, the Department of Justice formally granted the U.S. Attorney's office in Connecticut permission to apply to the court for an order giving Grusse and Turgeon immunity. The letter from the Department conveying official permission to seek the grant was received and filed in the U.S. Attorney's office in New Haven on February 10th, and at six-thirty on the morning of the twelfth the U.S. marshal reappeared at the apartment shared by Grusse and Turgeon and served them with a new set of subpoenas, which ordered them to appear before the grand jury at ten o'clock the following morning. When they telephoned Avery, he told them that Judge Newman would undoubtedly grant the immunity requested before they were questioned by the grand jury the next day, and added, "They are going to send you to jail." Then he went to have a talk with Dow, in the slim hope that he might persuade him to drop the case. Avery told him that as a matter of public policy the government, with its immense power, should yield to the minute power of the individual when the opposition was so passionate and principled, as it clearly was in this case. Avery had little hope that this argument would prevail, though, and said privately, "I don't think the government will do that. It won't back off until its losses exceed its gains. The people who run the government should try to relieve democratic tensions when they can in order to preserve the system. But they don't see things that way, even though it's in their own self-interest. If the government is ever toppled, it will be its own officials who bring it down." Dow refused to listen to any suggestion that he alter his course. "A policeman was killed, and left nine kids," he said.

Grusse and Turgeon dreaded even the thought of going to prison, and kept hoping that the government would finally see that they were innocent and determined to remain silent. "Justice needn't be tempered with mercy—it should simply be fair," Grusse said. "If the government believes we are guilty of something, then it should charge us, take us to trial, and give us a chance to defend ourselves. That would be justice." And Turgeon added, "I don't think we've done anything wrong. We haven't committed any crime. Our stand is solely a matter of principle with us. We are two innocent women, and yet we have the whole United States government against us."

—RICHARD HARRIS

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

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## TWILIGHT OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

[*Letter received by a woman in Cambridge, Mass.*]

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# THE THEATRE

## BORN AGAIN

"My Fair Lady," at the St. James, comes to us with the welcome familiarity of some delectable fairy tale out of our earliest childhood. It is one of those works of art, often of a popular and sentimental nature, that are no sooner created than they give the impression of having always existed. Although much is currently being made of the fact that "My Fair Lady" has reached the age of twenty, which for a musical is considered donkey's years, what I find remarkable about the show isn't how old it is but how young. For my generation, it's hard to believe that a substantial portion of our lives passed without the sound of those ravishing tunes and ingenious lyrics ringing in our ears. How on earth did we get along without the romantic nourishment of "I Could Have Danced All Night," "On the Street Where You Live," "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face," and the dozen other songs that make up an incomparable score? The tiresome literal-mindedness of history insists that we did so; I prefer to dwell on the fact that no one need do so again, for "My Fair Lady" is as likely a candidate for immortality as any musical comedy composed in this century. Long ago, Shaw in Heaven must have forgiven Frederick Loewe and Alan Jay Lerner for taking certain liberties, among them the bestowal on Professor Higgins of an authentic, if rudimentary, heart and the bestowal on Eliza of a future brighter than that of being Mrs. Freddy Eynsford-Hill. Shaw could see no happy ending for his "Pygmalion;" "My Fair Lady" ends not so much happily as tenderly, which for most of us (if not for the ice-cold Shaw) is an acceptable next-best thing.

Ian Richardson, hitherto known to us for the many roles he has played in the Royal Shakespeare Company, makes a superlative Higgins. The seriousness with which he addresses himself to the role adds an unexpected depth to the musical; Higgins is a man of science, inhumanly devoted to researches that are an end in themselves, and the slow, reluctant mitigation of his inhumanity is delightful to observe. Christine Andreas's Eliza is broadly comic in the early, ragamuffin scenes and then more and more touching as she comes into her womanly beauty and undeserved isolation; when she sings "I Could Have Danced All Night," the song is at once a paean and a lamentation. That marvellous actor George Rose stops the show as the joyously corrupt and bibulous Alfred P. Doolittle, and Robert Coote plays Colonel Pickering—the role he originated twenty years ago—with, as one might surmise, authority. Is it actually possible to dither authoritatively? See Mr. Coote. Brenda Forbes is charming as the Professor's mother, Jerry Lanning sings superbly as Freddy Eynsford-Hill, and Sylvia O'Brien makes an admirably Irish housekeeper.

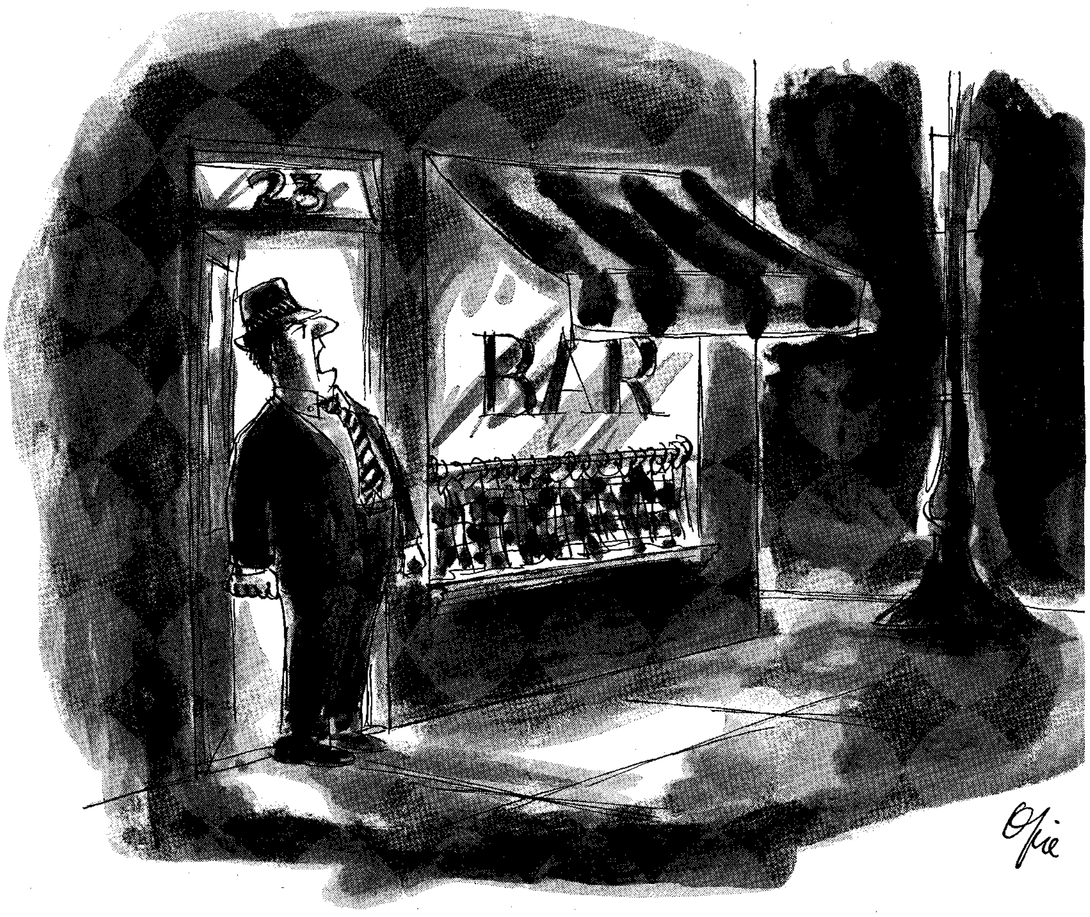
The settings, by Oliver Smith, are as witty as ever, and so are Cecil Beaton's costumes. I have been to an opening day at Ascot, and, glorious as it was, I am sorry to say that the real thing cannot hold a candle to the Smith-Beaton version. The lighting, which, curiously, features old-fashioned spots, is by John Gleason, the choreography is by Crandall Diehl, and the direction is by Jerry Adler, who served as stage manager for the first production. Broadway is more like a family than it is usually given credit for being; happy birthday to the Lerner-Loewe branch of the family.

—Brendan Gill

## OFF BROADWAY

### *"Woyzeck," Sort Of*

The production of Georg Büchner's "Woyzeck," at the Public, is, if little else, the occasion for the reëmergence of that extraordinary actor Joseph Chaikin in a role peculiarly suited to his talent. Woyzeck is a poor soldier in the early-nineteenth-century German Army who is used and put



*"I can lick any man within earshot!"*

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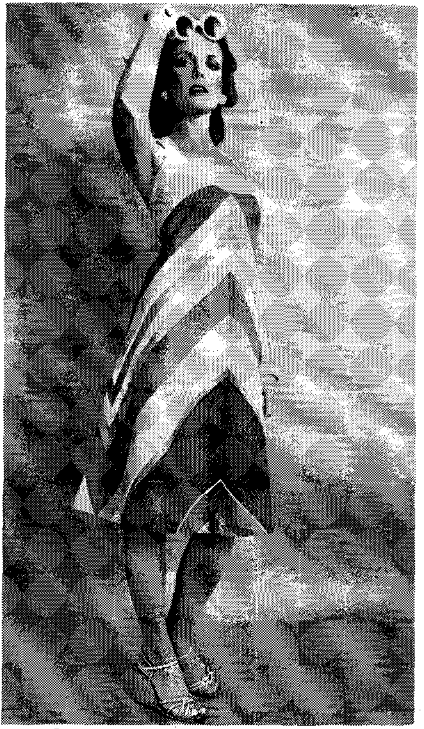
upon by everybody except one fellow-soldier and is finally betrayed by the wanton woman he loves, the mother of his illegitimate son. He is tragic, rather than just pathetic, because he is passionate and shrewd as well as inarticulate, and the passion finally explodes into murder. He stabs the woman to death, and the play ends with a hangman preparing the noose for his execution. Mr. Chaikin plays the part with eloquence, most of that eloquence being physical. He walks with an odd, shambling gait, like a puppet. His face, most of the time, is numb and expressionless and his eyes nearly unfocussed; suddenly they blaze with overwhelming feeling—hurt or anger. He shuffles along and then abruptly stops, sensing a movement in the earth beneath him or seeing a vision of blazing light in the sky. All of the character is in every muscle of his body, and when he speaks, he speaks to a purpose. None of his lines go to waste.

The play, which was found among Büchner's papers in 1837, after his death, at the age of twenty-three, is a series of disconnected scenes, each of them as simple and clear as a pane of glass. Their cumulative effect should be devastating. But this performance is elaborate and glum and muddled and entirely lacking in the dramatist's irony; it is also poorly acted by almost everyone in the company. Woyzeck's only moments of overt physical passion are his embraces with his soldier comrade, for which there is no justification in the script. The poor soul is in enough trouble without homosexual implications. The production, under Leonardo Shapiro's direction, is experimental, and I'm all for experiments, win or lose, but after seeing Mr. Shapiro's "Ghosts" I wish he'd lay off literature for a bit. "Woyzeck," as we have been somewhat overtold, is the precursor of any number of current theatrical movements—Brechtian alienation, existentialism, Beckettian pessimism, the theatre of the absurd, social realism, expressionism, and other college-seminar categories. (I use the word "current" with little conviction, since all these dramatic elements have been around for well over two thousand years; it is just the terminology that is current.) By the way, Mr. Chaikin's Woyzeck reminded me of a smoldering Petrouchka, and in an early scene when he explains to his captain that virtue and morality are privileges of the rich, denied to the poor, we could be, in a sense, listening to Alfred Doolittle talking to Professor Higgins, but without Shaw's humor or relish or high spirits. So it goes.

—EDITH OLIVER



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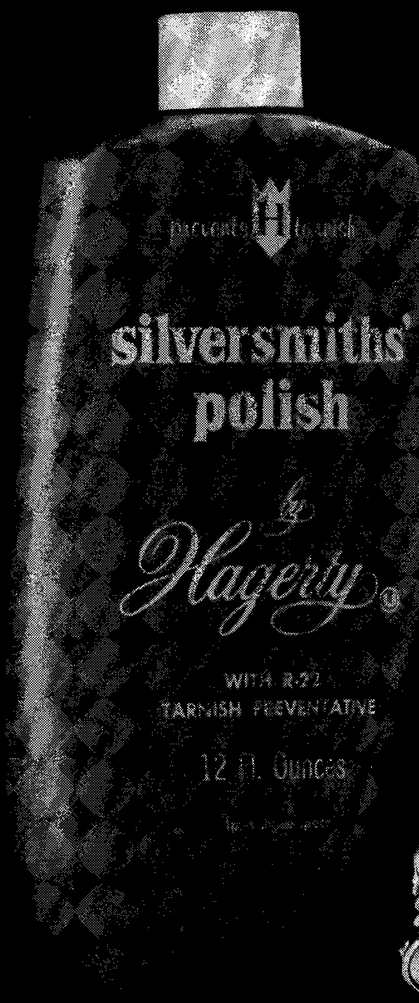

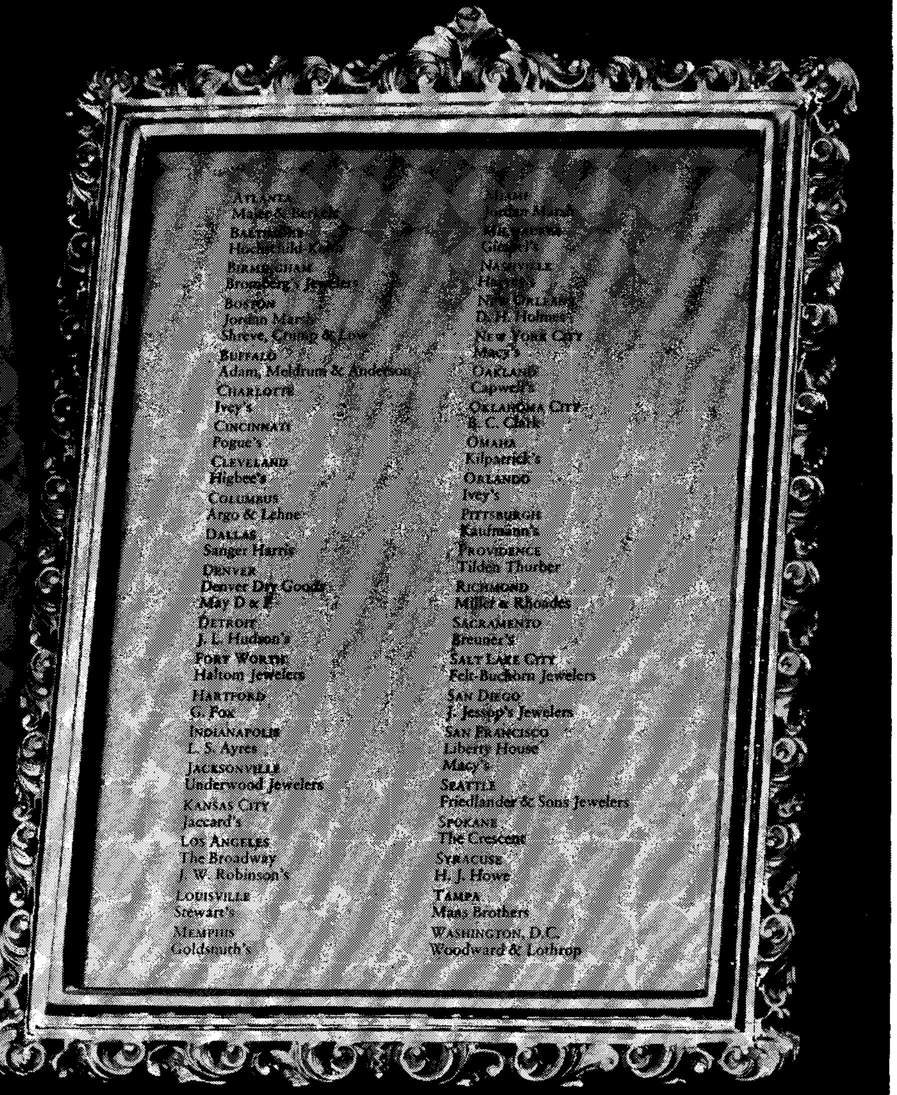

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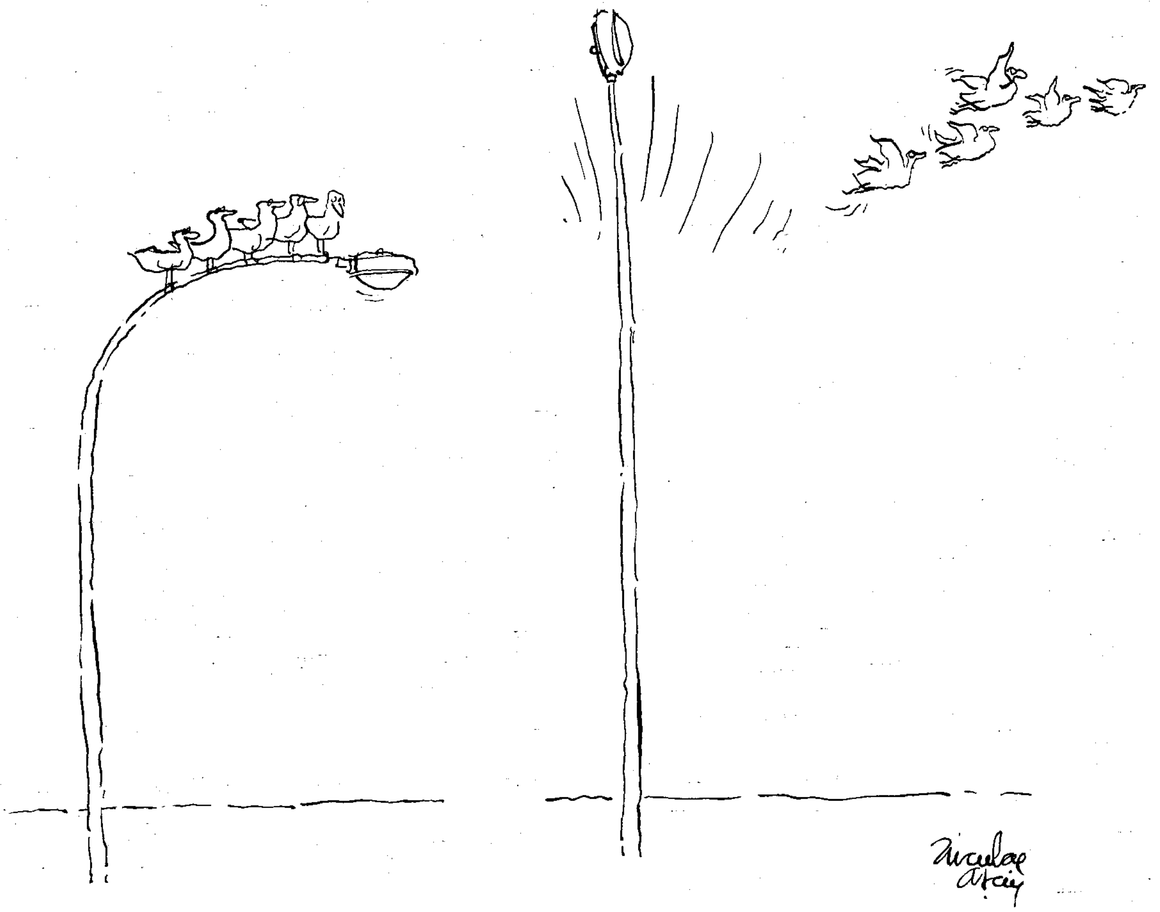
# REFLECTIONS

## SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT A CRISIS

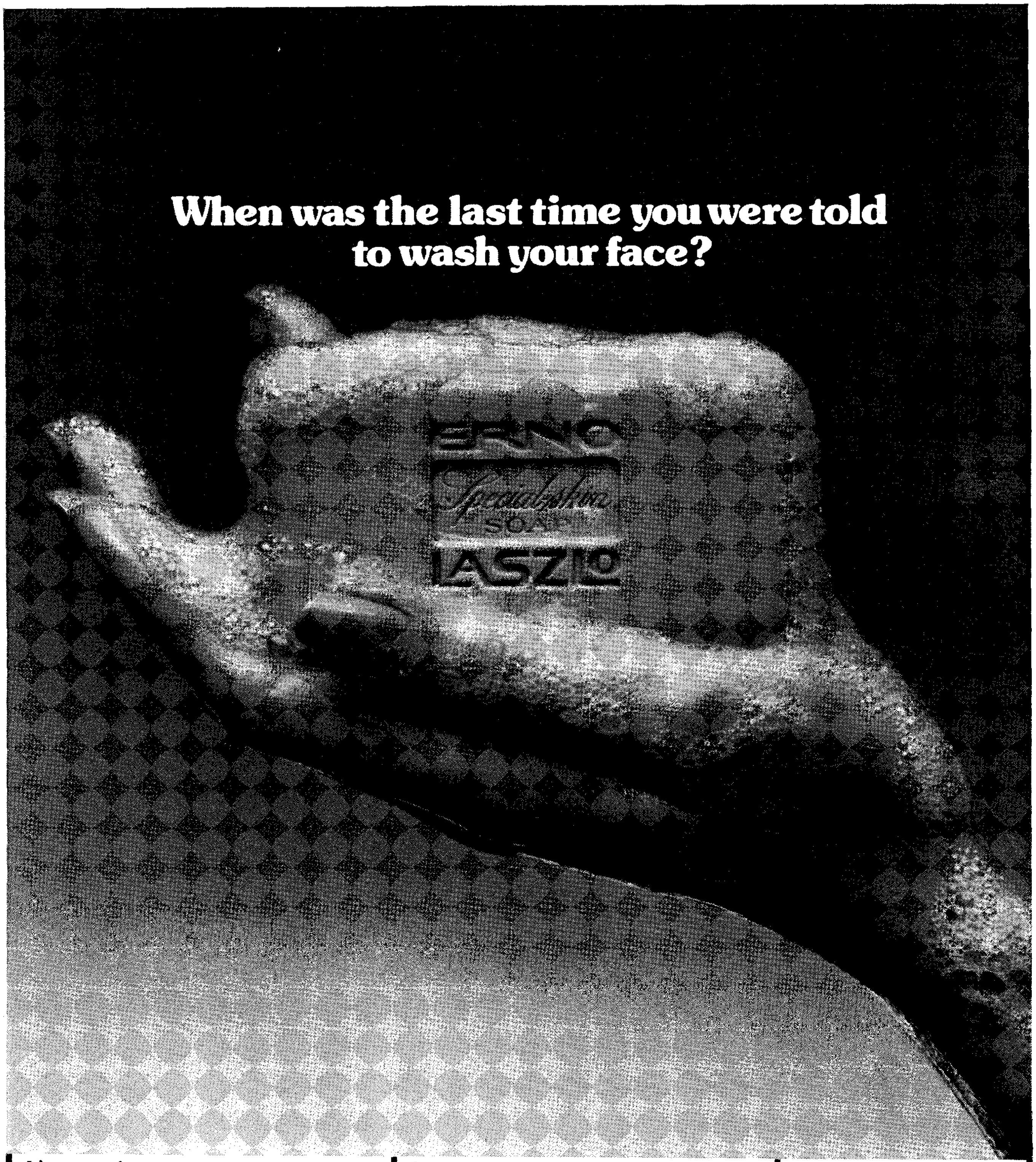
PARIS

We are told that we today face a mounting crisis of Western political civilization. Willy Brandt has predicted that Western Europe has only twenty or thirty more years of democracy left in it; after that it will slide, engineless and rudderless, under the surrounding sea of dictatorship. Some say the crisis comes from a loss of realism and a failure of will in the face of a continued Soviet threat: Western Europe is in danger of "self-Finlandization," according to Walter Laqueur, and he adds, "Liberal democracy [is] on the retreat all over the world." Finlandization means that the Western Europeans—no longer stiffened by America, which is itself in a mood of introspection and isolation—will become so indifferent to their own liberties and so convinced of their own powerlessness, or so influenced by a Marxist intelligentsia, or so manipulated by Communist political agents that they will willingly subordinate themselves to Russia. They will put Communists into their own governments, or they will accept a Soviet veto over what they do. Midge Decter writes in a *Commentary* symposium of American intellectuals, "We presently contemplate the defection of two key allies in Europe . . . to the enemy camp." Paul Seabury, of the University of California, writes in the same symposium, "The swing of politics in Latin and Mediterranean Europe now is in the direction of neutralist or Communist combinations. By whatever objective standards the U.S.-U.S.S.R. strategic balance is measured, it swings away from America and its traditional allies." Democracy itself is said to be failing—or perhaps, it is suggested, we have had too much of it for our own good. The Trilateral Commission—an American-sponsored international study group—recently commissioned a report on democracy's future from Samuel P. Huntington, of Harvard, and two foreign colleagues. They concluded that democracy is in decline, because the demands put on it have increased at the same time that "the capacity of democratic government stagnates." The European democracies are "increasingly non-governable," and in all the democracies the press has become "more powerful and less responsible," further weakening government, while the Communist parties "have emerged more and more as the parties of order." Another study group with American ties—the Institute for the Study of Conflict, in London—says in a recent report that the military threat from Russia is "overwhelming," and adds that as Western Europe finds itself threatened by "extremist bodies" it displays "half-heartedness towards political unity, economic crisis, and social unrest."

These judgments upon the condition of the European democracies are usually stated as if they were self-evident, as if no sensible man not himself deluded by Communism would think differently. Yet they are by no means self-evident. Problems obviously exist in all the industrial states of Europe (and in Japan), but these theories of a general Western crisis seem ordinarily to originate with Americans. The Europeans who are most prominent in holding these views seem usually to be those who have made profound and often personal commitments to an American—or Atlantic and Anglo-American—view of the political future. It does not diminish Laqueur, a distinguished contemporary historian, to observe that he is an anti-Nazi German who became an exile in Britain, and it should be noted that Willy Brandt, another wartime political exile and anti-Nazi, expressed his despair of democracy in Europe when he had just been betrayed by Günter Guillaume (the East German spy who became a high official in West Germany) and was about to leave the Chancellor's office. If Helmut Schmidt, who then took over as Chancellor of West Germany, also believed democracy in Europe to be finished, that would be a more convincing judgment. But Schmidt apparently believes that German and European democracy has a future.



Most typically, the people who make these pessimistic judgments on the future of democracy are of the generation for which the Second World War was the formative his-



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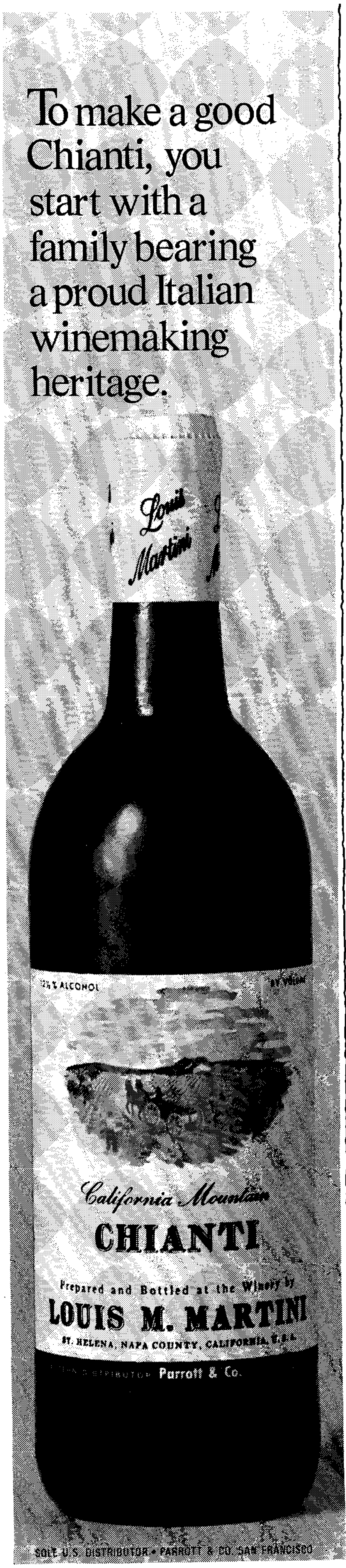
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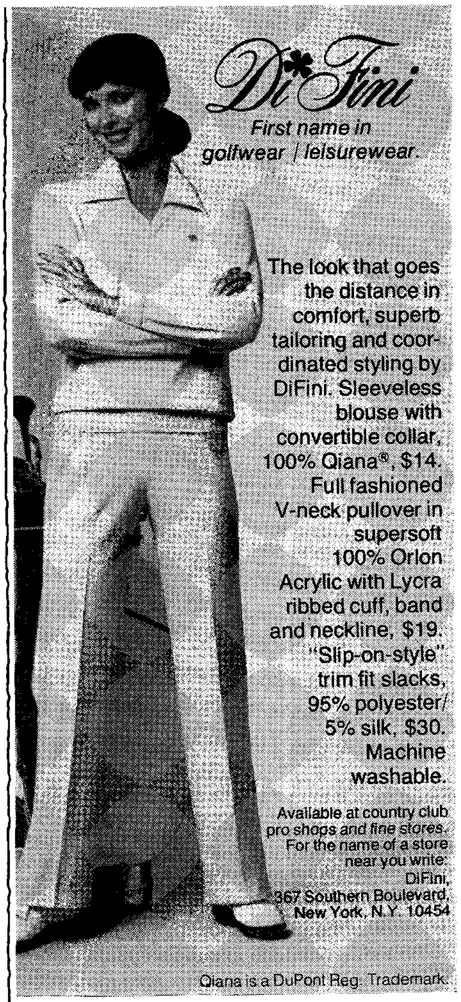
torical experience. And the Second World War was extraordinary as a historical episode, because the moral interpretation given the war in Europe by its contemporaries (on our side of the lines) has required no later revision. No one suggests seriously that Hitler was just a German patriot who made some bad mistakes. The stumbling block to any such argument is the death camp. The world had seen many an aggressive, repressive, fanatical, or brutal government before the rise of the Third Reich, but none before had coolly and methodically set about applying modern bureaucratic and technological methods to "cleansing" the world by murdering—man, woman, and child—all those it deemed racially unfit. Even Stalin's murders, which Alexander Solzhenitsyn plausibly claims were more numerous than Hitler's, by their very arbitrariness were closer to a familiar sort of human derangement than Hitler's. Stalin has been compared to Ivan the Terrible, Vlad the Impaler, and Genghis Khan. There are no analogues for Hitler and his regime.

Only now can we truly appreciate the moral luxury we enjoyed during our years of struggle against Fascism and then Stalinism. For immediately after the war we were able to shift into the Cold War with fundamentally the same simple and dichotomous interpretation of an international struggle and of our role in it. Stalin was another totalitarian dictator. What went on in Eastern Europe during the late nineteen-forties as the Soviets eliminated actual and potential resisters to their power—the murders, the trials in which peasants, bishops, Socialists, Communists fallen from grace or compromised by wartime contact with the Western Allies, and prewar bourgeois politicians all confessed to terrible but untrue crimes against their peoples—made it easy, and even inevitable, for us to translate Stalin into the new Hitler, and the wartime struggle into the Cold War. Much, obviously, can be said about the lack of nuance in our changing attitudes—the stark and essentially militarized form we gave to our altered political policies, the Calvinist passion Foster Dulles lent them, the stubbornness and zeal with which we stuck to them long after they outlived their usefulness or even their reference to reality. But our underlying judgment, that Stalin and Stalinism were bad and worth resisting, was a valid one and has been proved by history.

This luxury could not, of course,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last. Stalin died. The impending "doctors' plot" trials were called off, and the chief of the secret police, Beria, was shot by his fellow-members of the Presidium. The Soviet regime backed away from what it had been, becoming instead a more and more sterile and bureaucratized oligarchy resembling the Russia that had existed long before November, 1917—complete with a restless and emigrant intelligentsia. But as we ourselves proceeded, in a fairly orderly way, upon an evolutionary reconciliation with this altered Russia, moving into an ambiguous détente and even into what was described in the nineteen-sixties as the "technotronic" convergence of industrial superpowers—bureaucracy calling to bureaucracy across a political abyss—we ran into an unexpected event: the fall from virtue of the United States of America.

VIETNAM, followed by Watergate and then by F.B.I. and C.I.A. scandals, restored to the contemporary scene a moral complexity more nearly comparable to its political complexity. For Americans, accustomed in living memory to the enjoyment of an unchallenged international position of virtue, this was a shock with which it has been extremely difficult to come to terms. Objectively regarded, the situation was not extraordinary. The United States did no more than reveal that it is as capable as any other nation of brutal, murderous conduct in the pursuit of what it conceives to be its national interest, while in its internal affairs it demonstrated that corruption is not confined to City Hall and that power aggrandizement and the dictatorial instinct are not confined to Central America, Central Europe, and the Balkans. We did not, for all that, become the greatest criminal nation in history, which is what some bitterly disillusioned Americans seem to want to make us out to be, in an inversion of (or in compensation for) their earlier belief that the United States was the best of all imaginable nations. But the simple discovery that our country was, politically speaking, mortal provided a great shock. Thus the significance—and the emotional resonance—of the great debate between hawks and doves on Vietnam. They were debating not just the merits of the war in Vietnam but also what America as a nation meant to them and what it should signify to history.

The event was crucial. From being a state with a net moral credit in the world, the United States moved into deficit, and this made a basic difference

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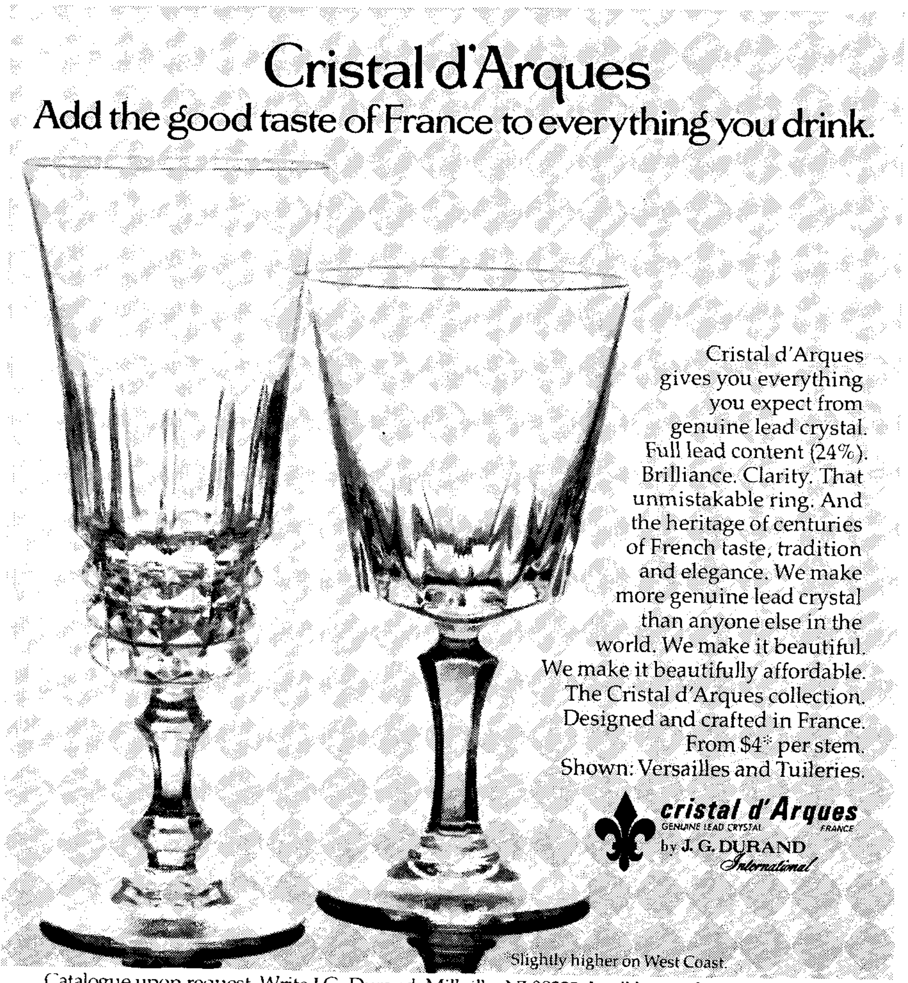

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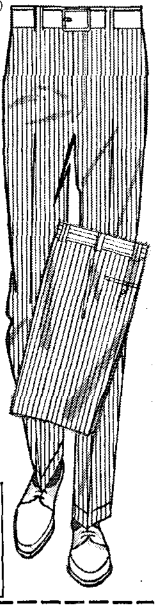

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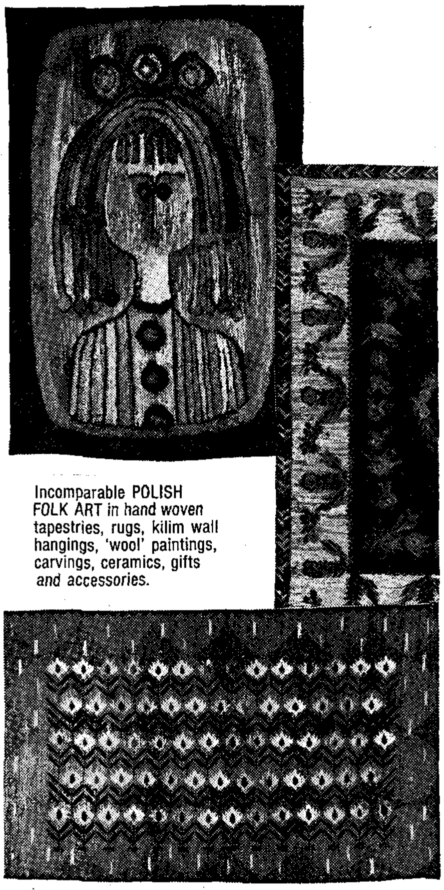
to contemporary politics. Before Vietnam, the United States had only little aggressions to its account—against Mexico, Spain, Colombia, and the American Indian—and an economic imperialism indistinguishable from that of its contemporaries, and, in the current context, no doubt similarly blameless. We had much human exploitation, but also genuine egalitarianism; racism, but a racism on whose account there had been, and in the nineteen-fifties and sixties were again to be, great internal struggles. On the credit side were a genuine national idealism, a generosity of outlook, a record in twentieth-century wars which was not self-seeking. But after spending the decade of the sixties vainly battering the Vietnamese with the best we could devise in the way of technologically administered death, committing useless and egregious aggressions against Cambodia and the pitiable Laos, and engaging in fruitless but brutal interventions elsewhere in the Third World to install generals and topple leftists, not to mention contriving assassination schemes and other contraventions of that anti-totalitarian "international order" we supposedly wanted to defend, the balance shifted from positive to negative. We had ourselves gone a little crazy with power. We had become international disturbers of the peace.

There were two simple ways to come to terms with this distressing new view of America. One, the revisionist way, acknowledged our crimes, placing them in a larger historical framework of past national crimes of imperialism and aggression; but then it went on to the reassuring suggestion that we could make a revolutionary repudiation of all that we had been, thus purging ourselves and again becoming leaders of the world. The other simple solution was to pin a flag in one's lapel and deny that America had ever done any wrong. But after Watergate and the collapse in Vietnam hardly any American still had the heart for that.

Now we have a third response to the situation. The theory of the great crisis—the general crisis of Western civilization—provides a rather more subtle solution to the intellectual and moral problems posed by America's fall from grace. America's failures and crimes are conceded, but they are placed in the justificatory context of the failure of the West as a whole. Democracy itself is failing. "There is blood in the water and the sharks grow frenzied," as Daniel P. Moynihan recently put it. Furthermore, since America is admitted to be in a crisis,



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Europe must be in an even worse crisis, since it was Europe which—through its own convulsions of the thirties and forties—drew America out of safe isolation and into the world engagement that has now led us to this crisis: if America has failed Europe must have failed first. It is unimaginable that Europe could be in better political health than America, or experience fewer social and moral tensions, since it is thought to be the very meaning of the modern American relationship to Europe that America has taken over its historical mission from a European society revealed to be incompetent and suicidal.

As a solution to the American problem, this theory of crisis responds to several fundamental requirements. First, it excuses much. If we are victims of a general decline, sharers in something far bigger than America alone, our responsibility for our failures is diminished. Second, if the crisis ultimately derives from outside us, rather than from within America and from America's own actions, decisions, or omissions, it is not so obvious that a great deal needs to be changed in American life. Indeed, if the political aspects of this crisis truly involve a renewed Communist threat to the Western European countries, then the established American foreign policy of anti-Communist intervention in Europe seems to be revalidated. The assumption that underlies this policy—that Europe is unable to look after itself—seems to be reconfirmed.

Finally, if there is a general crisis that has not only international political dimensions but an important internal aspect of social dislocation or malaise, revealed in such indices as drug taking and violence in the society, then the very intensity of America's inner crisis is proof of America's continued world preëminence. In an oblique but nonetheless reassuring way, America is shown still to be the leader of the world—leading the way out of a fixed and familiar bourgeois order into a chaotic post-modern, "post-industrial" future. Our crisis is worst because we are the most advanced of all societies. But whatever happens to us must eventually happen in the other industrial states as well. Drugs, youth rebellion, a convulsive reappraisal of sexual identity and of social roles, unmotivated violence—all these, the good and the bad, must in due course occur in the other industrial societies. And, in fact, that this is so is, as a rule, faithfully taken for granted in the other advanced industrial states. Frenchmen, Germans,

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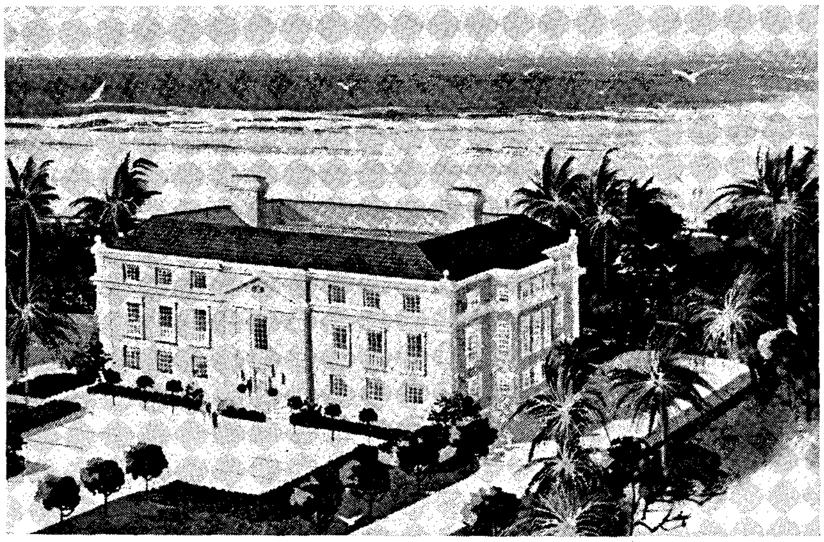

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and Dutchmen will argue that while life may not actually seem bad in their countries, it must soon get worse, since things are already worse in the United States.

BUT suppose that the theory of general Western crisis—democracy's crisis—is not true. Suppose that no general decline of the West can be conclusively demonstrated. Suppose that Japanese and European democracy is actually in reasonably sound working order, and that the Europeans, to say nothing of the Japanese, in their voting and in the conduct of their governments and political parties, give no serious evidence of wishing to turn their nations into "people's democracies." Suppose that the considerable social problems that do exist in Europe and in Japan are not really links in an evolving general crisis of industrial civilization but simply the particular difficulties of particular societies with many common conditions and institutions yet with fundamental differences and distinct industrial and political cultures. Suppose, that is, that while bureaucracy in Sweden and bureaucracy in Italy both pose issues of social and political importance to the future of these countries, the two bureaucracies actually have more differences than similarities. Suppose that the urban problems of Naples have entirely different causes from the urban problems of New York. Suppose that what Japanese expect of their government differs in basic respects from what Americans expect of theirs—that, indeed, the conception of the individual's relationship to the state is so different in Japan, Italy, and the United States, for example, as to raise the question of whether the three nations really have a reliable political vocabulary in common in this matter.

Consider the political dimensions of Italy's present situation. Italy is one Western European democracy in which direct Communist participation in government is today a serious possibility. Recent weeks have seen the issue intensely debated, as Italians try to deal with the problems precipitated by the fall of the Socialist-Christian Democratic coalition in January and the prolonged political crisis—and plunge of the lira—that followed. But it must be kept in mind that the Communist vote in the regional elections held last June was one-third of the total, and today there is no plausible prospect that the Communists could obtain an absolute majority, even if new national elections were held (they are not required until next year). Nor is there any serious

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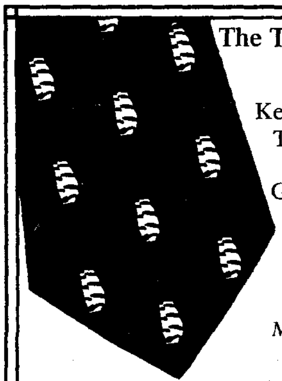
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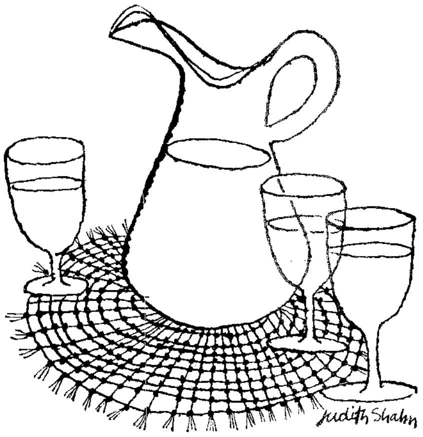
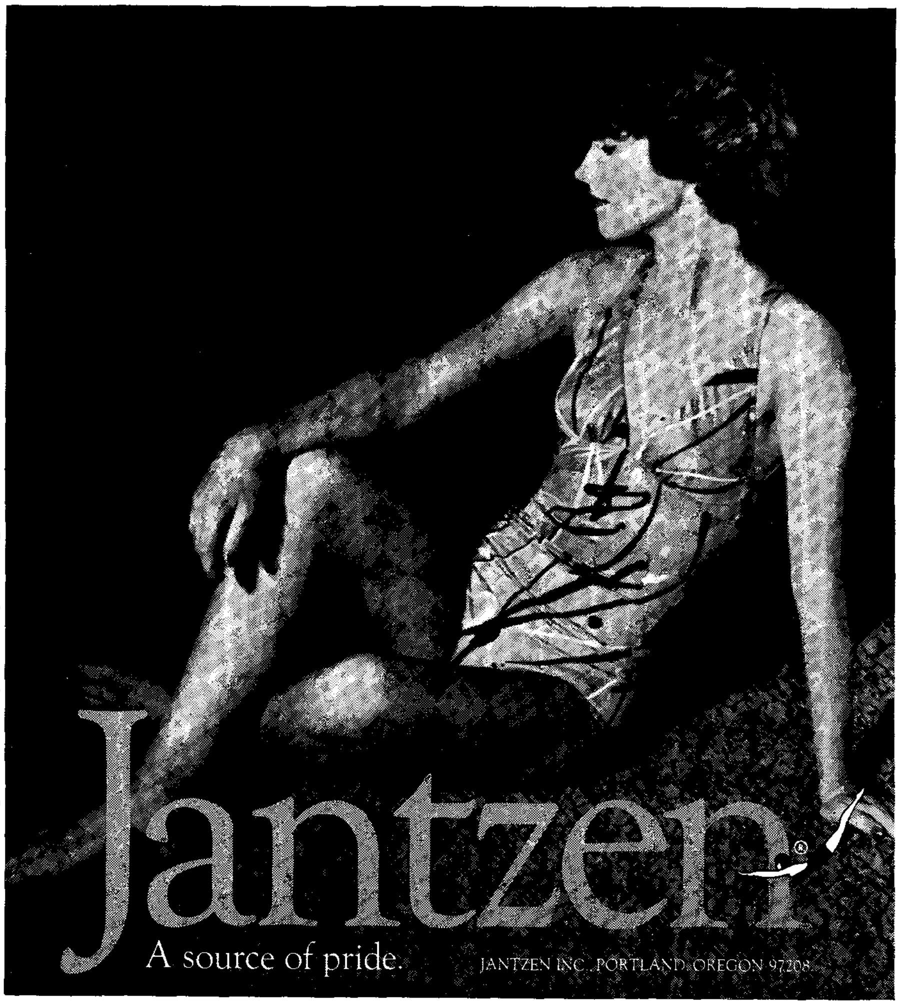
prospect that the Communists alone could or would form a government in Italy. What seems probable is that they will develop a kind of consultative collaboration with the new Christian Democratic government—which would amount to an informal version of the so-called "historic compromise." This could eventually lead to the formation of a new government in which the Communists were granted a number of posts consistent with their actual vote in the country. This would be either a coalition government of Communists with Christian Democrats or, conceivably, a minority government of Communists with Socialists or with a faction of the Christian Democratic Party. In any case, the Communists would not have a free hand to take the country over. Any attempt to dismiss Parliament, postpone an election, arrest opponents, or suppress the press would be resisted by popular forces more powerful in numbers than the Communists themselves and certainly including the country's military and paramilitary forces. The Italian Carabinieri and Army are not notably pro-Communist and are not likely to cooperate in a Communist coup d'état even if there should be Communist Ministers of the Interior and Defense (itself highly improbable, since the non-Communist politicians who would be involved in assigning the Cabinet posts in any coalition government of Italy are not fools).

Spain and Portugal present much larger uncertainties, for neither nation has been a democracy in at least four decades. Precisely because they have both been dictatorships since before the Second World War, their future fates—whatever these prove to be—can hardly be considered failures of democracy. Portugal right now is a net gain for democracy. It may yet end up under some new authoritarian government, but at the moment it is a far freer country than it has been at any time since António de Oliveira

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Salazar took power, in the nineteen-twenties. One might think that those who defend democracy would rejoice at Portugal's success in freeing itself from the old dictatorship.

With the death of Franco, Spain is embarking upon its own transition. One might consider *this*, too, an occasion for the friends of democracy to be glad, not fearful. Spain also has changed greatly in forty years. It has opened itself to the world—especially, of late, to Common Market Europe. It has undergone profound economic change, becoming one of the most rapidly growing industrial societies in the world. A big, Europe-oriented middle class has emerged, with—one presumes—a stake in peace and stability. The Spanish future seems not unfavorable to democracy, however troubled the period of transition may be. What seems quite unlikely is that the Spanish Communists would find it simple to take over the country. They were unable to do so forty years ago, when conditions might be thought to have been a great deal more favorable—when the Communists were part of the government itself, and Spain was poor and desperate, and was engaged in a civil war.

Take the case of France. The Union of the Left—incorporating Communists, Socialists, and a small third party of the left—came within a very narrow margin of winning the Presidential election of 1974. What would have happened if the left had won? Since France's Socialists were democrats, genuinely committed to Parliament and to liberty, and since the leadership and ideological tendency of the French Communist Party have been authoritarian, Stalinist, and submissive to the Soviet Union, it is highly probable that the ensuing government of the left would by now have fallen into irreconcilable internal conflict. Thus today, even in opposition, the Union of the Left has come very near to collapse over precisely these issues of democratic principle and practice. And the Communists themselves have been driven into a drastic restatement of their beliefs. Their leader, Georges Marchais, declared this January that the term "dictatorship of the proletariat" is no longer acceptable as a description of what the Communists want. But in the local elections that followed, at the beginning of March, the Socialists gained much more heavily than the Communists—further straining relations between the two parties. In any event, it is inconceivable that any government of the combined

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left could subordinate France to Russia. Not only would the Socialists and the third coalition party—the Radicals of the Left, who also are democrats—prevent such a thing but the mass of Communist voters and sympathizers would certainly resist it. Moreover, under a government of the Union of the Left, assuming that it survived (and that the Communists did not quit or were not forced out), France would hardly cease being what it has always been, which is an incorrigibly nationalist, self-centered, and self-interested society with institutions of individual liberty and a powerful tradition of freedom of thought and expression. To change that would require a great deal more than placing Communists in government as junior partners of the Socialists.

Where else is democracy at bay? In Greece? The Greeks have just managed to reëstablish democratic government in their country, no thanks to the United States. In Britain? Britain today has big troubles—even bigger, perhaps, than Italy's or Spain's—but Britain does not seem a likely candidate for Communist dictatorship, whatever American businessmen may think of the views of the Labour Party's left wing or of the state of labor relations in the United Kingdom's automobile industry. One might ask if democracy is in jeopardy in Finland itself. The Finns have in the past had the Communists as coalition partners in their government and then have put them out. Finland's Finlandization is a consequence of the fact that Finland was at war with Russia for the greater part of the six years from 1939 to 1945. First was the so-called Winter War of resistance to Soviet aggression against Finland, and then came Finland's war—on Germany's side—to attempt to regain its earlier losses to Russia. When that second war was lost, one might have supposed that Finland would suffer the same fate that neighboring Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia had already suffered—incorporation into the Soviet Union. Or, at least, that of the Eastern Europeans, turned into satellite people's democracies. That the Finns did not is a tribute to their courage and intransigence. Since then, they have conducted their foreign policy and, in certain respects, their domestic affairs with a prudent concern to avoid acts that the Soviet government might consider a threat to Soviet security interests on its northern front. This is what Finlandization means; and thus, in the historical and political situation in which

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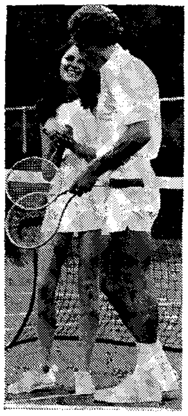

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it actually exists, Finlandization might be thought a victory for democracy, not a defeat. The Poles or Hungarians would have been happy to be "Finlandized" in the nineteen-forties—or even today.

IT is clear that the Western European nations, Japan, and the United States have a good deal in common—part of the worst in our contemporary conditions as well as the best—but perhaps we all have a good deal less in common than thirty years of slogans about the Free World and Atlantic Civilization often lead us to assume. Because we do have important things in common, and because since the Second World War the United States has been the most powerful economic, military, and political force in world affairs, a general but also largely unconsidered assumption has developed that all of us are societies going in the same direction, toward the same goal. It is taken for granted that the United States is leading the way—accepting the problems as well as the rewards of leadership. But this has yet to be proved. Certainly the assumption is open to considerable qualification and analytic discrimination. For an obvious case in point, America has an urban problem. The whole industrial world therefore is widely thought to have, or to be about to have, a crisis of its cities. But the basic problems in America's cities today seem to reflect two factors that do not exist anywhere else. The great American cities are experiencing the effects of an immense internal migration since the nineteen-forties of displaced Southern agricultural laborers. Also, in the American federal tradition, localities bear a heavy part of the burden of what would elsewhere be national assistance to the unemployed, the poor, and the incompetent. Whatever the present and future problems of Europe's cities—to say nothing of Japan's—they are not problems of the black central city, the burden of welfare on urban finances, or the wholesale flight of the middle classes to the suburbs. The automobile, the pressure of commercial rents on housing, the general tensions between narrowly economic uses of land and socially and aesthetically more desirable ones, and demographic changes all present problems affecting most urban centers in the world. But these are not the specific problems that have put New York, Newark, and Detroit in their present plights, nor are they what Americans are talking about when they talk about the urban crisis. Last August, in Paris,

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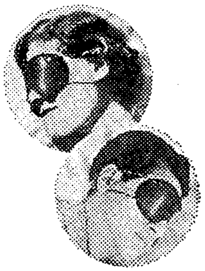

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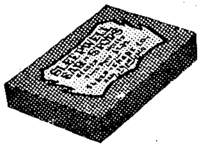

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two bus drivers were robbed on successive nights. The matter received some attention in the press, because there seemed to be no previous record of a bus driver's having ever been robbed in Paris. The affair became another of the incidents that Parisians cite to one another and to visiting foreigners as evidence that Paris is becoming "a jungle—just like New York."

America has not been made a better country by this habit of universalizing its ideas, problems, and goals as those of mankind itself—even when mankind elsewhere has proved willing to agree, which has not always been the case. It is nonetheless an American trait that goes very far back in our civilization—to our founding as the revolutionary "New World," liberated from the "Old World." But recently it has made a great deal of trouble for us.

Now, chastened by the troubles we got into by trying to use foreign policy, spies, troops, and bombs to make our universal ideals come true, we seem to be looking for consolation by universalizing our failures. In this case, the danger to the rest of the world is probably much less, but the cost to us could still be large. It means that we still are being less than honest with ourselves—absolving ourselves of responsibility, and dramatizing our role in history. As in the aggressive phase of our postwar campaign of national universalization, we cannot seem to bring ourselves to acknowledge that we might not be the most interesting, original, and important of the earth's nations. —WILLIAM PFAFF

•

## MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the New Haven Register*]

OMAHA, Neb. (AP)—E.E. Kelley, an Omaha businessman, needed to keep a pair of fancy cakes he was carrying in good condition while he attended an event in Lincoln recently.

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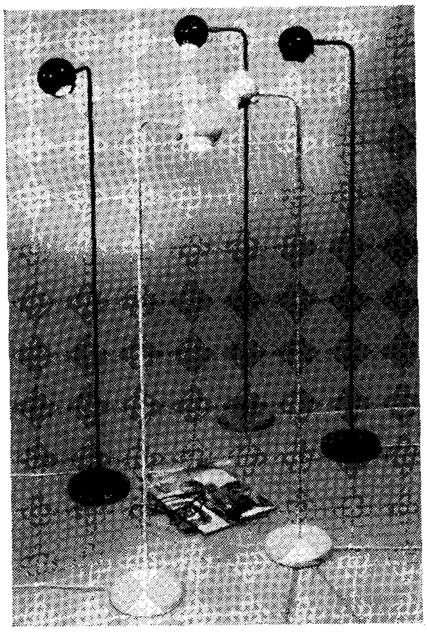

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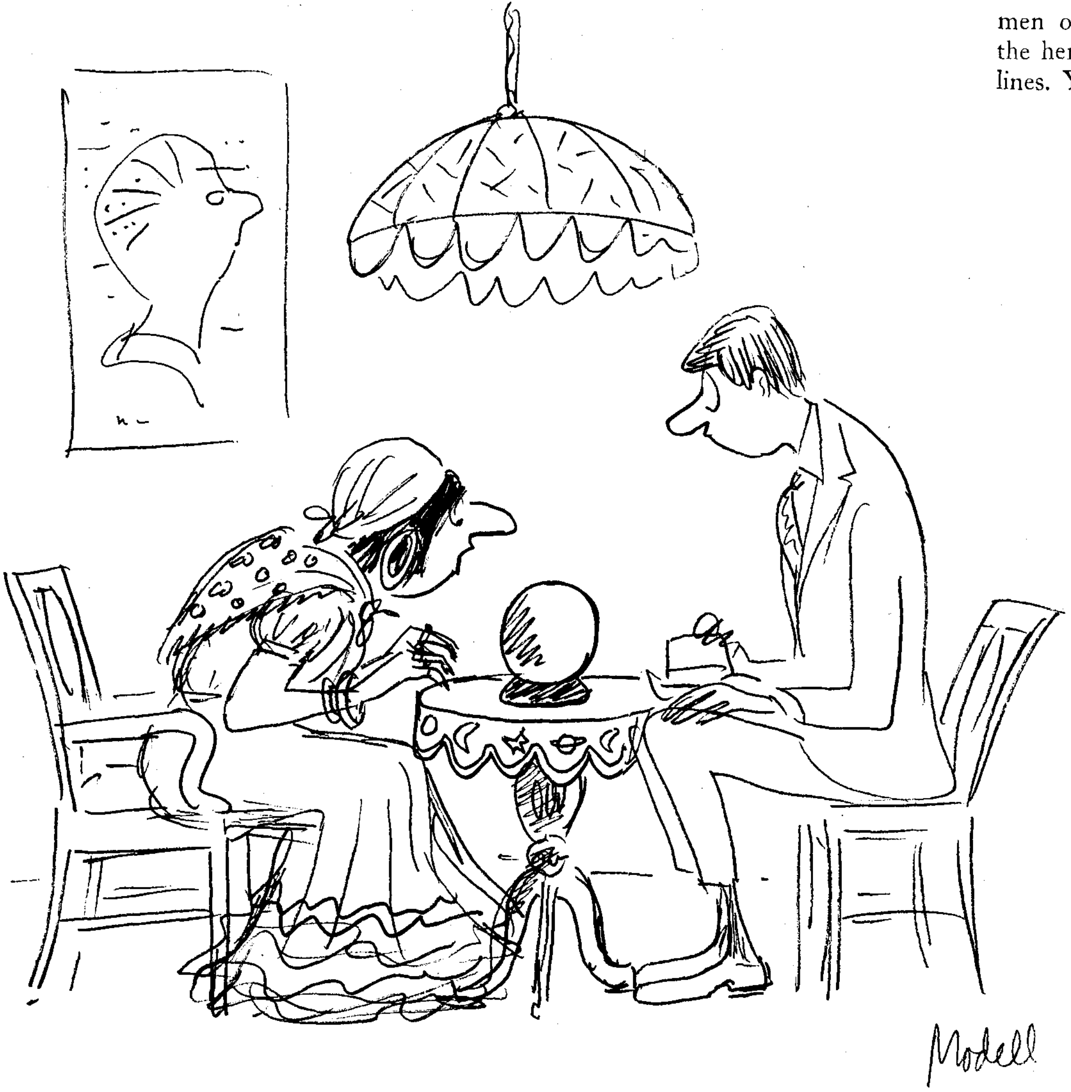
# DANCING

## *What You See Is What You Get*

OF his popular "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte" Ravel wrote, "It is not a pavane for a dead child, but rather an evocation of the pavanes which could have been danced by such a little princess as painted by Velázquez at the Spanish court." Ravel's princess is dead in the sense that she is lost—a remote, archaic creature. Kurt Jooss's "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta" brings her back with a modern sensibility and then kills her off—a literal death caused by the clash between her joyous, free spirit and the callous pomposities of court life. The ballet, which was created in 1929 and is revived this season by the Joffrey, is one of those period pieces for which the phrase "of historical interest" was invented. Like its companion revival, "A Ball in Old Vienna," it has the look of high-class revue numbers that were once thought exquisite and now seem quaint. "A Ball in Old Vienna" (1933) has five gentlemen in waistcoats of different shades of slate blue partnering five ladies in white crinolines and pantaloons. There is a smooth couple, an awkward one, a minty dancing master. Two maiden aunts kibitz. It is very ballet-Biedermeier and very *bouffe.* The music is by the waltz master Josef Lanner, and the choreography is jolly but not more distinguished than that of "Graduation Ball," with which David Lichine followed Jooss, evidently much in his debt, seven years later. As the dancing master, Gary Chryst demonstrates agitato toes and wrists with the caricaturist's wit that in the Joffrey is his alone. I can say little more about the piece except that, like last year's Jooss revival, "The Big City," it surprised me by being so short. Somehow, Joossian schematics prepare me for a long haul.

Jooss's attempt to give dance the expressive qualities of mime (as a substitute for mime "speech") had a certain influence in its day; in the "Pavane" one sees the roots of Tudor's "Jardin aux Lilas." But, unlike Tudor's, Jooss's method of classifying movement and assigning meanings to it has no delicacy of allusion, either psychologically or pictorially. Jooss can paint a propaganda mural like "The Green Table," but his strokes are too broad for "exquisite" miniatures like the "Pavane." His courtiers move in closed ranks, locking their legs in adamant fifth position. The hapless infanta, who keeps trying to melt this frosty frontage with tripping bourrées, light bounds, and ever more crippled révérences, is finally crushed, as the program says, "beneath the burden of its elaborate etiquette." Onstage, it happens almost that clunkily. There's even a moment when the ladies and gentlemen of the court change places and the heroine gets caught in the crossing lines. You needn't have seen what Jerome Robbins does with the same idea in "The Concert" to know that any choreographer who uses it has got to be kidding. You'd think, too, that anyone choreographing for a dancer who must wear enormous panniered hips and corkscrew curls that jut six inches from either side of her head would have limited her jumps to changements and low pas de chat. Jooss's chipper choreography makes the infanta look like a gambolling sofa.

With what she has been handed in this role, it is a miracle that Francesca Corkle did not put over the comedy of the season. But the miracle has no mystery to it. Audiences now are so passive and suggestible that they won't laugh unless they are cued to; they respond to what the dancers want, not to what they do. These audiences are great respecters of that classroom piety the artist's intentions. And when the tone of entertainment is as uneven as it is right now, it's no wonder that audiences react as they do—by not reacting until the go-ahead signal is flashed. They restrained themselves at the Dance Theatre of Harlem's "Manifestations" when



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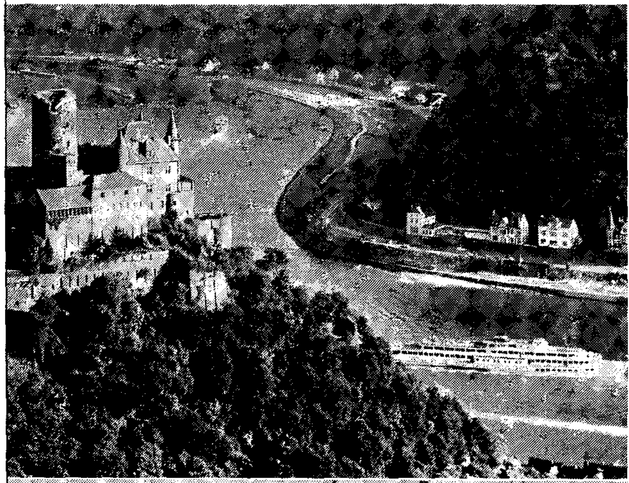

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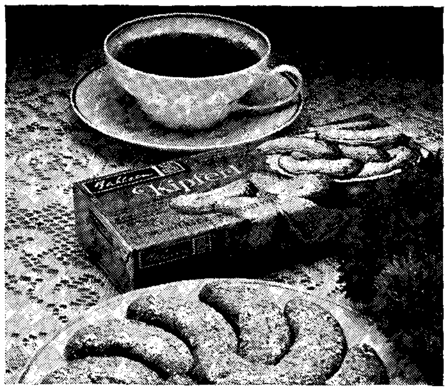

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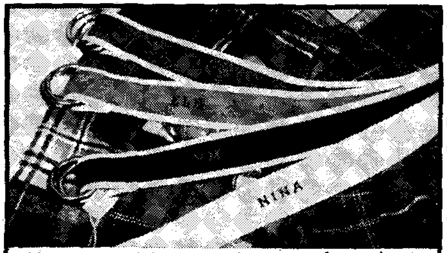

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the Snake whipped out a real apple for Adam and Eve to bite into: restrained themselves because by that point in the ballet they'd guessed—correctly, alas—that the choreographer, Arthur Mitchell, and the composer, Primous Fountain III, were serious. (The real apple in Paul Taylor's Adam and Eve ballet "So Long Eden" is an obvious joke and gets obvious laughs.) In the D.T.H.'s "Carmen and José" (choreography by Ruth Page), Bizet's music and characters are transferred to a Caribbean setting and given the hot treatment, with lots of gyrating to a calypso beat. Because the piece is such a muddle of intentions, nobody thinks it ludicrous when Escamillo appears with his entourage—matadors all and classical danseurs, too. (The appearance of Micaela in horn-rims, carrying a load of schoolbooks, would be ludicrous in any setting.) Sometimes audiences never do get that go-ahead signal until the curtain comes down and they are called upon to applaud. Often I sit among palpably disengaged audiences, imagining that they'll beat me to the exit, but I always leave them behind, cheering. This happened with the William Dollar ballet that the D.T.H. put on in its season at the Uris as "Mendelssohn's Concerto" (implying he wrote only one). Certainly it is better danced than it deserves to be, but, in spite of that, nothing emerges. One sits there thinking, All these dancers fitting all these steps so neatly to all this music: it must be adding up to something. What it adds up to is applause.

The audience applauds "The Combat" lustily while I streak for the lobby, but that is a clear difference of opinion. Audiences love "The Combat" as much today when it's done by the Harlem dancers as they did years ago when Melissa Hayden danced it as "The Duel" with the New York City Ballet. (She also performed it with American Ballet Theatre, as did Lupe Serrano, and with concert groups.) "The Combat" is Dollar's best-known ballet. It has a male and a female role of about equal strength plus a small male ensemble, but it's the girl's ballet, because she is in disguise—as one of the boys. It also has another attention-getter: all the dancers are as if on horseback. This makes the piece delectable in an idiotic way; you can follow the prancings and pawings and the showy jumps (split jetés, or ballottés and soubresauts, which suggest dressage) with a keener technical pleasure, perhaps, than you might take in some other ballet, but then you realize they

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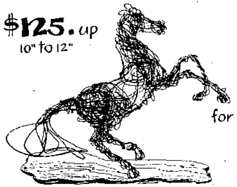

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really mean no more than they'd mean in some other ballet, and you feel like a fool. You've been watching horses instead of dancers. The problem for performers of "The Combat" lies in joining the technique to the story interest in such a way as to turn a staid academic exercise into a flashing demi-caractère piece. Lydia Abarca and Paul Russell didn't meet the problem; they performed the steps and played the story (of Tancred, the Christian crusader, discovering that the Saracen warrior he has killed is Clorinda, the girl he loves) without sensing how the one might spontaneously illuminate the other. It helps to be magnificent at the technique. But, lacking technique, one can make suggestions about it. After all, the "Bluebird" pas de deux is more exciting when you are really made to think of a bird and a princess, both of them enchanted, even though it's a piece that doesn't need to be saved from itself, as "The Combat" does. The D.T.H. performance was decently danced, in a glow of sincere effort. Clorinda, with her plumed helmet and her breastplate and black tights, is the ballet equivalent of the principal-boy roles actresses have loved to play. The sexiness of the role—the Joan of Arc sexiness—that accounts for the ballet's popularity is enhanced by strong, well-turned-over legs and feet, which aren't among Abarca's assets. She has the glamour the part needs, but basically she's a soft, stretchy, lyrical dancer, and as the hard-driving Clorinda she's miscast. If "Carmen and José" had been a good piece or only as good as "The Combat," she would have had a triumph. As dancing, the role of Carmen is underconstructed; as drama, it is tame; but as a set of anatomical configurations it revealed more about Abarca's softness and pliancy than any other role yet has, and there was not a moment in it that didn't find her looking magically beautiful.

THE value of trusting to what you see rather than to what you've been instructed to see was illustrated a few weekends ago at the Brooklyn Academy of Music by the brilliant acrobatic-mime troupe that calls itself Pilobolus Dance Theatre. "Dance" is not what I would say Pilobolus does, and it is not what I would want it to do. Its art, which is based on gymnastics, is already complete. Gymnastics present the body in complicated feats of coördination without reference to what dancers call dynamics—the play of contrasts available between ex-

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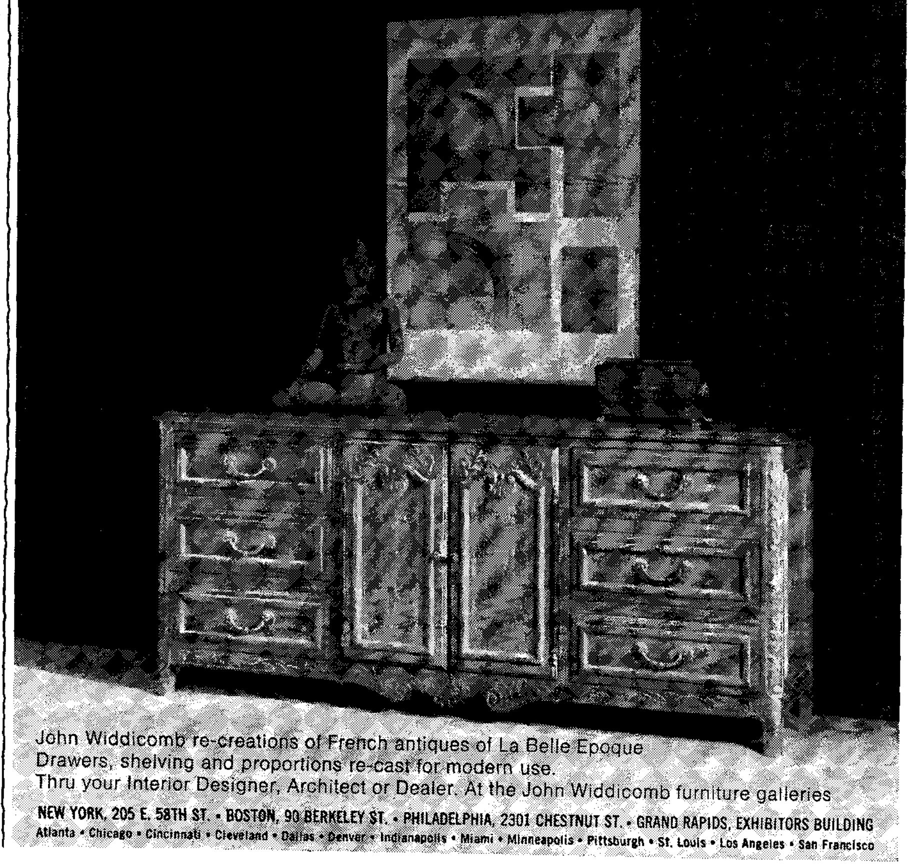

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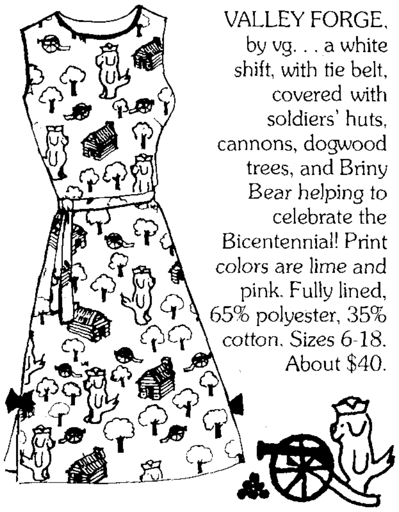

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tremes of pressure, speed, and direction (hard-soft, fast-slow, up-down). A gymnast wants to get from one move to another as smoothly as possible, and his rhythm—another distinguishing factor—is adjusted to his efficiency. He can have dance timing, but he is moved more by functional logic than by dance impetus. Of course, theatrical dancing has always renewed itself by going back to this functional logic, and Pilobolus has caused the boundaries between dancing and gymnastics to overlap even more by its use of poetic imagery. The company gives us something to look at besides prowess; it makes pictures, and its best pictures are of a very special trompe-l'oeil variety. Added to the sense of physical dislocation that clever contortionists can convey is a sense of visual paradox and allusion. We get to see two ways at once or to see correspondences between things. The performers turn themselves into animals, organisms, machines. They do not emphasize the turning-into process as much as the result—the accomplished image—but there are a few numbers in which process is all: "Ocellus," a frieze of athletes in wavelike progressions; "Ciona," an acrobats' circus; and those marvellous solos that deal in gradual or instantaneous conversions. Pilobolus often uses double-barrelled illusions (like "The Combat") but in such a manner as to enlarge our perceptions rather than to titillate them. And it uses no coercive form of choreography—no planting or sustaining devices to show us how to see. The performers themselves rule the pace of events. Sometimes they linger obsessively, sometimes they move ahead too quickly, zooming past an effect that a choreographer might have frozen or repeated. They are pretty precious in the titles they give their numbers, but when it comes to performance they don't ask us to attribute more meaning to what they do than they can provide right there in front of us. What we see is what we get. We can take Pilobolus at face value—that is, if in the welter of duplicitous images we can determine what that face is.

Pilobolus numbers four men and two women, and although some have had more dance training than others, their stage presence is different from dancers'—it's more sexually realistic. The men have a touch of goatishness that is agreeably collegiate; it can lead at times to a kind of cultured ribaldry, but I never found it offensive. In duets (always male-female), there's a lack of conventional sexual sentiment; the per-

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formers are more likely to show symbiosis than sentiment—one live as two, two live as one, under the bamboo tree. Just as any focussed dance company is a microcosm of the world, there's a Pilobolus world view, compounded of imagination, physical daring, and humor. That it should have developed outside the etiolated modern-dance tradition is not surprising. That certain of its elements, notably the physical daring, should now be imitated by dancers is not surprising, either. Margo Sappington's new ballet for the Joffrey, "Face Dancers," attempts some Pilobolus-like lifts and convolutions, but they're as badly worked out as the rest of the choreography. Imitating actual Pilobolus stunts is not the answer. Dancers, as much as the rest of us, have to learn to see.

DANCE photographs taken between 1940 and 1975 form the greater part of an exhibition by Fred Fehl in the Amsterdam Gallery of the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. Fred Fehl's eye is an instructive one. His photographs, all of dancers in performance, show with amazing consistency his expert selection of the moment—the moment that will be as right for the camera as for the dancer. They show also the dancer in correct relation to his space—never a fragmented, impressionistic view. When I look at Fehl's shots of a ballet I have seen, I feel I can say, "Yes, that is the way it looked," but it's the ballets and dancers I haven't seen that are the most interesting—Markova in "Romeo and Juliet" or "Pas de Quatre," Danilova in "Coppélia" or "Raymonda." Fehl is able to put before us the same moment in performances years apart—sometimes with the same dancers, sometimes with different ones—and I wish the exhibition (which continues through May 29th) had concentrated more on this specialty of his. The mounting is not all it should be, and some captions are incomplete, but in place of a Fred Fehl book, which has yet to be published, it serves very well.

—ARLENE CROCE

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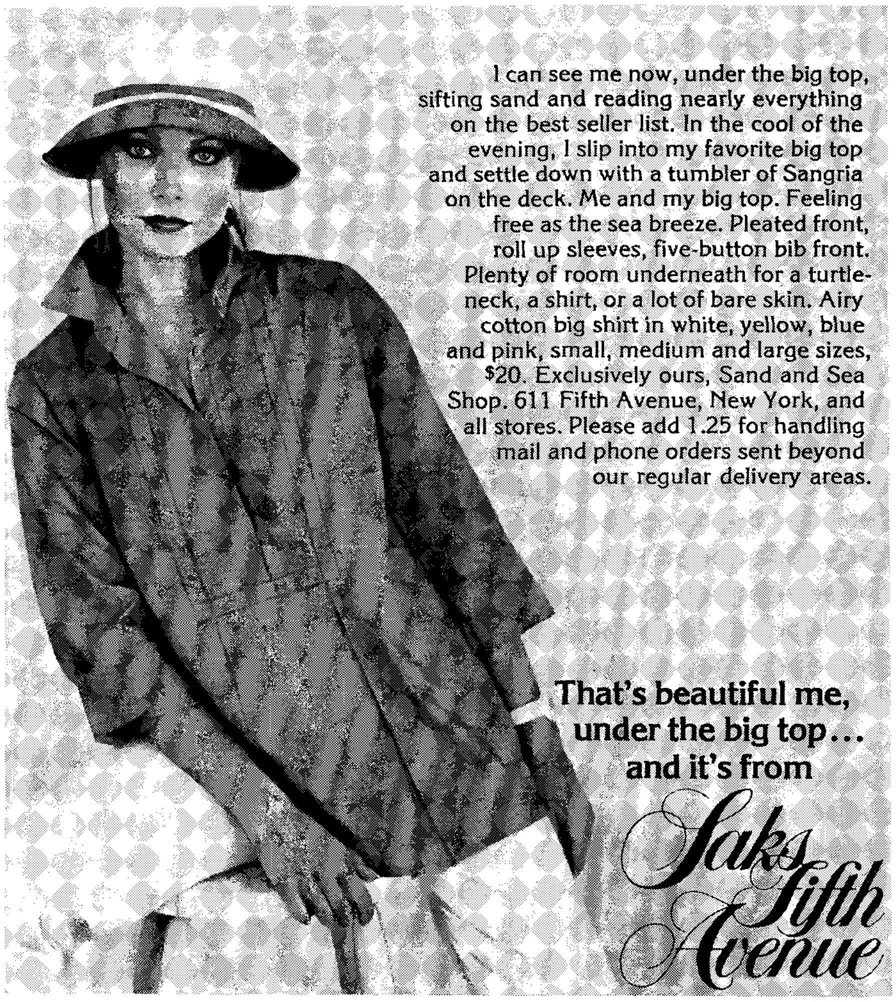

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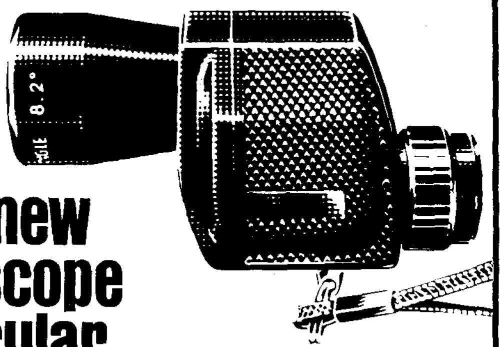

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Notes on a Weekend*

OLDER horses had their innings North and South last Saturday. Trainer Dick Dutrow sent six-year-old Double Edge Sword up to Aqueduct from Maryland for the Westchester Handicap, and the lively old boy led from start to finish, winning in the surprising time of 1:33⅖. (That's just a tick off the track mark.) Nearly five lengths behind him, Dr. Emil took second place easily from Bold and Fancy. Although Double Edge Sword had won at the same distance by an even wider margin a month before, he was a shade over 9–1 in the betting; horseplayers don't take runners from out of town too seriously. Most of the crowd of 33,092 favored Native Guest. He ran last. With the coming of better weather and more horses from the South, racing hereabouts is picking up. The tote handled $4,517,745 on the day of the Westchester.

Down at Hallandale, Florida, four-year-old Foolish Pleasure—who didn't run in the Gulfstream Park Handicap, because LeRoy Jolley, his trainer, thought his assigned weight of 131 pounds was excessive—started in the Canadian Turf Handicap, at a mile and a sixteenth, and finished out of the money. After a good start, he stayed just behind Step Forward—who led all the way and broke the track record—till they swung into the stretch; then he began to fall back, and he wound up eighth of the nine runners. It should be pointed out that this was his first race on the grass.

AT Pimlico, Christopher R. and Gallant Bob hooked up in the J. Edgar Hoover Handicap (the Director and his No. 2 man, Clyde Tolson, were regular visitors at the track), and they had a merry time for six furlongs. Trying bravely from break to finish, Bob could never catch Chris, who passed the post half a length to the good.

THE Gotham Stakes, for three-year-olds at a mile, comes up at the Big A this weekend, and if Frank Whiteley—they call him the Gray Fox of Laurel—turns unbeaten Zen loose in it, we may get a notion of how good he is. Long before Zen first came to the races, last summer, horse-watchers were talking about a colt that Whiteley was training for the Bancroft brothers; they said he was something extra. He was. In his first start, at Belmont last July, Zen won by half a dozen lengths from Whatsyourpleasure. After his second, which he won just as easily, he developed bucked shins—an ailment similar to the shinsplints that human runners get—and Whiteley put him by for the year. He wintered well at Camden, South Carolina, and in his first start of the season, at Aqueduct a few weeks ago, he won by seven lengths. In his next, the Hirsch Jacobs Stakes at Pimlico, he beat Cojak by much less, but he still ran quite impressively. Since then, he's been working well enough to please Whiteley, who's a perfectionist.

In the Gotham this weekend, he won't be meeting Bold Forbes, who sizzled for seven furlongs in the Bay Shore Stakes in the lickety-split time of 1:20⅘, because Laz Barrera, who trains Bold Forbes, thinks his horse ran too fast in that event, and says that he's going to teach him how to relax before racing him again. However, Zen will not lack opposition. It will come from Mount Sterling, who was up against Honest Pleasure in the Flamingo Stakes but stumbled and tossed off his jockey when the starting-gate door opened; from Play the Red, who did a nice mile recently; from Eustace and Full Out, who were second and third in the Bay Shore; and from Whatsyourpleasure. Zen, if you haven't seen him, is a big, handsome gray colt by Damascus, who raced with distinction for Mrs. Edith Woodward Bancroft, the mother of the Bancroft brothers. By the way, he's the first gray by Damascus that horsemen remember. Perhaps it marks him as one in a thousand.

FOR THE RECORD: In Hot Springs, T. V. Vixen stretched her winning streak to eight straight in the Fantasy Stakes, Oaklawn Park's big one for three-year-old fillies. She beat Answer in a driving finish. At Santa Anita, Stravina, a mare from Chile, beat Katonka in the Santa Barbara Handicap. And Telly's Pop finished fifth to An Act in the Santa Anita Derby last Sunday.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

### NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

*[From the Washington Post]*

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Trapdoor*

ONE foot at a time. A little something to eat. Take it hour by hour. No, minute by minute. The woman psychiatrist in Bergman's magnificent "Face to Face" (Liv Ullmann), who is on the edge of a nervous breakdown, schools herself in how to get through things. It is as if she were a long-ill patient working at a physiotherapist's exercises. The muscles are like threadbare pieces of string. The will to carry on comes and goes. The concrete keeps merging with phantoms. Any communally shared sense of reality has begun to dwindle. And yet this haunted woman still strikes others as being remarkably in charge of her life, not its hostage. Her professional skill lies in hauling others out of nightmares, and supposedly in not falling prey to them herself. Nothing is visibly wrong. She is happily enough married, though to a man often away. Her mother and father were long ago killed in a motor accident, but that scar seems to have healed over. She sees a great deal of her grandparents. Her grandmother, like her, is accustomed to being happy: Bergman's script characterizes both of them as comforting, natural women who tend to like life wherever they are.

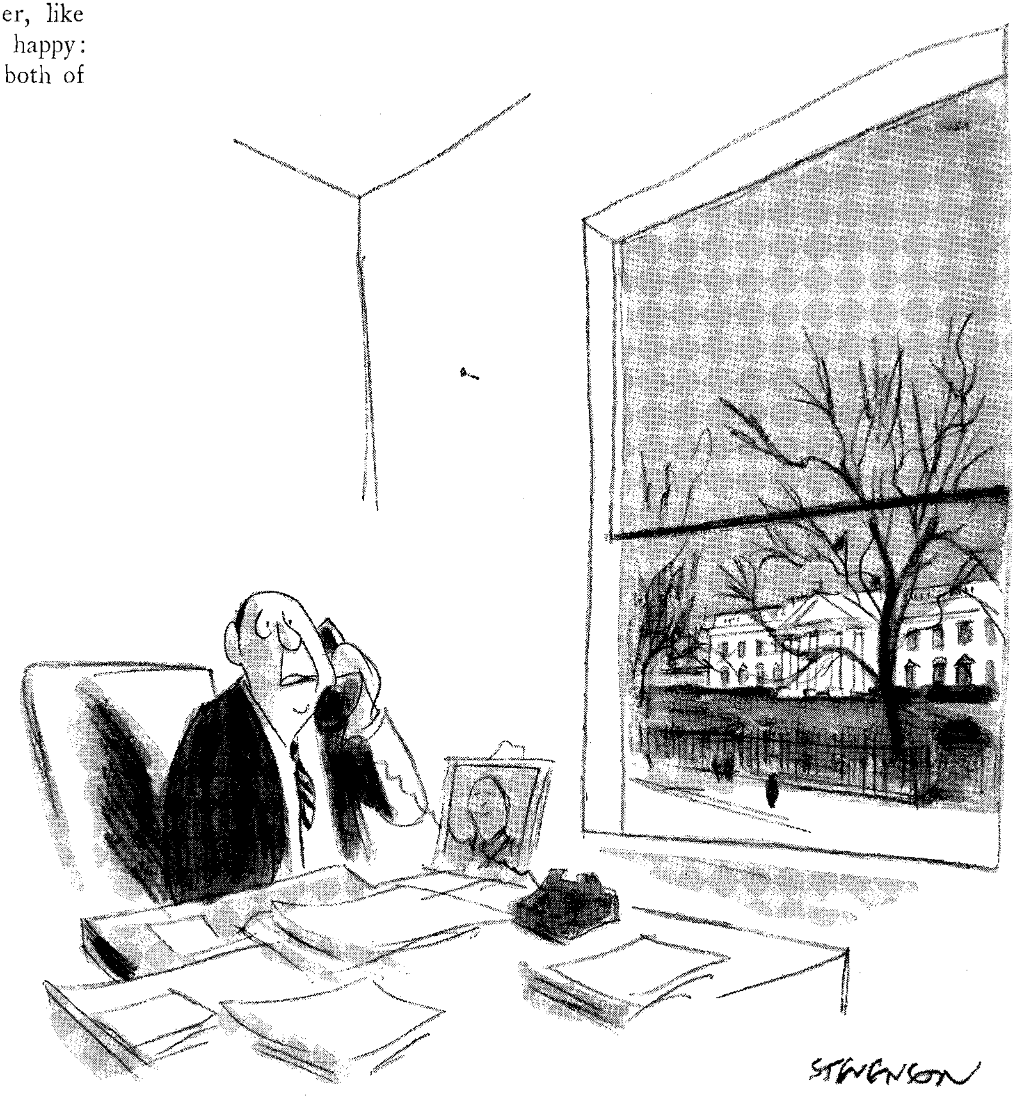
So why does the psychiatrist—Jenny, her name is—try to kill herself? Bergman makes it seem no enigma that this apparently reposeful woman is within reach of the long arm of blight. In "Face to Face," more than in any of his other films up to now, he shows us an unhappy mind's oscillation between the easeful sense that day-to-day life is manageable and the intolerable suspicion that such a hope is an ambush. Jenny tries to commit suicide because she is suddenly, for many reasons, alarmed out of her wits that the human beings called normal are using only a fraction of a frightening strength: that they are very ominous colossi roaming the woods, flexing no more than their left thumbs.

Bergman's films about suicide always suggest that pity is coquetry. He asks us only to pay heed to predicaments. The son of a Lutheran minister, this plagued, poetic director has dealt with suicide many times: "A Ship Bound for India" (1947), "The Devil's Wanton" (1949), "Three Strange Loves" (1949), "The Naked Night" (1953), "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), "The Magician" (1958), "Winter Light" (1963), and now "Face to Face." The film begins with Jenny in an empty room. She is a smiling, beautiful, capable woman, speaking on a white telephone that is almost the only thing left in a house that she is moving out of. The later sight of her with her grandmother (Aino Taube-Henrikson) obviously has to do with the fact that Bergman spent much of his childhood in Uppsala with his own grandmother; the set for the grandparents' apartment in the film was exactly copied from the apartment of Bergman's grandparents, even down to the wallpaper. Jenny's grandmother senses something awry in the life of her granddaughter. "I'm just a little out of sorts," Jenny tells her. "I never really recovered from that bout of flu in the spring." Maybe some vitamins.

At work in her hospital, with a colleague called Dr. Wankel (Ulf Johansson), she gets tart about his chain-smoking. He empties a stub-laden ashtray into a wastepaper basket with exaggerated pomp: this is often a witty film, for all its anguish. She and Dr. Wankel talk about the myth of "curing" mentally disturbed patients, and about "the bankruptcy of psychoanalysis." More and more, nothing quite works, in spite of the heroine's surface of efficient good humor.

We know that her husband is going to be away for three months. She has a lover: nothing splendid, but he'll do. Wankel asks her whether she's going to the party where his wife is "unveiling her new lover," a homosexual. "My wife loves him and his little playmates," Wankel says, using sophistication to cover pain. At the party, Jenny meets a bisexual called Tomas (Erland Josephson) and seems perilously drawn to him.

She begins to have dank fantasies. A hallucination of an expressionless old woman with one blank eye haunts her. She sees it when she is on the telephone to Tomas arranging to go out



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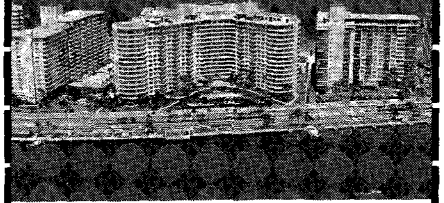

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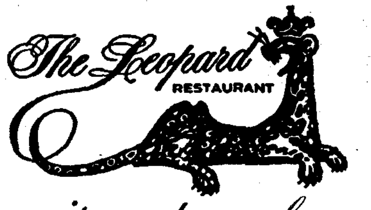

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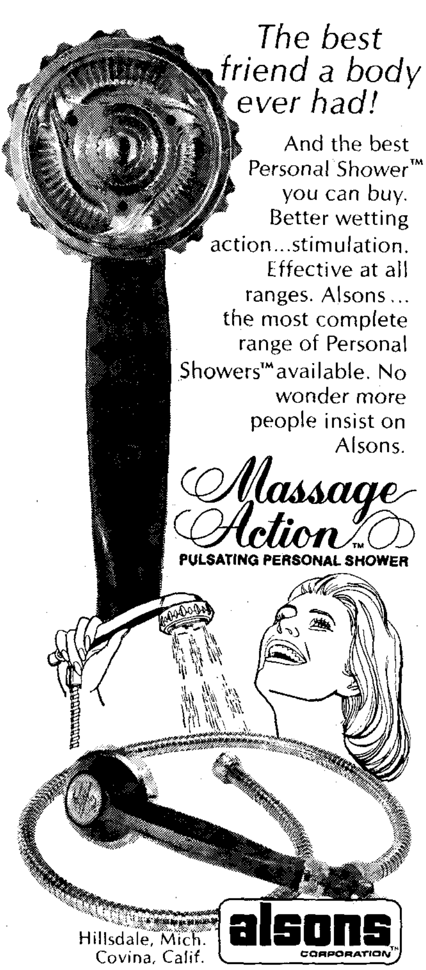
to a film. Things start to be tinctured with an anxiety that seeps across her life like black ink. At the end of an evening with Tomas, she asks him for two sleeping pills, and then her grandmother wakes her with coffee to tell her that she has slept the clock round twice. The augury of suicide is already there. Before long, she methodically takes a bottleful. Why do such people try to kill themselves? Fear of death, suggests the film. Jenny is in the grip of dread of extinction, and ironically tries to escape finality by choosing it: human beings are alone among animals in their sense of mortal paradox.

Tomas is a pedantic man, perhaps out of shyness. He talks like a man whose speech is meant to be read. He hardly ever thinks he's absurd. Jenny thinks she is constantly—this poised woman. Tomas obviously loves her, but it is as if some mistaken decorum long ago drove him into a bisexuality that may well be asexual. Now and then, he makes cruel gibes about his nature. After sitting by Jenny's hospital bed and tending her through nightmares of suffocation, he sees her on the route to recovery and then suddenly abandons her to go to Jamaica for "a wonderful life of vice." Why the abandonment? Jenny is longing to go with him. Does he feel asphyxiated by her longing, as she nearly was by the sleeping pills? Is it like her nightmare of being locked in a coffin, which is an extension of her childhood experience of being punished by being locked in a cupboard, as Bergman was as a little boy? Or is Jenny simply too much for Tomas? Or is he being a good healer and insisting that she manage on her own? Everything, perhaps. We see him being harsh with Jenny as well as tender. Sometimes he communicates the contempt that people who have controlled very particular problems by their own stratagems feel for people who succumb to vaguer sorts of anxiety. Jenny, racked by a feeling of being surrounded by indifference, pays for her torment with an anguish that Tomas finds abstract. By pitting their two views of life against each other, Bergman redeems his film from obscurantism. Tomas's nightmare is not Jenny's, though they are alike in their frenzy for something to be "real," in the sense of its being experienced at the very moment of its happening, without the literary intervention of a mind describing it: not to feel as Tomas says he does about a kiss—"to touch a pair of lips and in the same thousandth of a second know that this is a pair of lips." Their agitation about



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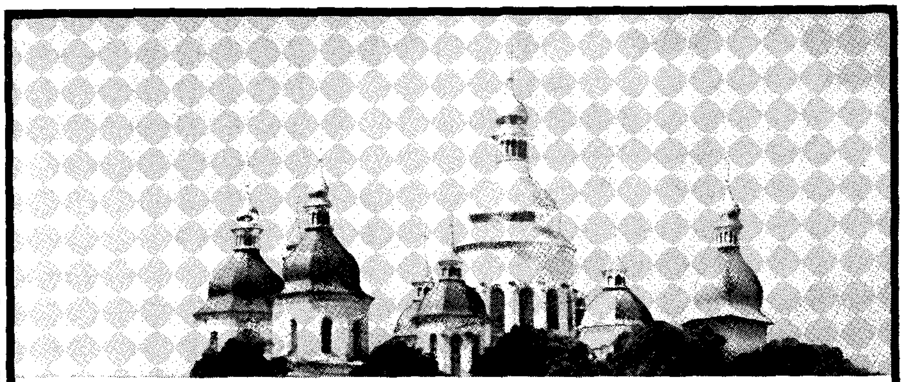
immediacy is very close to the bone of Bergman's films.

And then Tomas leaves, with who knows what motive. Jenny is as nearly healed as a subtle being can expect to be. I don't remember any other film that so sorrowfully communicates the intensity with which someone as finely tuned as Jenny—and Bergman—sees life. As she has moved toward her crackup, details have borne down on her. Perfidy is repetitive and everywhere, it seems. People say that they love you, and then by behaving like frightened children declare implicitly that they hate you. The minutiae of breakdown in the film are precise. A sleep that was apparently a night long turns out to have lasted two minutes. Jenny's struggle is to live truthfully, and her torment is that she is caught in an ethical falsehood: to speak to those one loves—including one's patients, if one is a psychiatrist—one must find not only the right word but *their* word; so one acts out the drama by knowing the lines; and so one ends up by lying, because one is saying what one knows that others want one to say.

But people have always repeated "You can rely on Jenny," as if she were an electric clock. No wonder she is obsessed by the way social systems seem to demand fibbing. Onlookers strike her as having no idea of her real existence. Bergman makes it seem candid and brave. The surreal things in this film are not the mannered symbols of some of Bergman's earlier work but the insignia of terrors rooted in Jenny's character. The hallucination of the inexpressive woman with the staring clouded eye, who is a vile version of Jenny's grandmother, stands for the horror we all feel of a face so changed by rage or tantrum that it is no longer recognizable.

Consigned as Jenny is by her past and her temperament to an existence that she tries to quit, she comes back with beauty and humor to the battle. She is a little lonely, though she doesn't say so, but composed. She returns to normality without apparent damage from her stay in some birdless margin of life. Earlier, Miss Ullmann gives an extraordinary physical depiction of a controlled and alert woman's fall into desuetude and neglect. With the breakdown, her hair grows matted and dark with the sweat of fear, and the expressions on her face wander as if they were looking for an owner. People are very easily hurt, says this film, which is grief-stricken on behalf of its characters but wonderfully reviving in its command and charity.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT



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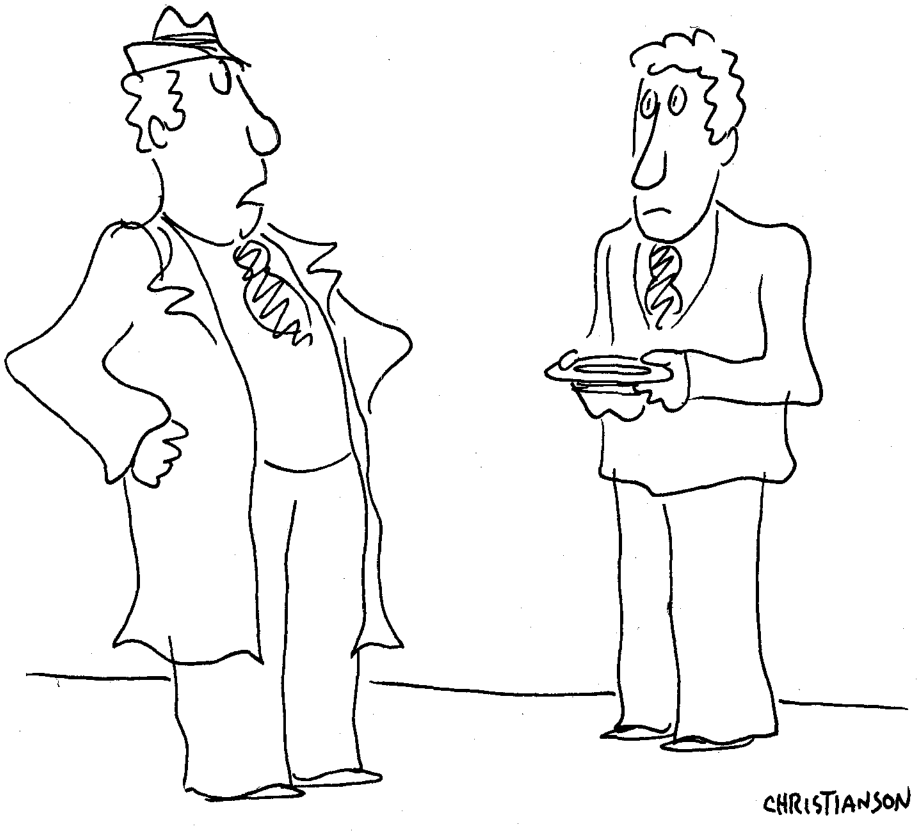
# MUSICAL EVENTS

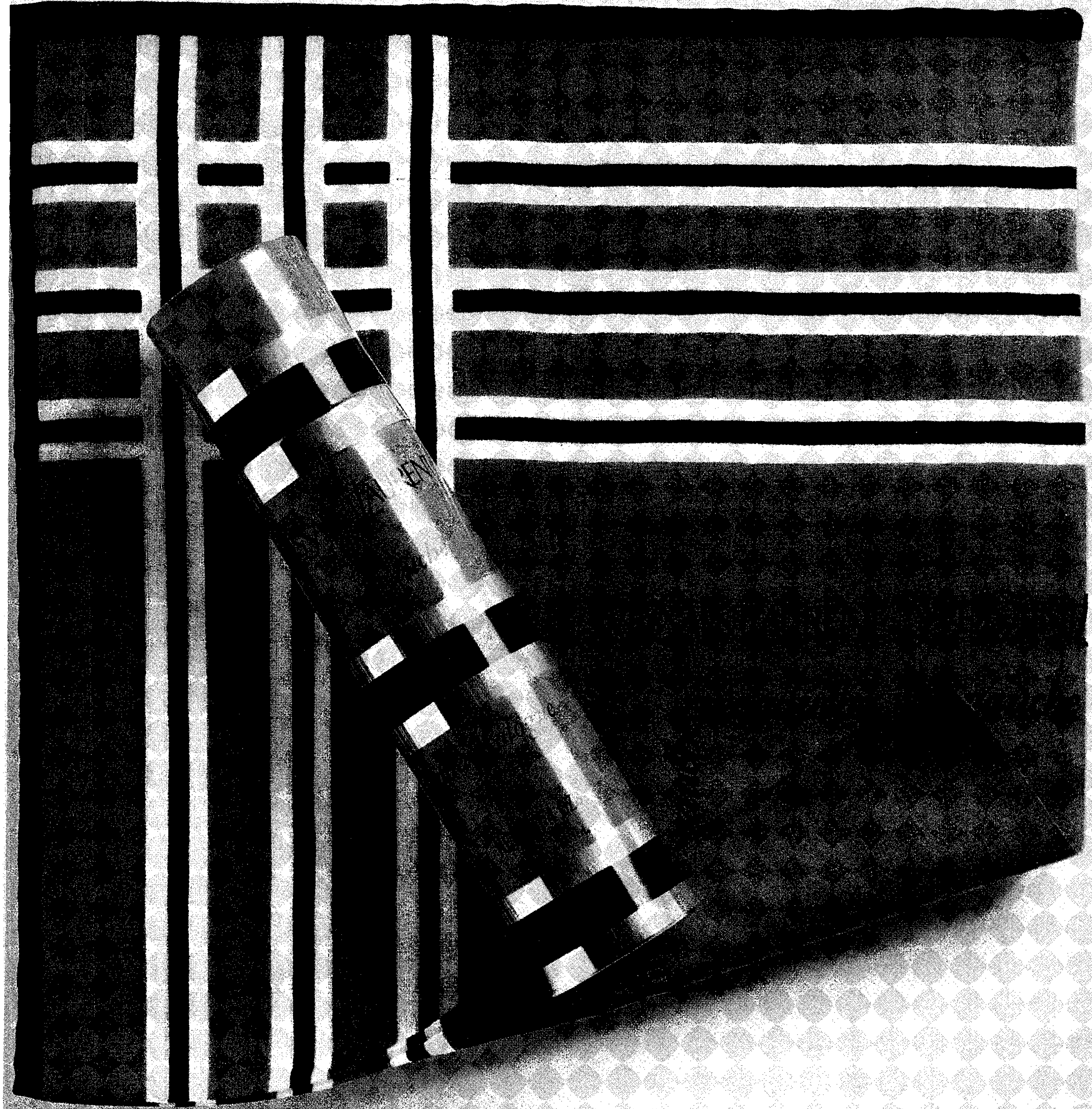
## *Exhumations*

Bellini's last opera, "I Puritani," has beautiful music in it but is perhaps hardly so important a piece as to need production in both of New York's opera houses. The Metropolitan gave it a single performance during its inaugural season, in 1883 (with a very grand cast: Marcella Sembrich, Roberto Stagno, and Giuseppe Kaschmann), and four performances in 1918, and has now revived it in a new production, with Joan Sutherland as its heroine. (The Covent Garden history of the opera is similar; it held the stage there into the eighteen-eighties and then disappeared until, in 1964, it was revived for Miss Sutherland.) Meanwhile, the New York City Opera unveiled its version, with Beverly Sills, in 1973. The City Opera production is bold, handsome, and successful. The Metropolitan production looks old and dusty. It is a late and undistinguished essay in the style the Italians call *riesumazione*. The term was applied first to a repertory—the unfamiliar operas of Donizetti, Bellini, and Rossini—"dug up" for performance in the fifties, and then to a manner of staging devised for their presentation. Just as the singers concerned went back to study early vocal manuals and methods, so the designers and directors went back to study the décors in which the operas had first been performed; then they copied them, or borrowed elements from them, or created designs of their own in a similar style. The masters of *riesumazione* staging were Luchino Visconti and Franco Zeffirelli. Its most literal employment was in the Spoleto production of Donizetti's "Le Duc d'Albe," in 1959. Donizetti had left the opera unfinished; completed by his pupil Matteo Salvi, it had its first performance in Rome, in Italian translation, in 1882. When Visconti was invited to revive it at Spoleto, he visited Italy's largest theatrical warehouse and asked if there were any old sets in stock for *una piazza*, *una birreria*, *un oratorio*, and the other scenes that the opera requires. The stock book was consulted. Yes, he was told, we do have some, but they're *very* old—they were made back in 1882 for something called "Il Duca d'Alba." Visconti used them.

At its best—in Visconti's Scala production of Donizetti's "Anna Bolena" (with Maria Callas) in 1957; in Zeffirelli's Covent Garden production of "Lucia di Lammermoor" (with Joan Sutherland) two years later—*riesumazione* staging provides beautiful new scenery that looks like beautiful old scenery when it was new: décor that matches the spirit and style of a work, adorning and enhancing its merits without trying to translate them into a modern idiom. Lighting, acting style, stage groupings are at one with the music and the drama, but the result is not simply a museum reconstruction of a nineteenth-century performance. Artistic imagination and interpretative genius are not fettered by observing the style of a piece as its creators conceived it—any more than a great pianist's are when he plays Schubert sonatas on an instrument that Schubert would have recognized. On the contrary, many things about the work concerned are more likely to make sense, to come to life for modern ears and eyes, than in an anachronistic presentation. But when *riesumazione* is practiced in a dull or routine fashion, as in the Met productions of Rossini's "Le Siège de Corinthe" and now of "I Puritani," the outcome can be deadly—as deadly as a Schubert sonata played by someone who thinks that using the right instrument is enough in itself to insure a living performance. "Le Siège" has scenery by Nicola Benois, derived from the sets that Alessandro Sanquirico designed for the Scala première of the opera, in 1828, and Benois has been prominent in the *riesumazione* movement. His décor for the Visconti "Anna Bolena" already mentioned left its mark on all that followed; his sets for Donizetti's "Poliuto" (with Callas) at La Scala in 1960 and for Rossini's "Semiramide" (with Sutherland) at La Scala in 1962 were closely fashioned after Sanquirico originals. The Met's "Puritani" décor is by Ming Cho Lee: large studies in gray and brown, pretty enough in their way but dispiriting—suggested perhaps by faded illustrations of nineteenth-century scenery rather than by the thought of how such scenery looked when it was fresh. The general effect of dustiness, of old sets hired from a warehouse, is increased by the frequent use of a painted front gauze. (Audiences applauded the moment when the gauze was first removed.) The lighting leaves the singers' eyes in shadow. On the day of the première, Sandro Sequi, who directed the show, was reported in the *Times* as saying, "Let's face it, the plot of 'Puritani' is one of the weakest of all operas; it's a *terrible* opera." Dramatically, it *is* rather feeble, but in musical terms the piece holds together. The dramaturgical gaucheness is the direct result of Bellini's shifting numbers about until



*"So, Benson—this is how you spend your lunch hour!"*



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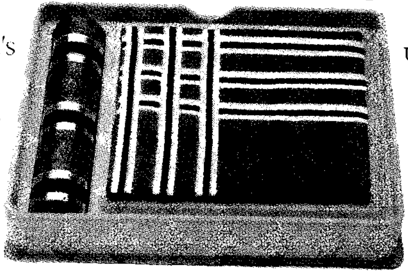

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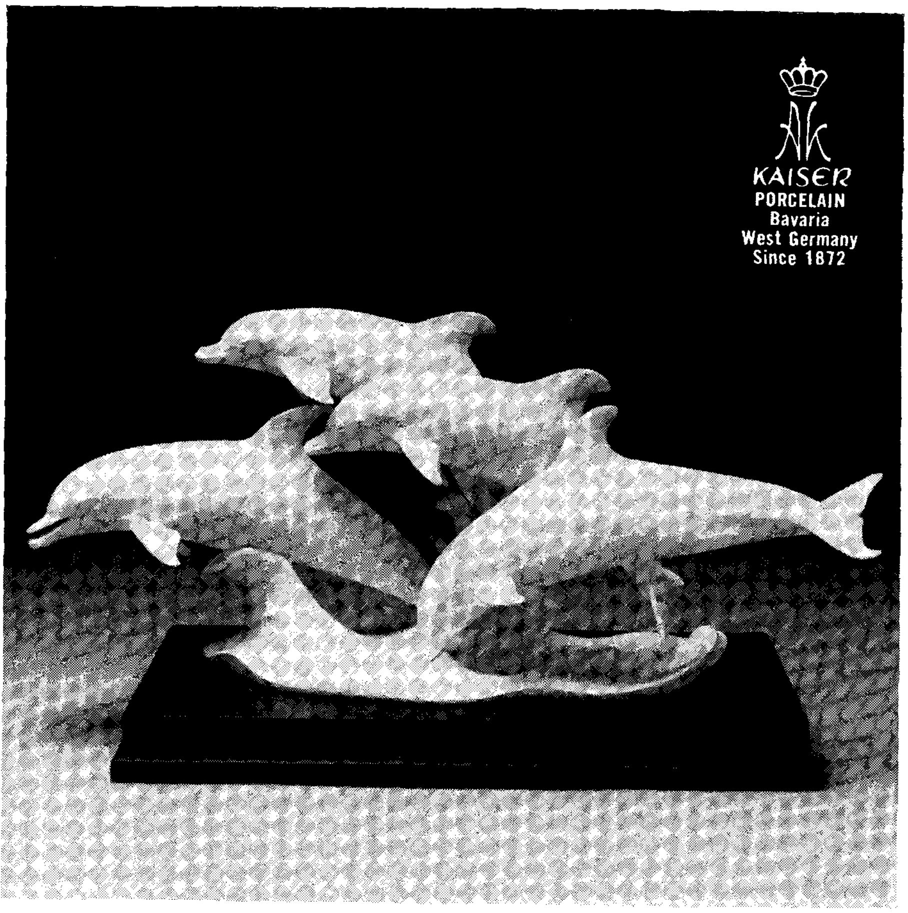
he achieved the musical sequences he deemed most effective. (For example, a Hymn to Liberty originally intended for the first scene was moved to the end of Act II; in the new position it makes very little verbal sense—but it does bring the curtain down to cheers.) A production should reflect the colors and contrasts of the score. The careful stage directions—and, for that matter, the music itself—suggest clearly enough what Bellini had in mind: a brisk, bright military background played upon by romantic effects of sunrise and of moonlight (the opening horn calls, the composer said, should surge forth "as if from the heart of the mist" while the sun tips the towers of Plymouth citadel), and vigorous political activity as the background to Elvira's unhappy plights. Mr. Lee and Mr. Sequi did not provide an animated spectacle; the chorus trooped on, lined up to sing, and moved about as if by numbers.

To his inexperienced and pliant librettist, Count Carlo Pepoli, Bellini said, "Grave on your mind in adamantine letters: *A musical drama must make people weep, shudder, die through the singing.*" Great singing, which is worthily decked by a good production, can also, of course, triumph over a weak one. Great singing can justify all. But there was little in the Met singing to "make people weep, shudder, die." Foremost among that little must be counted the heroine's long, soaring line in the first-act finale, "Vieni al tempio." Here the full power of Miss Sutherland's voice rang out most splendidly and affectingly. In rapid passage work she did some astonishing and brilliant things. But in slow cantilena, which lies at the heart of Elvira's music, there was cloudiness in the tone. Luciano Pavarotti, as Lord Arthur, was disappointing. The fresh, limpid flow of sweet sound with which he used to delight us now ran jerkily. He broke up the phrases, chopped lines into segments. Giovanni Battista Rubini, the first Arthur, was praised by Henry Chorley for his "honeyed elegance;" Mr. Pavarotti was not elegant, not graceful, in his singing, and handled his solos as if their high notes were what mattered most. (Though he played the only Cavalier of the action, he wore shorter hair than anyone else onstage.) Sherrill Milnes, as Sir Richard, smudged the coloratura of "Ah! per sempre" and was too blunt in "Bel sogno beato." James Morris, as Sir George, was good—even of tone, flexible of line—but he lacked the magnificence of voice and of manner that



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a "Puritani" bass requires. Richard Bonynge, conducting, accompanied the solo music sensitively but tended to hurry the passages in between.

THE *riesumazione* movement (as suggested by several parentheses above) has been closely associated with the tastes and abilities of our star sopranos. Whereas their great predecessors—Giuditta Pasta, Giulia Grisi, Giuseppina Ronzi de Begnis, Carolina Ungher—spent most of their careers singing contemporary music and inspiring the composers of their day to new achievement, Miss Sutherland, Miss Sills, and Montserrat Caballé prefer digging up the past. The latest piece exhumed for Mme. Caballé is Donizetti's "Gemma di Vergy," produced for her in Barcelona and in Naples, and last month given a concert performance, in Carnegie Hall, by the Opera Orchestra of New York. "Gemma," based on a play by the elder Dumas, has quite an interesting plot. The baritone, the Count of Vergy, has been ordered by Charles VII to divorce his childless wife, Gemma, and get an heir by another marriage. Gemma takes this badly, alternating between grief and rage. The tenor is an Arab slave, Tamas, who loves his mistress (and is on Christian-name terms with her). The action is violent: in the course of it, Tamas kills three people (Vergy's squire, Vergy, and finally himself), Gemma makes two opportune entrances to prevent earlier murders by Tamas, and Tamas makes one just in time to stop Gemma from stabbing her successor. On the stage, the recurrent bloodthirstiness might seem slightly ridiculous, but it inspired a lively score. The opera dates from 1834; like "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Maria Stuarda," which came just before it, and "Marino Faliero" and "Lucia di Lammermoor," which came just after, it belongs to Donizetti's high romantic period, when he did daring and impressive things with form, with orchestration, and with dramatic turns of melody. Two of the duets in "Gemma" are especially striking: in the first the strings carry the lyrical line while the baritone declaims; the second unfolds over a ground bass.

Of the title role Mme. Caballé gave a grandly accomplished performance, which reached its artistic climax in the final air: a soft line went looping upward, swelled to a shining fortissimo—and from that peak the soprano dropped precisely, delicately, down into a very soft, exquisitely smooth chest voice for the pianissimo close. Tamas

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was a new young Spanish tenor, Luís Lima, who has the ring of bright metal in his voice. That metal is not yet refined, but, putting his heart into the delivery of every phrase, declaiming the words with uncommon ardor, he made a winning impression. Louis Quilico sang Vergy's music admirably; though he looked like Mr. Pickwick, he sounded like a grandee. Paul Plishka, as Guido (one of those basses who, like Sir George in "I Puritani" and Bide-the-Bent in "Lucia," are ever on hand for comfort and counsel), was sonorous and secure. Eve Queler conducted with her wonted flair for apt tempi; she never fails to generate excitement. The opera was given in an impure and abridged performing edition by Rubino Profeta. No libretto was on sale. Yet this concert performance of "Gemma" had more life and drama in it than the Met's staged "Puritani."

THE new favorite for exhumation is Jules Massenet. His "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, is due at the Met next season; Beverly Sills is to record his "Thaïs" this summer, and a Met production of that, too, is in prospect. Six days before "Gemma," Miss Queler, also in Carnegie Hall, put on a concert presentation of Massenet's "Le Cid"—a grand, slightly pompous, but very efficiently made opera, whose libretto incorporates many of Corneille's lines. It was given a very loud but stirring performance. In the title role, composed for Jean de Reszke's début at the Paris Opéra, Placido Domingo poured out an unfailing stream of heroic tone, effortless, unforced, and beautiful. As Chimène, Grace Melzia Bumbry was, to start with, somewhat hard of timbre at high dynamic levels and somewhat unsteady when the volume dropped, but as the opera progressed her voice became warmer and more even, and in the final scenes she sang nobly. Mr. Plishka, as Don Diègue—originally Édouard de Reszke's role—was commanding. The long opera was cut, but not very much.

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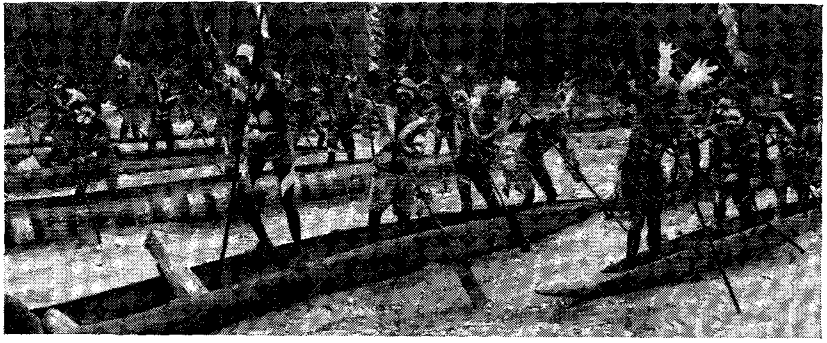

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# BOOKS

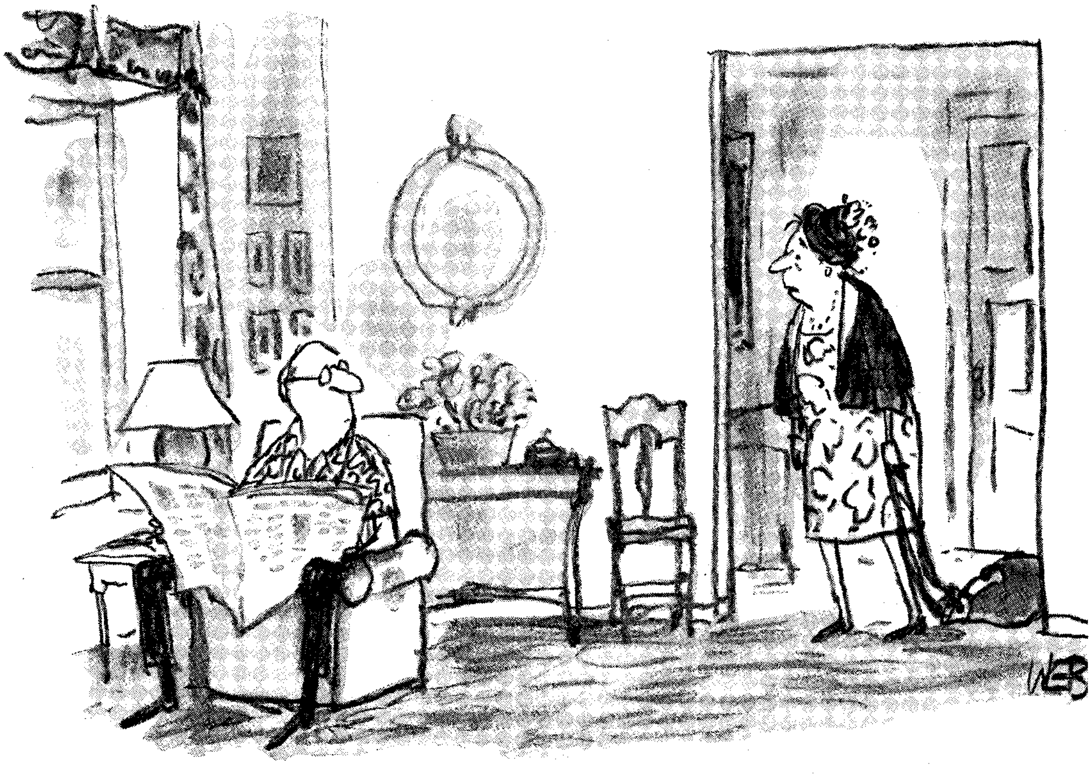
## *Not Amused*

GORE VIDAL's historical novel "Burr" was a moderately diverting Katzenjammer Kid's depiction of our Revolutionary heroes, but his new historical novel, "1876" (Random House), demonstrates that a naughty boy is no match for bad men. The book is unable to cope with the unalloyed rascals who dominated American public life in the centennial year, and who stole everything they could, including the Presidency. It tries to laugh and succeeds in sneering—an inadequate response to the malfeasance it relates.

The novel's narrator is Charles Schermerhorn Schuyler, the narrator of "Burr" and an invention of Mr. Vidal, who has supposed that Schuyler and Martin Van Buren are Burr's illegitimate sons. On attaining the Presidency, Van Buren, as Vidal tells it, bestowed a vice-consulship on his half brother, and since the close of "Burr" Charles has lived, married, and been widowed in Europe. When the new novel opens, in December, 1875, Charles is returning to New York for the first time since 1837, accompanied by his thirty-five-year-old widowed daughter, Emma. They have come as fortune hunters. Charles lost most of his capital in the Panic of 1873, and his earnings—he is a writer—cannot support them both. In Europe, he met Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic governor of New York; he hopes that Tilden will be the next President, and will reward Charles's services as a publicity man and adviser by making him Minister to France. Emma, beautiful, glamorous, and shrewd, is looking for a rich husband. Her search for a spouse gives the plot its suspense, for we know in advance that Charles will not get the Paris legation, because Tilden will not get the Presidency.

The book's sense of this particular past is displayed to advantage in Charles's observations of the pretentiousness and showiness of the period. They are funny, and so is what endures of those qualities today. The wonders of the new Fifth Avenue Hotel, as Charles describes them, are an instance of a lasting Americanism: we mass-produce comfort and mass-market it as luxury. Vidal's feeling for how the country has changed in Charles's absence is historically acute, as is the author's sense of what a man like Charles would want to explore. Charles is an aging city dweller who refuses to visit the frontier, though the Battle of the Little Big Horn—a total victory that assured the ultimate defeat of its cause—was among the crucial events of 1876. But then Sitting Bull is one of America's tragic heroes, and this book, while it does not often achieve comedy, eschews tragedy.

Vidal contrives Charles's encounters with historic figures through his need to earn money while he is awaiting the outcome of the election. Charles becomes a special correspondent for the New York *Herald* and a contributor to the *Evening Post* and other journals. He travels as far north as Albany, as far south as Washington, and as far west as Cincinnati, and for the most part reports what history knows, although historians do not try to raise giggles at Grant's Administration. Vidal's Grant remains what he has been—the least comprehensible of Presidents. Characters talk of past scandals—the 1869 scheme to corner gold, in which Grant's brother-in-law was involved—and present ones. Offstage in St. Louis, the trial of the Whisky Ring—tax collectors who took bribes instead of collecting taxes, and distillers who paid them—proceeds; among the defendants, as what we would nowadays call a fixer, is Grant's confidential secretary. Charles meets the William Belknaps, and sees the couple through Belknap's hasty resignation as Secretary of War in the middle of the Clymer-committee investigations—which uncovered, among his many misdeeds, the fact that he had sold a tradership on a Western Army post. Grant really was sympathetic to Belknap, though it does seem odd that a President who had been a very great general should have cared so little about the Army of which he was Commander-in-Chief. Custer, in history but not in the novel, was subpoenaed by this committee; after he had testified about the sale of post traderships, implicating Grant's brother, Grant declined to receive his courtesy call. It is also hard to understand why Grant, who had learned a good deal about corruption during the Civil War, appeared to forget it all the moment he became President. In the novel, Charles Nordhoff, the *Herald's* regular Washington correspondent (he really



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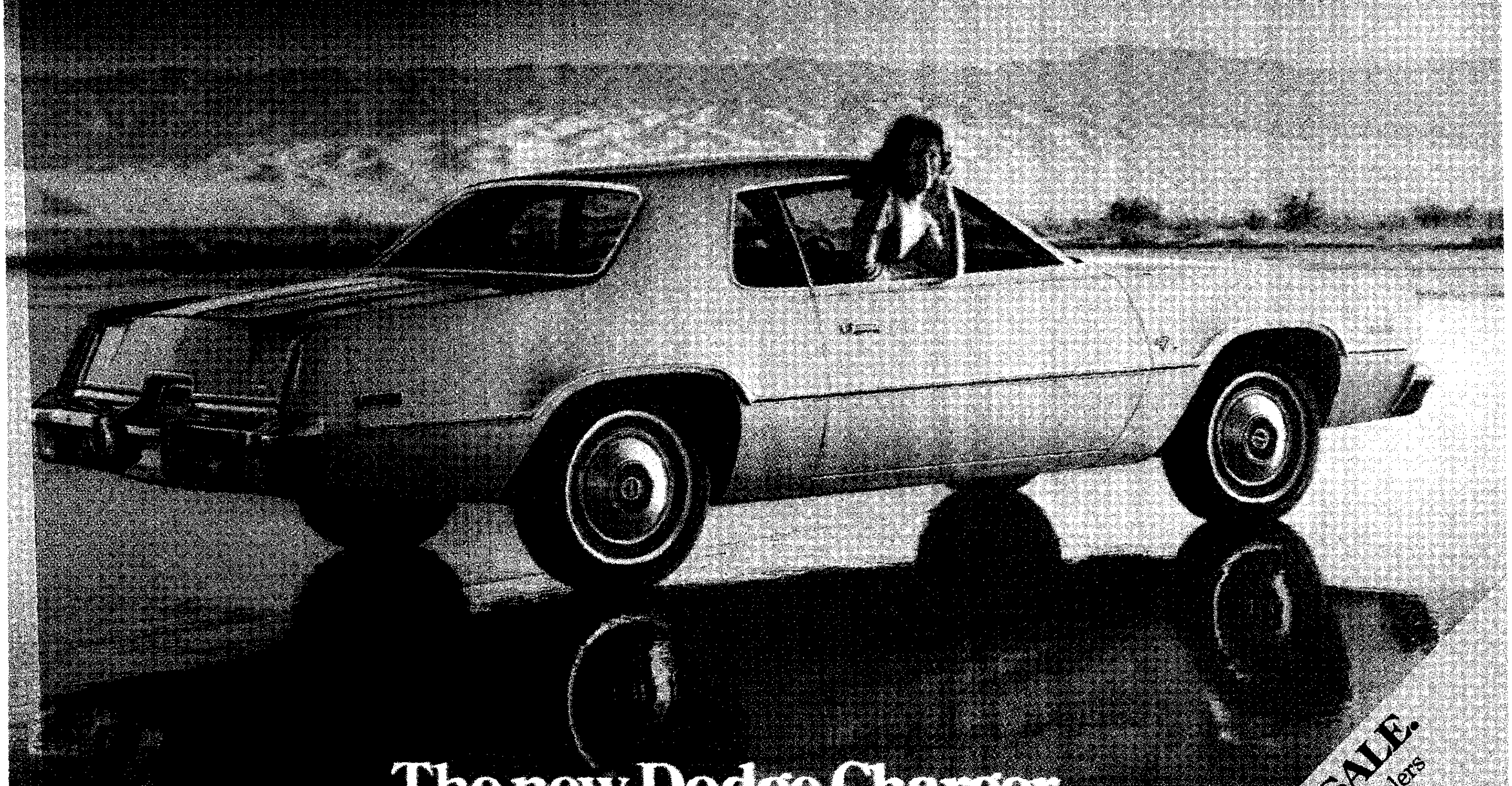

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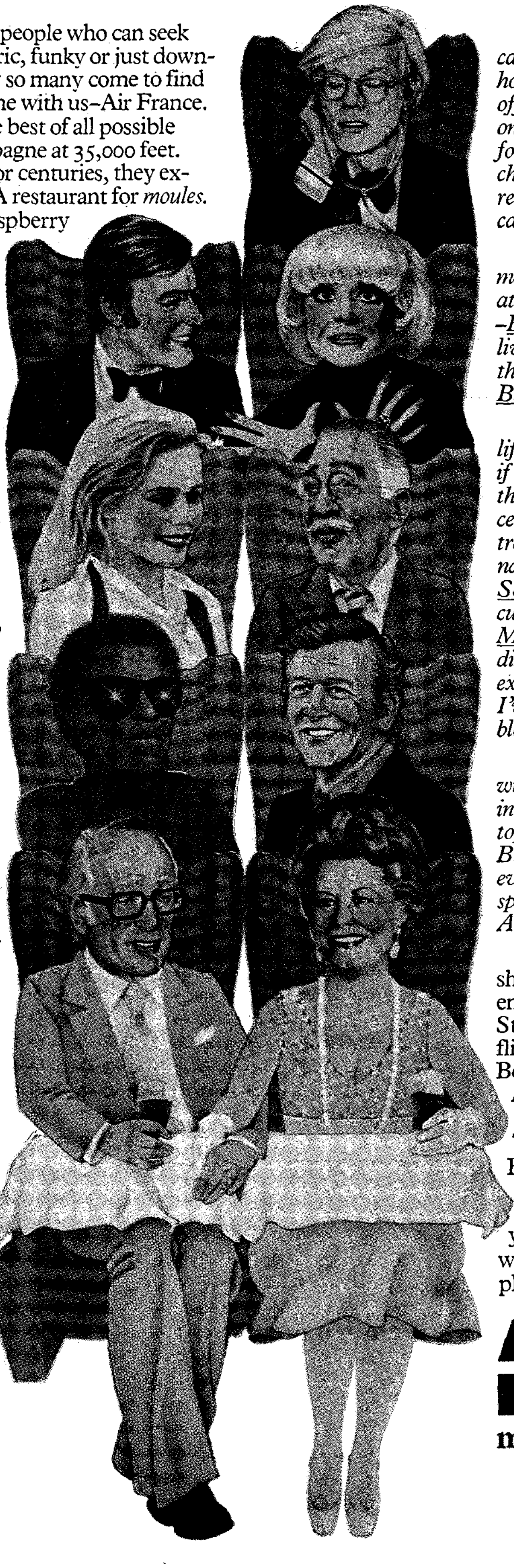

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**Carol Channing:** *"The first morning in Paris, I have my hair done at the 'social intelligence center' of Paris –Edouard & Frédéric. But one doesn't live by badinage alone. I always catch the experimental theatre of Jean-Louis Barrault's company at Gare d'Orsay."*

**S.J. Perelman:** *"Art is long, life is short, and writing drudgery, but if one must do it, I know no better place than the superb rural scenery of south central France. My secret Rx for tranquillity is a small hotel there named Les Granges Vieilles outside Souillac. The blend of hospitality, cuisine, and comfort achieved by M. Guy Augey, the alchemist who dispenses it, is unrivalled in my experience... Ooops, now look what I've gone and done! I shouldn't have blown it."*

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existed), agrees with Charles Schuyler that Grant is too intelligent to be as naïve as he pretends. (Both seem more astute than Henry Adams when, in the "Education," he lumps Grant with Lee and Garibaldi as a trio of not very interesting non-intellectuals.) Still, the best Schuyler can do is record the enigmatic Grant's "puzzled" expression.

The Belknap scandal ended Grant's chances for a third term, and Charles's attention shifts to other Republican contenders. We meet future Presidents—Garfield, Arthur—but the Republican nominee that year, Rutherford B. Hayes, the governor of Ohio, scarcely figures in the novel. Charles remains close to Governor Tilden, and Vidal's account of him accords with what we know. Tilden was a brilliant, diligent, financially successful lawyer, a dedicated reformer, and one of those medically mysterious Victorians who were sick their whole lives long and still got through a tremendous amount of work. (The author's efforts to make Tilden's indigestion funny are vulgar.) Tilden's role in overthrowing the Tweed Ring had won him the New York governorship; voters in New York were fed up with corruption. On the national level, the electorate had shown similar disapproval by returning a Democratic House of Representatives in 1874. (That explains the Clymer committee; a Republican House would not have looked into Republican scandals.) Despite Tammany's continuing opposition, Tilden won the Democratic Presidential nomination and in the election carried New York State. Historians believe that he also carried the country but was defrauded of victory. The dispute centered on the voting in Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, where state election boards—dominated by Republicans and buttressed by federal troops, who were supposed to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, guaranteeing freedmen the vote—alleged fraud and intimidation of black voters and threw out enough Democratic votes to create Republican majorities. Historians generally agree that the Louisiana and South Carolina elections were too corrupt for mortals to figure out, but that Tilden did carry Florida, whose electoral votes would have assured him the Presidency. The election, however, was settled in Hayes's favor by a special electoral commission set up by Congress; the acceptance of its decision was largely the result of the defection of Southern Democrats from Tilden to Hayes.

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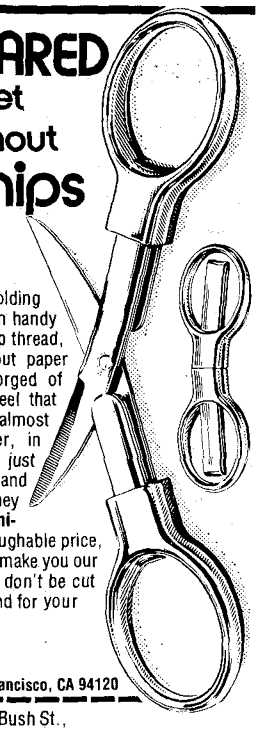

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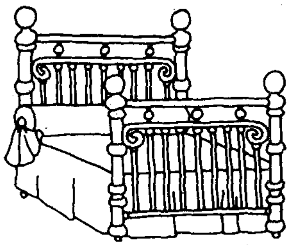

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the End of Reconstruction," most historians assumed that the Southerners caved in because Hayes had promised them he would withdraw the troops from the South and leave the freedmen to the mercy of local government. But Woodward noticed that Tilden, a Democrat, was also committed to withdrawing the troops—Charles Schuyler hears him repeat the pledge—and, besides, that a Democratic House, by refusing to vote appropriations, would have insured the withdrawal no matter who was President. Woodward reasoned that the Southern Democrats must have wanted, and Hayes must have granted, something else: a crack at the pork-barrelling corruption that the North had enjoyed under Grant and the South had been denied under Reconstruction—precisely what Tilden had sworn to end. In 1876, Northern Democrats were for reform, but Southern Democrats were for sale. Woodward's account of the political bargaining is crowded with more scoundrels than any novel could manage, yet it is willing to leave in doubt matters that "1876" takes as fact. Vidal's novel says that the Texas & Pacific Railway lobby—men who star in Woodward's seamy cast—bribed a member of the electoral commission, Joseph Bradley, a Supreme Court Justice, to vote with the Republicans. This is further than Woodward goes, though he gives reasons that the allegation was credited by some Democrats at the time. But "1876" tries mightily to make bad matters worse.

Is any of this funny? Was Watergate funny? Watergate, curiously, seems to have had more of what we think of as nineteenth-century personalities—pious humbugs, prayerful pickpockets, a kind of person Dickens did make funny. Hayes fits this pattern (he was willing to steal the White House but not to serve liquor in it), but most of the villains of 1876 were spiritually more robust; they were stunning liars, but they did not claim that they stole or bribed for God or country or national security. Charles and Emma gibe and titter impartially. Their failure to carry us along is not a failure of language—Vidal's prose is good—but a failure of judgment. Malice is not wit. The reality was not humorous but horrible. Behind the corrupt giants there were legions of corrupt pygmies—sleazy promoters, carpetbaggers tormenting the South, Southerners violating the Constitutional rights of their black fellow-citizens. A republic can stand less corruption than a monarchy or a despotism. (In the last, corruption may be all the free-

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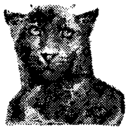

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dom there is.) We know that Robespierre made the quest for republican perfection tyrannical, but we do not know how ignoble how many people can be before a republic crumbles. At all events, in 1976 I do not find the spectacle of Americans testing the limits of corruption amusing.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

JESSICA FAYER, by John L'Heureux (Macmillan). There is enough material for three or four novels in this novel about an old woman whose life passes before her as she sits in a daze after being mugged on the streets of Boston. Unfortunately, there is far too much for one. Among the episodes in Jessica Fayer's life of which we have interesting but all too fleeting glimpses are her convent girlhood and her infatuation with an elderly nun, her own brief life as a nun, her unhappy marriage to a wounded war veteran, her sexual interest in a black hired hand, a long period in which she runs a boarding house for old people in Amherst, an affair with a local doctor, a violent encounter with a woman who blames her for her lesbianism, and, in the last few pages, another encounter, with a handsome Boston surgeon whose homosexuality she "cures." The flashbacks and flash-forwards required to keep all this going are, as may be imagined, dizzying, and though the author has a gift for quick characterizations, even his most interesting characters (like Mrs. Fayer herself) get lost in the blur of activity.

### GENERAL

A MAN CALLED INTREPID: THE SECRET WAR, by William Stevenson (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Intrepid was the code name for William Stephenson, a businessman, born in Canada, who ran a hush-hush, multipurpose—intelligence, counterintelligence, propaganda—outfit called British Security Coordination during the Second World War. This clear, lively, absorbing account of his agency's doings coincides with and verifies other recently published works about British wartime intelligence, but it also offers a good deal of its own long-delayed news—including details about the immense efforts of espionage and subversion that the Nazis poured into the Americas. (Some historians now allege that Hitler did not really set

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out to conquer the whole world, but his agents on this side of the Atlantic certainly gave the impression he did.) The author is very precise about the differences in style between British and American intelligence services—differences that a Canadian like Stephenson could understand and help bridge. The book does not exactly apologize for the agency's occasional killings, but blood is very much played down and brains played up.

Rousseau: The Self-Made Saint, by J. H. Huizinga (Grossman/Viking). An ironic, entertaining, and learned study of the lowborn intellectual who became the darling of aristocrats and a best-selling writer in his own time, and who has been praised and blamed for causing the French Revolution; for being Catholic, Protestant, and atheist; for telling lies and for telling the truth; for teaching the upper classes about honest feeling and for being an emotional fraud; and so on and on, from his death, in 1778, to the present. Mr. Huizinga is astute in grasping the eighteenth century's anxieties and how these contributed to Rousseau's success: he points out that educated people of that era were deeply worried about finding a new basis for morality, since their religious faith had dwindled or disappeared, and that Rousseau's constant moralizing appealed to many. The epilogue—an examination of Rousseau's posthumous reputation—is keen indeed, and keenest of all is its conclusion, quoted from the author's father, the famous historian, who sees Rousseau's work as the triumph of "the anti-stoical life-style" over "the aristocratic culture which does not advertise its sentiment but remains sober and reserved in its manner of expression."

The Social History of the Machine Gun, by John Ellis (Pantheon). The machine gun, an American invention, revolutionized the art of warfare. Although it had been widely employed in the nineteenth century by colonial powers to enforce their kind of peace, it was never taken up by the general staffs of the European (or American) armies; these officers and gentlemen were repelled by the thought of using machines to kill men, and they vaguely discerned in the machine gun, with which a social nobody could mow down a whole cavalry charge, a portent of the end of their leisurely, honorable, and not very dangerous

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way of life. All that was changed in 1914, of course. In this original and stimulating book, Mr. Ellis, a British military scholar and historian, gives us a full history of the gun he calls "the first ultimate weapon," from its stuttering (and jamming) beginnings, in our Civil War, to the role it has played in the popular imagination and in the lives and deaths of gangsters, real and cinematic. Thoroughly illustrated.

THE WHITE PUMPKIN, by Denis Hills (Grove). This book, in manuscript, was found treasonable by a Uganda court; the author, a British subject who was teaching in Uganda, was sentenced to death and was reprieved only when the Queen sent her Foreign Secretary to ask President Idi Amin for Hills' life. A lifelong traveller, Hills is a superb travel writer—he makes East African landscapes more vivid than any photograph, and his account of the Ugandan capital, Kampala, which begins by his comparing it to other cities he has known, gives a wonderful sense of place. The politics of Uganda—until Amin decided to make them an issue—were not as important in the book as Hills' interest in Ugandan customs and African writing. The author is, in fact, more sympathetic to the dictator than many other commentators have been, though he is not very persuasive on that matter. He seems to be saying that Amin is the best the country can produce.

NAKED ANGELS: THE LIVES & LITERATURE OF THE BEAT GENERATION, by John Tytell (McGraw-Hill). At first, the earnest rhetoric and the unrelenting pace of this adulatory treatise on Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, and William Burroughs seem ludicrous, as if some unglamorous local landmarks were suddenly declared masterpieces of world architecture, but Dr. Tytell exhibits such energy, conviction, and unexpected brilliance that he just about wins one over to his extravagant claims. Placing the Beat movement against the backdrop of the fifties' fear and hysteria, he recounts the bohemian careers of these three writers, then presents sympathetic readings of their works. Free of those notions of taste which have often consigned the Beats to the unspeakable, he treats the most shocking and perverse passages with the same intentness that he brings to all the others, and ends by compelling respect. People who have been unable to accept Burroughs' erotic

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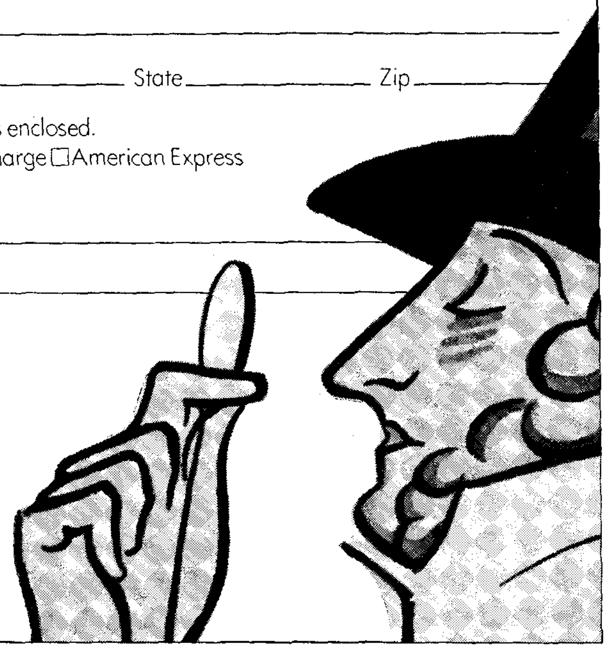

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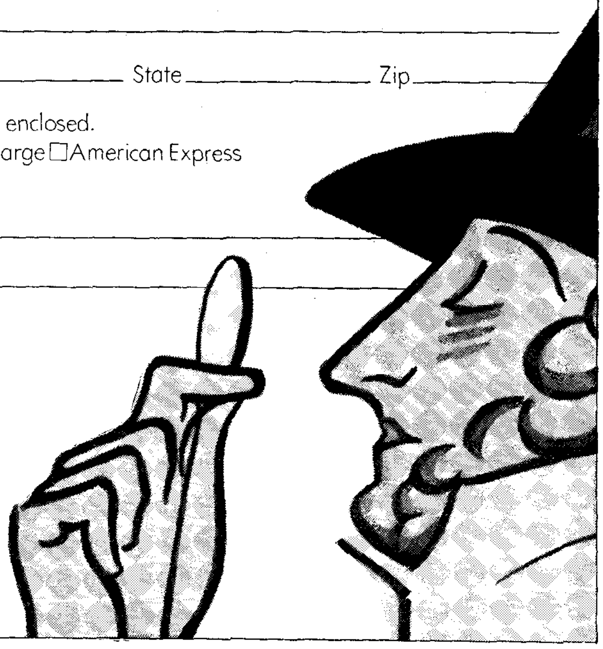

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ecstasies over pain and death, or Kerouac's endless streams of consciousness, or Ginsberg's withering jeremiads may well find Dr. Tytell's paraphrasings and quotations easier to take—or at least easier to understand. In all, he leaves a reader with a sense that the Beats were perhaps the last literary avant-garde to have undergone risks that were *heroic*.

FALSE STARTS: A MEMOIR OF SAN QUENTIN AND OTHER PRISONS, by Malcolm Braly (Little, Brown). Mr. Braly (born 1925) is gifted with good looks, a high I.Q., and considerable talent as a writer, and yet he managed to spend most of his life between the ages of seventeen and forty in prison. His crimes included a foolish thirty-five-cent robbery, a series of almost childishly inept burglaries, and a stupid parole violation. He says of himself in a poem written during one of his six terms behind bars: "My passion was seeing/ and I became an enormous eye/ which cannot close." The eye whose vision forms this book is indeed enormous, and it is even more impressively unblinking. Mr. Braly seems to spare himself nothing in his attempt to understand just what impelled him to make such a wreck of his life. There is, however, no snivelling here, no attempt at exoneration, and he retains an essential dignity. And a saving sense of humor. He also has some interesting things to say about the several fashions in penology through which he has passed—fashions whose only common denominator has been total ineffectiveness. An excellent book that has in both its subjective and objective observations the complicated carillon peal of truth.

GENERATIONS, by Lucille Clifton (Random House). A spare, fluid, lyrical evocation of five generations of the author's family, beginning with her proud, mysterious great-great-grandmother, Caroline, who was born a free Dahomey woman in 1822 but shortly afterward was captured and brought as a slave to New Orleans, and who, according to family legend, walked from New Orleans to Virginia when she was eight years old. Interwoven with Mrs. Clifton's tender, clear family portraits—of a mulatto grandfather who was born with a withered arm, of her much put-upon but wholeheartedly loving mother, and of the two half sisters—is the story of a trip she made in 1969 with her brother and husband to attend her

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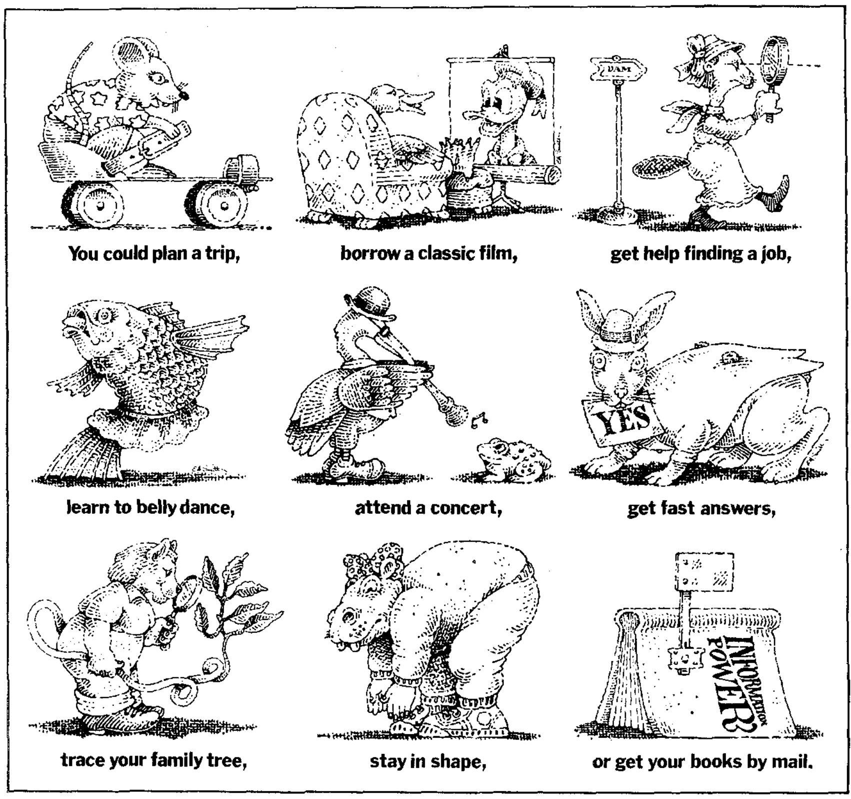
father's funeral in upstate New York, where she was born. Like the handful of blurred, cracked photographs that accompany the text, the book frequently suggests more than it tells. It is as if the author were showing us a cherished family album and telling us the story about each person which seemed to sum him or her up best. If, as a result, we are left with some fairly mythical impressions of people, especially of her father ("the handsomest man in town"), we have as compensation an unusually pure distillation of rich family feeling.

•

## L. E. SISSMAN

Ed Sissman died last month in Boston, after eleven years of resisting, and rising above, Hodgkin's disease. During those years, he wrote copiously, wittily, lovingly of the world he was on the verge of leaving; this magazine published fifty-one of his poems—some of them among the longest we have ever printed—and forty-five book reviews by him. By profession an advertising man, he harbored behind his courtly and faintly owlish manner a poet of the brightest plumage, one whose stream of fancy and verve of phrase could only be termed luxuriant. His reviews and essays showed wide reading, a crisp fund of unexpected information, an avidity for the mundane, an even temper, and a truly benevolent nature. He liked smart cars, the suburban life, English novels, old-fashioned metres. He would not want to be remembered as a poet of dying; he had no use for dying—except, perhaps, for the heightened sharpness of vision his "invisible new veil/Of finity" gave him. Though the decade of his illness and the decade of his artistic efflorescence coincided, the coincidence seems more accidental than not. He had long felt impelled to write poetry, and his songs of life—of past adventures remembered, of present scenery apprehended—show no sense of emergency, even when the scenery is a hospital wall. His career and, during his visits to this office, his carriage appeared unhurried. He was forty-eight when he died. One said goodbye to Ed wondering each time if it would be the last time. It marks the quality of the man that this shadow became something pleasant: an extra resonance in the parting smile; a warmth in the handshake. He helped us all, in his work and in his courage, to bear our own mortality.



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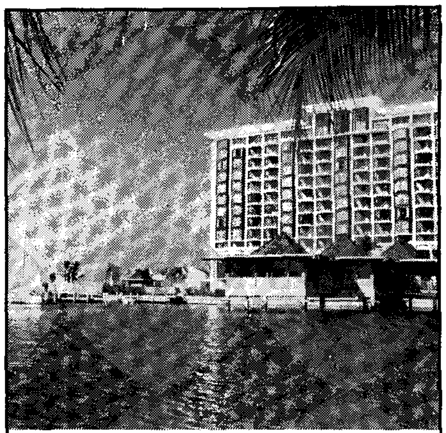

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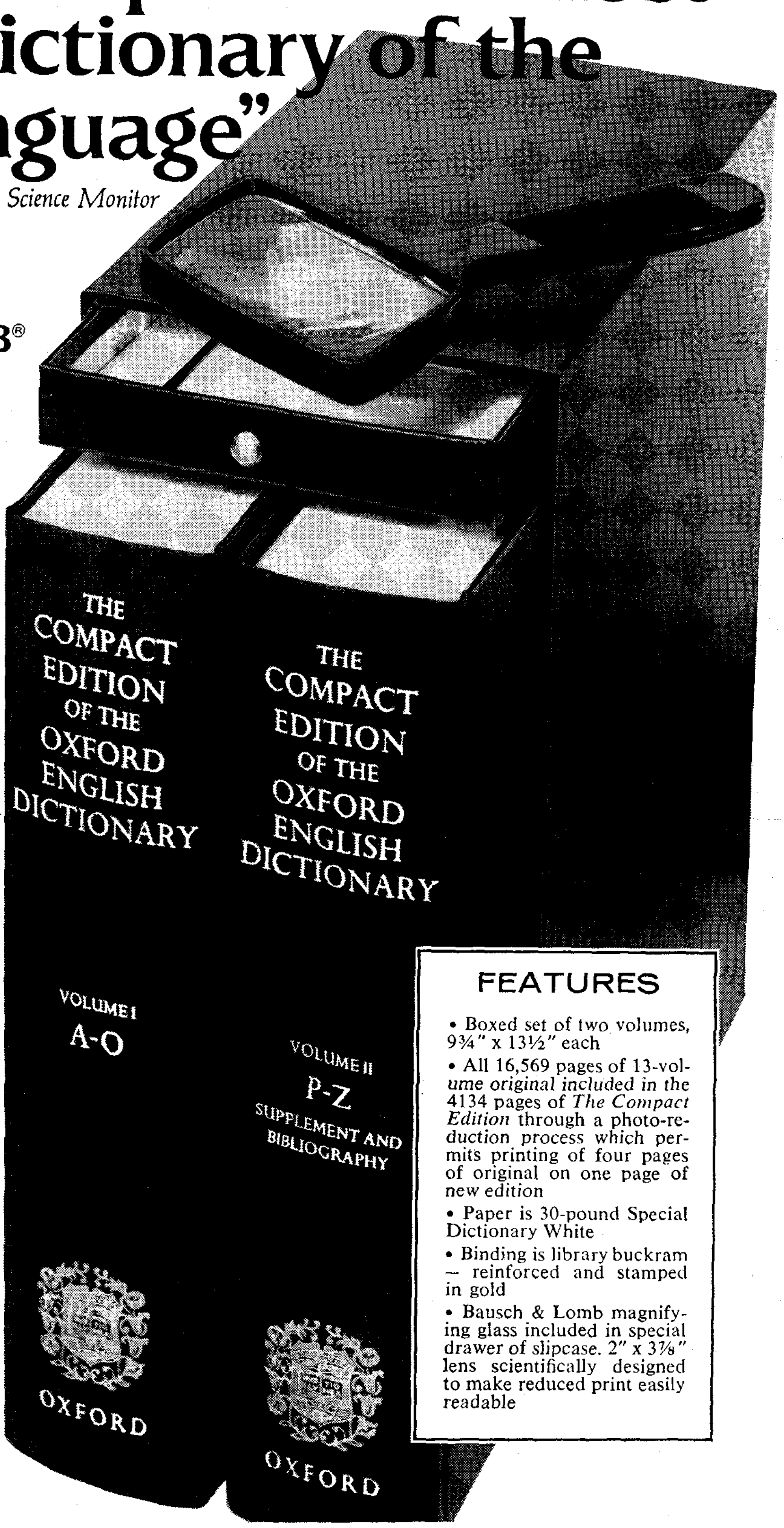
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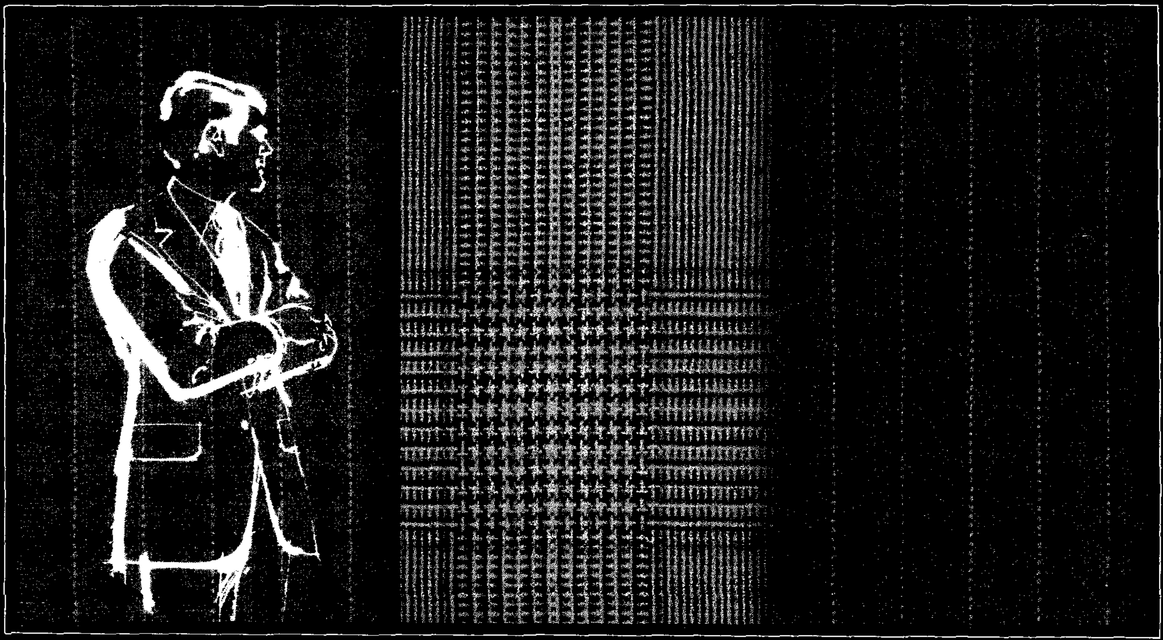

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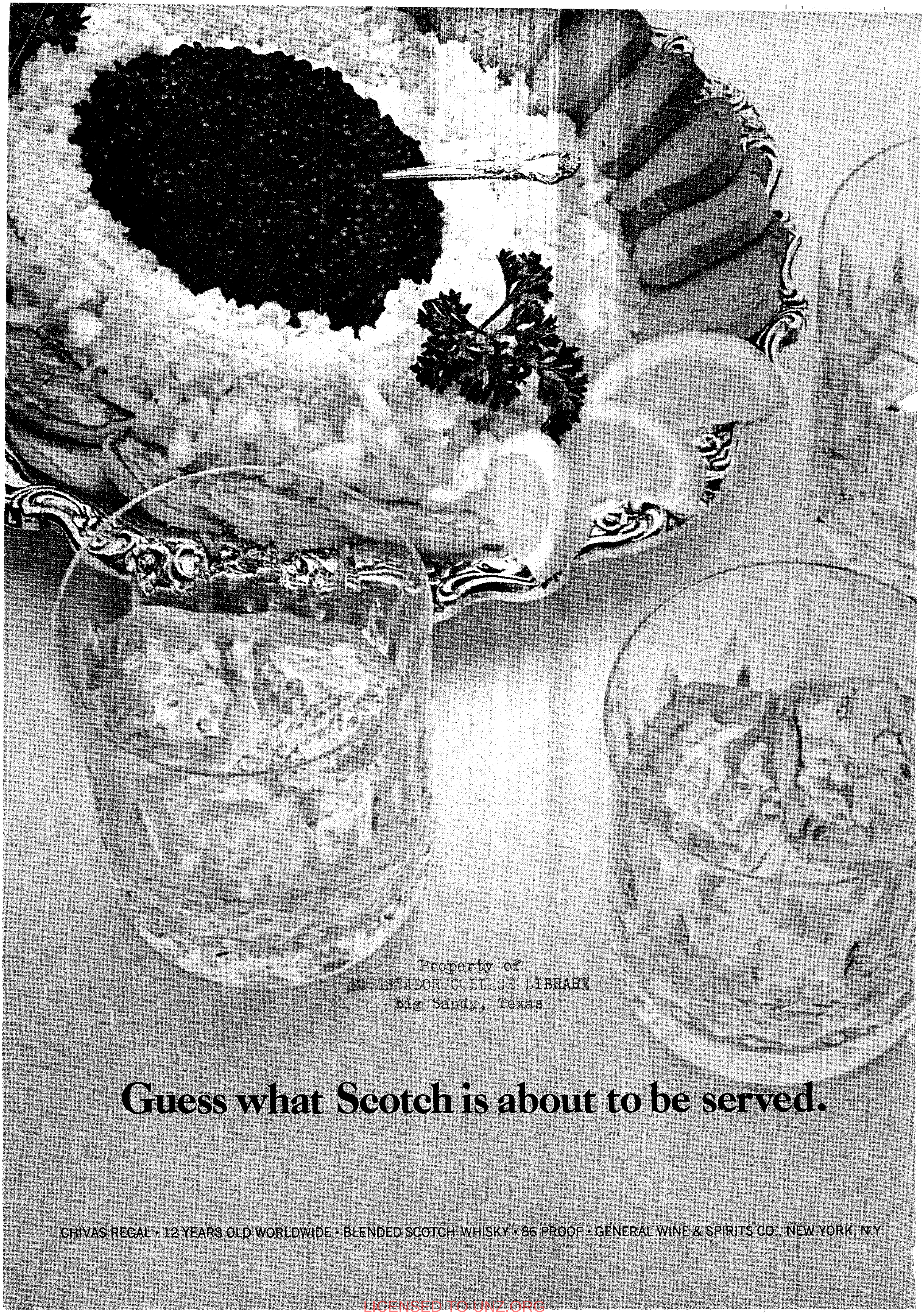
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